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THE EDICT.

Dorman B. Eaton's Resignation.

His Letter to the President.

The Opponents of the Civil Service.

A Very Explicit Reply from Cleveland.

He Commends the Commissioner for His Past Efforts.

WASHINGTON, September 23.—The following correspondence, embracing Dorman B. Eaton's resignation as a member of the civil service commission and the President's acceptance of it, was made public tonight:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1885.

SIR—In execution of a purpose of which I informed you, I very respectfully tender my resignation as civil service commissioner; but out of deference to your wishes, I will not urge its acceptance until such time as you may find convenient for a new appointment. It may not, I hope, be thought inappropriate if I add some words of explanation. Prior to the passage of the civil service act of January 16, 1883, I had held under three earlier presidents and was then holding under President Arthur an official position closely analogous to my present office as civil service commissioner. For nearly the whole period I had served without compensation and had been compelled to bear my own travelling and other expenses, including those of a journey to Europe and the preparation of an extensive report made at the request of one of those presidents, but printed by Congress. I had taken an active part, by which my time was largely taxed, in connection with the preparation and passage of that law. When the time arrived for executing its provisions it seemed to me that I could not fairly be called upon to make a further sacrifice of my private interests in aid of civil service reform. Besides, the enemies of reform were so kind as to charge that I had promoted the act for the treble purpose of gaining notoriety, an office and a salary. But President Arthur, without the least intimation to me of his purpose, nominated me, and I was confirmed as a commissioner. When I was about to decline, the friends of reform, with whom I had labored for many years, insisted that I was in duty bound to accept, and those enemies, with amiable consistency, made clear their purpose of charging any refusal on my part as a cowardly act from the speedy failure, sure to follow, any attempt to execute so chimerical and impracticable a statute. In such a situation, I had hardly a liberty of choice; but I entered upon my official duties with the declared purpose of remaining hardly more than a year, within which time at least the constructive work of making rules and regulations, and of enforcing a new system at its most difficult stage, could be accomplished.

At the end of that time I had become more deeply than ever interested in the practical application of the new system. Its great utility and easy processes had gained the commendation of the president, united more largely the party in power in its support, and secured from a committee of thirteen members of the Democratic House of Representatives a unanimous report declaring the great usefulness of the law and rules, and commending what it described as the intelligent, efficient, non-partisan and conscientious work of the civil-service commission.

I could then see no obligation to remain longer. That had been done which the enemies of reform had declared to be impossible. The law and the rules were vindicated. But there were important practical methods which were not fully matured, and I remained to take part in their further development. When, a few months later, I was about to insist on being relieved, those friends dissuaded me by urging that there would be a critical period in case a new party should come into power, and I saw plainly from hostile journals that I should be charged, if I resigned, with fleeing from the perils of that crisis. It was clear that no excuse from my long service, and no declaration of my confidence in the reform policy of the presidential candidate and statesmen of the Democratic party would relieve me from the damaging plausibility of such a charge. As a private citizen, I could scorn the imputation, but as a public officer, and as being in a private way somewhat identified with the cause of civil service reform, I had no right to make an opportunity for its natural enemies in either party, to use such a charge to its injury. There was another reason why I could not tender my resignation, and should have refused to do so had it been requested, at or near the time of your accession to office. For I should regard it as a pernicious precedent, utterly repugnant to the spirit of the civil service act, to treat the office of civil service commissioner as political, and hence as one to be filled at the beginning of each presidential term. These considerations constrained me to continue in my place until the reform policy of your administration, so clearly defined in your declaration, should be as unmistakably developed in your acts as president as it had been in your acts as governor of New York.

That time has arrived; no candid man can longer pretend to regard that policy as indefinite or doubtful. Every one of the five months of your administration, during which the civil service act and rules have been enforced with as much breadth, firmness and fidelity as under that of President Arthur, has not only added new evidence of the utility of the new system upon which he congratulated the country, but has made more definite the settled purpose of your administration to enforce both the law and the rules in the future. The few changes you have made in the rules have but added to their justice and efficiency. So far as I have been able to learn, there is not a member of your cabinet who has not, as the result of his experience in office, a higher sense than before of the need of enforcing the merit system in the public service which the civil service act and the rules have established, and from those at the head of the many offices in the postal and customs service, to which the examinations extend, in all parts of the Union, and whether they be Republicans holding over or new officers from the other party, there has come no reason for believing that the merit system is not welcomed as a great benefit to the public service, a great influence for honesty in politics, and a great relief to the head of the office. As the principles of justice upon which that system is based, its tendency to suppress patronage, mongering and official favoritism, its great encouragement of the public schools and its support of all high character and manhood in politics are now being more rapidly comprehended by the people than ever before. I feel sure it is in the near future to have not only a greatly enlarged but an almost unchallenged enforcement. It is really an issue between the people and the politicians, a contest for a spoils system of office on one side and for a merit system on the other. The friends of the latter contend for the free opportunity of every citizen to win an office for himself by his own merits, those of the former for the exclusive right of great politicians to use all of the 100,000 places they can control, and all the assessments they can extort to bribe voters, to buy the press, to elect themselves and to keep their party in power against the will of the people. Between these extremes there is unquestionably a great body of candid and patriotic citizens. I don't refer to these facts so decisive of the perpetuity of the merit system, with the vain conceit that, if they were otherwise or the prospect was discouraging, my remaining a commissioner would avail anything; but I wish to leave no doubt of my faith in the continuing triumphs of a reform policy, and no friend of reform the least reason for thinking that I wish to remain in office. Indeed, the triumph of that policy is now absolute, and the contest already over in that part of the government to which alone all legitimate authority and responsibility for appointments and removals rest, and in which alone the thorough information noticed for a correct judgment as to the utility of the new system.

In other words, were it not for the interference by congressmen and politicians with the constitutional functions and the intended liberty of the president and other officers having the appointing power, there would now be no opposition worthy of notice to a merit system. Those who oppose it will, with few exceptions, be those only whose participation in appointments and removals is an absolute usurpation by which the counterpoise of the government has been impaired, and its perpetuity is being threatened. To that usurpation, to the selfish aims of those who promote to the gathering of the spoils and distribution of office, which are its motive force, open competition of merit for appointment and the suppression of political assessments are fatal. President Grant approved a civil service rule to arrest that intermeddling conceded to the president and other appointing officers, the liberty which the constitution contemplates to allow those who have the best means of making a wise choice between the spoils system and a merit system to be judges and, I repeat, the final decision is already given and the contest is already over. President Grant decided that issue, and his last official declaration to Congress on the subject declared it "a source of mortification" that Congress had refused an appropriation he had, in a special message, requested in aid of the enforcement of the merit system which he declared to have been beneficial. President Arthur, in each annual message after the civil service act, reaffirmed the judgment of the executive department, a judgment which he declared expressed the views of every member of his cabinet. In the daily acts of the present administration the same judgment is approved. It is possible that a number of congressmen and politicians of the dominant party, with a considerable following of officeseekers, may, notwithstanding the vastly-augmented strength of an enlighted public opinion, repeat the folly of those of my own party in 1874, by resisting the well matured judgment and the definite policy of their own administration on the reform issue. If such is to be the fact, this is not the place for showing why such an attempt would be far more disastrous than the Republican restoration for spoils system against the advice of President Grant. Such a course, and the conflict it would precipitate, would be regardless of the good results of the civil service act or any experience in its administration. In any part I might have in such a contest I could far better serve the cause of reform in the exercise of that full liberty which is hardly compatible with the proprieties of my office. And I have the honor of being, with the highest respect, your obedient servant.

DORMAN B. EATON.

To the President.

The President's Reply.

WASHINGTON, September 11, 1885.

Hon. Dorman B. Eaton:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your letter tendering your resignation as a member of the Board of Civil Service Commissioners. I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere regret that you have determined to withdraw from a position in the public service where your intelligent performance of duty has been of inestimable value to the country. The friends of civil service reform, and all those who desire good government, fully appreciate your devotion to the cause in which you are so deeply identified. They have seen with satisfaction that your zeal and faith have led you to suppose that the reform in which you were engaged is unsuited to the rules which ordinarily govern progress in human affairs, or that it should at once reach perfect and universal acceptance. You have been willing patiently to accept good results, as they step by step could be gained, holding every advance with undying steadfastness. The success which thus far has attended the work of civil service reform is largely due to the fact that its practical friends have proceeded upon the theory that real and healthy progress can only be made as such of the people who cherish pernicious political ideas, long fostered and encouraged by vicious partisanship, are persuaded that the change contemplated by the reform offers substantial improvement and benefits. A reasonable toleration for old prejudices, a graceful recognition of every aid, a sensible utilization of every instrumentality that promises assistance and a constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things are the means by which this reform movement will in the future be further advanced, the opposition of incorrigible spoilsmen rendered ineffective and the cause placed upon a sure foundation. Of course there should be no surrender of principle, nor backward step, and all laws for the enforcement of the reform should be rigidly enforced, but the benefits which its principles promise will not be fully produced unless the acquiescence of the people is added to the stern assertion of a doctrine and the rigorous executive of the laws. It is a source of congratulation that there are so many friends of civil service reform marshalled on the principal side of the question, and the number is not greater of those who profess friendliness for the cause and yet mischievously and with supercilious air discredit every effort not in exact accord with their attenuated views, decry with carping criticism the labor of those actually in the field of reform and ignoring the conditions, which bind and qualify every struggle for a radical improvement in the affairs of government, demand complete perfection. The reference in your letter to the attitude of the members of my cabinet to the merit system, established by the civil service law, besides being correct, exhibits an appreciation of honest endeavor in the direction of reform, and a disposition to do justice to proved sincerity, which is most gratifying. If such treatment of those upon whom the duties of administering the government according to reform methods were the universal rule, and if the embarrassments and perplexities attending such an administration were fairly regarded by all those professing to be friendly to such methods, the avowed enemies of the cause would be afforded less encouragement.

I believe in civil service reform and its application in the most practicable form attainable, among other reasons, because it opens the door for the rich and the poor alike to a participation in public placeholding. And I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of a reliance for such an opportunity upon merit and fitness, instead of a dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their government. In the one case a reasonable intelligence and the education which is freely furnished or forced upon the youth of our land are the credentials to office; in the other, the ways found in favor, secured by a participation in partisan work, often unfit a person morally, if not mentally and physically, for the responsibilities and duties of public employment. You will agree with me, I think, that the support which has been given to the present administration in its efforts to preserve and advance this reform by a party restored to power after an exclusion for many years from participation in the places attached to the public service, confronted with a new system precluding the redistribution of such places in its interest, called upon to surrender advantages which a perverted partisanship had taught the American people belonged to success, and perturbed with the suspicion always raised in such an emergency, that their rights in the conduct of this reform had not been scrupulously regarded should receive due acknowledgment, and should confirm our belief that there is a sentiment among the people better than a desire to hold office, and a patriotic impulse, upon which may safely rest the integrity of our institutions and the strength and perpetuity of our government.

I have determined to request you to retain your present position until the first day of November next, at which time your resignation may become operative. I desire to express my entire confidence in your attachment to the cause of civil service reform and your ability to render it efficient aid, and I indulge the hope and expectation that, notwithstanding the acceptance of your resignation, your interest in the object for which you have labored so assiduously will continue beyond the official term which you surrender.

Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

Mr. Eaton will leave Washington tomorrow for New York, to defend the constitutionality of the civil service act in the Hinckley suit, which begins there on Friday, feeling confident that the litigation will be speedily brought to a successful conclusion for the defendants.

MR. EATON'S SUCCESSOR.

An Appointment Expected by November—Talking of the Failures of Past Civil Service Commissioners.

WASHINGTON, September 27.—The question of how the civil service commission will be reorganized is one that is being considered very seriously by the administration just at this time. Fortunately the President has got until November 1 to decide upon Mr. Eaton's successor, and at that date the election in Ohio will have taken place, and there will be almost a certainty as to what is likely to be the result in New York, so if there is any insincerity in Mr. Cleveland's professions as to his intention to thoroughly adhere to the provisions of the civil service law it will be made evident from the character of his appointment to the vacancy made by Mr. Eaton's resignation.

A gentleman who has been actively identified with the civil service reform movement since its commencement, in talking with THE GLOBE correspondent yesterday, made some observations upon the commission and their rules which are of interest. Said he: "The probable reason why the first commission failed to receive the support of Congress and died from the lack of an appropriation was that they administered the law in a half-hearted way. They did not apply it to all parts of the government service alike, and there were examinations required for appointment in the New York Custom House, but not for that in Boston, and in fact the commission was too conservative and actually frittered away its opportunities.

"Take the present commission. Mr. Eaton is a thoroughly honest man and enthusiastic on the subject of civil service reform. Mr. Gregory is a very estimable man, but probably never gave the subject of civil service reform any special thought until he was appointed to the commission. You know he came here to seek a foreign appointment, and was made a commissioner more by accident than anything else. As for Judge Thoman, he was named by Pendleton, the author of the present civil-service law. Now, neither of these gentlemen have ever had any practical experience in government office. They do not know what duties a government clerk is called upon to perform, and consequently are not familiar with the qualifications that should be required of him.

"Now the exemptions of heads of bureaus and chiefs of divisions were never intended to be so sweeping as they are. The rules at first made out completed the protection of chiefs of divisions, but when they came up for consideration before the cabinet Mr. Frelinghuysen said that there were certain chiefs of bureaus in his department who did not require confirmation by the Senate, but who occupied so confidential a relation with himself that he thought he ought to have the power to select them, and he asked that they be exempted from coming under the civil service rules. His request seemed reasonable, and it was agreed to. Then Mr. Folger spoke of chiefs of division in his office which occupied a similar relation to him, and it was agreed to exempt them. This request of Mr. Folger was only intended to apply to the chiefs of division in the office of the secretary of the treasury, such as the chiefs of the loan division, the warrant division, appointment division, etc., but not to chiefs of division in other bureaus of the department. Under the present construction, however, the exemption extends to all chiefs of division in every department, and it has been carried so far that $1800 clerks, who are only by courtesy called chiefs of divisions, have been removed.

"Now had the members of the civil service commission or any of them possessed any experience in government official life they would have resisted this extension of the exemption, and confined it to what was originally contemplated when the rules were adopted. I think in the reorganization of the commission, for it is the general impression that its entire composition will be changed, that the President should select at least one member who has had long practical experience in the government service, and who believes in a progressive reform, and not in seeking how the protection which the present law is intended to afford the faithful employe may be avoided."

SETTLED IT ON THE GRASS.

An Indianapolis Lawyer Knocks Out His Pastor in One Round.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., September 24.—The congregation of the Irvington Methodist Church is greatly scandalized by a pugilistic engagement between Levi Ritter, a prominent lawyer, and Rev. W. L. Clancy, his pastor. Clancy, during a call at the residence of Ritter yesterday, reflected in his conversation discreditably upon several members of his congregation. Ritter objected to the pastor's remarks. He continued, however, to express his disapprobation of persons and things generally, and finally spoke in a very objectionable manner of Mrs. Ritter. Mr. Ritter ordered the pastor to leave the house, and, as Mr. Clancy passed, he called Mr. Ritter a liar, and defied him to come out on the grass to settle the dispute. Mr. Ritter accepted the challenge, and in a brief but spirited round the pastor was pretty well done up.

HAPPY AT A HUNDRED.

Mrs. Sarah Osgood Celebrates Her Centennial Birthday at Wenham.

WENHAM, September 22.—Yesterday was the 100th birthday of Mrs. Sarah Osgood, widow of the late John W. Osgood of Salem, who died August 16, 1863. Mrs. Osgood is a daughter of the late Captain Henry Prince, who had for his clerk Nathaniel Bowditch, who later attained a world-wide reputation. A candlestick used by Mr. Bowditch is now in the family of Mrs. Osgood. Her home is with her son, George P. Osgood, Esq., on Chustnut street, Salem, but who spends his summers here, and his mother accompanies the family. Mrs. Osgood was in excellent health and spirits yesterday, and recited thirty lines of the hymn "Contentment," commencing with,

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,

with much feeling and expression. She received quite a number of her friends, among them Mrs. Thomas Cole, one of her neighbors, who has passed fourscore and ten years.

HE WENT UP IN A BALLOON.

Lillian Norton-Gower's Troubles Set at an End by Her Husband's Aerial Flight.

Many of our readers will remember Lillian Norton, the great singer, and also her marriage with Frederick A. Gower of Brookline; but there are very few who know that Lillian petitioned the court for a separate maintenance from her husband, and praying that she be freed from his control on the ground of abuse. Ex-Governor Gaston, Robert M. Morse and numerous lawyers had the matter in charge. She gave in her statement that she was a native of Maine, and lived there for a number of years, and about fifteen or sixteen months ago married Gower, since which time he has abused her, etc. Mr. Gower asked for a postponement in presenting his evidence, to go to Paris, where he went, and went up in a balloon, and nothing has since been heard from the balloon or him. Mrs. Gower has gone to Paris to claim his estate, which is valued at $3,000,000. He owned a house in Brookline.

BURNED ALIVE.

Fate of Two Little Children in a Missouri Farm House.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., September 22.—Richard Anderson, a farmer living near Fenton, St. Louis county, went to Clayton yesterday, leaving his wife, two children and his brother-in-law, Charles Cramer, at home. Shortly before noon, Mrs. Anderson went into the garden with her brother, and left the children asleep in a room over the kitchen. While in the garden she saw smoke coming from the kitchen, and in a moment more the upper part was seen to be in flames. Mrs. Anderson tried to effect an entrance to the room where the children were, but was driven back by the fire. The entire house was consumed. Strange to relate no traces of the children's bodies could be found in the ruins after the fire.

GOLDSMITH MAID DEAD.

The Famous ex-Queen of the Turf Quietly Breathes Her Last in New Jersey.

TRENTON, N. J., September 25.—Goldsmith Maid, once the "Queen of the Turf," died at the Fashion Stud Farm, near this city, yesterday afternoon. She was ill only a few hours. A post-mortem examination showed that she suffered from fatty degeneration and enlargement of the heart. She was 28 years old last May, and for seven years has been living in retirement at the farm. At the time of her retirement she had trotted 132 races, of which she won 92. Her earnings were nearly $250,000.

No Application to Boston In This.

[New York Sun.]

Gentleman (who has just returned from abroad)—I was at church yesterday, deacon, and was astonished at the size of the congregation. It must have doubled since I went away?

Deacon—Yes; we think of building a larger church.

Gentleman—The minister's popularity seems to be rapidly increasing?

Deacon—Yes; since he was caught kissing one of the singers in the choir the church has taken on a new life.

AFFAIRS ABROAD.

A Review of the Difficulty in Eastern Europe.

British Politics—London Socialists and the Right of Free Speech,

Lord Shaftesbury—Cholera Items—Spain's Difficulty, Etc., Etc.

The critical situation of affairs in Eastern Europe continues to be the main feature of interest in politics of the old world. The reader will, of course, understand that this results from the fact that the affairs, internal and external, of Turkey have long ceased to be under the Sultan's control, but are under the control of the six great powers of Europe. These, parties to the Berlin treaty of 1878, partitioned Turkey—making several semi-independent states wholly free—such as Servia, Roumania and Montenegro. The treaty created also a new country—Bulgaria—and nominated a German prince for its ruler, who, unlike the rulers of Servia and Montenegro, had to be content with less than royal dignity, and was under the suzerainty of the Sultan. To satisfy the Christian subjects of the Porte, yet another province having "home rule," was sliced off from Turkey and called Eastern Roumelia. The condition of its government called for a Christian governor. All went along apparently well till a few weeks ago, when the Roumelians flung off the easy yoke of the Sultan and declared for a union with Bulgaria, under Prince Alexander.

The grave question whether Turkey will compel her secessionists to return to the direct rule of the Sultan, depends altogether upon the action of the great powers. These call for a formal conference, and most of them have agreed to such a council, but it is open at any moment for Turkey to precipitate matters by sending a force to compel the recalcitrant Roumelians to obedience. It is her undoubted right; but Turkey, for a long time has ceased to have any rights the other powers feel bound to respect. The implacable hostility of Russia is only partially modified by the jealousy of the other powers, which acts as an occasional drag on the

Advance of the Russian Eagles

toward Constantinople. A false move—or to put it more fairly, a wholly independent move, of Turkey in defence of the territory guaranteed to it by the treaty of Berlin, might be a signal for a war in which Russia, Turkey and England would be almost surely embroiled, with the chances of others also taking sides.

The fact that a conference will be held makes the numberless rumors which have appeared in the papers idle and untrustworthy. The snap judgments of correspondents count for little on a subject, the issue of which lies with the foreign offices alone. The German chancellor praises the moderation of Turkey in the present crisis, a moderation which would be weakness if displayed by any other country.

So for a while war is averted, or at least postponed. But the elements of discord, growing out of the irrepressible conflict between Christian and Moslem and the ambition of Russia, which has the negative merit of being historical and vast; and the ambitions of the pettifogging States created by the Berlin treaty—which have not even history nor a decent nationalism to make them respectable, are all sources from which war might readily spring. To avoid war will be a great task; to satisfy the varying interests involved is a hopeless undertaking, which will

Probably Never Be Attempted.

British politics is a fruitful source of news, and the papers are filled with paragraphs of speeches by this, that or the other, few of which are of value to the average reader. Since the declaration of principles by Messrs. Parnell, Gladstone and Hartington, there has come a lull for a time, though Mr. Chamberlain, who has his own methods and ideas, plays his own roles, and does not seem inclined to follow the lead of Lord Hartington. Mr. Bright is to come to the front as orator in the campaign, the old war-horse naturally smelling the battle from afar. Lord Salisbury is yet to hear from.

London Socialists have divided the attention of the world's metropolis with Editor Stead of the Pall Mall Gazette and his worthy coadjutors. The police on Sunday week broke up, unnecessarily, a meeting of the Socialists' League at Limehouse, in the East end of London. Considerable feeling was excited, and it was determined by the Socialists to protest against the outrage on the right of free speech, by holding a monster "demonstration"—police or no police—the next Sunday. The demonstration came off as advertised; the police, expecting trouble, but determined not to force it, were massed quietly in good positions, and soldiers were also confined to barracks, in readiness for an emergency. Nothing more explosive than the speeches occurred, and the large army of curiosity-seekers were

Disappointed of Their Row.

The editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, Mrs. Jarett, the woman he employed, and Messrs. Bromwell Booth and an employe of the Pall Mall, have been committed for trial by the Bow-street magistrate, on the charge of abducting Eliza Armstrong, and in the case of the former of being party to a felonious assault. Mr. Stead tried to read a long written statement, which the magistrate refused to allow, as it was irrelevant and did not cover the charge. So much of it as was admitted did not move the magistrate to do other than send the case to the higher court.

Archbishop Welsh has written a pastoral letter, designed to act as a guide to his priests and their congregations during the coming elections. The first reading of the letter caused great joy to the Home Rulers, but the earnestness with which the prelate discussed the situation left an unpleasant taste in the mouths of the Nationalists, who discovered that the impartial warning against elections were directed as much against their own party as any other.

The awful massacre of Christians in Cochin China has not attracted much notice. Not even the fact that over 12,000 people have been murdered in a land almost under French control, has created any excitement. A fire in the next street is of more importance to the average mind than the extinction of a few thousand Annamese.

The veteran Earl of Shaftesbury is reported as seriously ill; perhaps by the time this is before the public his end has come. It would be difficult to name a British peer of whom such unsparing yet honest eulogy could be written. As Lord Ashley, he was the leader in the factory legislation; he

Redeemed Women and Children

from the slavery of labor in coal mines; he framed and fought the ten-hour factory law, and his efforts for the amelioration of the hard lot of the London poor, and especially of the "costermonger" or small pedlar class, made his name well and favorably known to thousands. He is a nobleman in the best sense of the word, and his name has long been a synonym for benevolence. His descent is from the notorious Lord Ashley of the seventeenth century, the most unscrupulous but able minister of his time, who formed one of the ministry known as the Cabal, from the initials of the men composing it.

A scandal in English high life, affecting this time respectable people through an unfortunate connection by marriage, is the talk of London. The son of the Marquis of Ripon married Lady Lonsdale, and three months after marriage the lady made her husband anything but happy by becoming a mother. Her character has been notorious, and a divorce is talked of. The Marquis of Ripon was Viceroy of India during the last administration, but his son, Earl Gray, showed by his marriage that he is not the possessor of

His Worthy Father's Wit.

There have been now just about 100,000 deaths from cholera in the south of Europe. There are sinister reports of the existence of it in Parisian suburbs, and this menace of that city constitutes the worst feature of the outlook. Italy seems likely to escape lightly, although the wide dissemination of the seeds causes uneasiness. Palermo in Sicily has been severely attacked. King Humbert of Italy has gone thither to visit the place, and encourage the people. He had previously given up his summer palace as a hospital, and sent a donation of $10,000. The act proves that the king is worthy of his position, and is capable of a bravery in time of pestilence which all knew he possessed in battle.

The Carolines Islands affair, which boiled up so fiercely a short time since, has simmered down to nothing, and is, indeed, almost forgotten. There are rumors of all kinds in the air, but the most definite are that the Pope has consented to act as arbitrator in the dispute, with the understanding that his decision is not necessarily binding on either. Whether this is done to please the Pope or please anybody else, is not known, but it seems like a waste of time—though if it results in a "talking-out" of war, it will of course be good.

It is reported that England is about to cede Heligoland to Germany. The possession of this islet by England has long been a thorn in Prince Bismarck's side, and diplomats have many times asserted that friendship between the two powers was out of the question so long as England retained possession of Heligoland. It is not stated what price is to be paid for the island, but it is generally believed that Germany will surrender her new colonial possessions in New Guinea in return for the cession of Heligoland, which lies off the mouth of the river Elbe, and, though unfortified, it is a position which few governments would like to see occupied by a foreign power.

FIGHTING BEGUN.

First Blow in Turkey's Favor—The Porte Preparing for War.

LONDON, September 28.—Advices from Bucharest report that fighting occurred on Friday near Adrianople, and that during the engagement thirty Roumelians were killed and 300 wounded. The Russian commandant of the arsenal at Rustchuk recently permitted a ship laden with arms and ammunition to sail from that port, ostensibly to Antwerp, but in reality to Bourgas.

Advices from Beyrout say there is great excitement throughout Syria in consequence of sudden and urgent orders from Constantinople to mobilize the reserve forces, which have been free from active duty for the last six years. The first and second classes of reserves have been ordered to be formed into an army corps.

DENOUNCING THE REBELLION.

The Powers Discountenance the Revolt—Bulgaria Must Pay Turkey Tribute.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 28.—While all the powers have notified the Porte that they denounce the recent Bulgarian action, it is believed that it will certainly be confirmed, as un fait accompli, provided Prince Alexander continues to pay the regular tribute to Turkey. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff will hasten his departure for Egypt, because of the fact that his delay at Constantinople will embarrass the Porte, and postpone the settlement of Egyptian affairs until the Roumelian troubles are settled.

LETTERS F. AND C.

President Cleveland and Mr. Bayard Given Until October 3 to Retire Gracefully from Office—Postmaster-General Vilas Commended for His Zeal and Fidelity.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 25.—The latest crank letter was received by the postmaster-general yesterday, it being evidently from an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va. It consisted of a series of letter sheets pasted together, all making a document about three feet in length. It was as follows:

Grover Cleveland, Acting President of the United States:

SIR—Your functions as President of the United States are no longer required. Any official act or deed you may do after the 3d of October, 1885, will be null and void, unlawful and not recognized. Your obedient servant,

HENRY N. KERP,
President-elect of the United States.

National Military Home, Virginia, September 22, 1885. (No. 2264, F.)

Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard will please deliver the above.

To Thomas F. Bayard, acting secretary of state of the United States:

SIR—Your services as secretary of state will be dispensed with for the future after the 3d of October.

Done at National Military Home, Virginia, September 22, 1885.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY N. KERP,
President-elect of the United States.
(No. 2265, G.)

Then follows similar orders to Secretaries Manning, No. 2266, H; Endicott, No. 2267; Commissioner of Pensions Black, No. 2268, J; and Secretary Whitney, No. 2269, K.

But to Postmaster-General Vilas he writes as follows:

Please deliver the enclosed personally to Secretary Thomas F. Bayard. Thanking you for the zeal and fidelity with which you have endeavored to perform your duty to the citizens of the United States, and hoping that you will give employment to as many disabled soldiers as may be competent and acceptable to the public service, and begging that you will not pay too much attention to any scribbling newspaper critic, and you to have no direct intercourse with British subjects nor their Spanish or Russian allies, you will please to accept the assurance that I know how to appreciate conscientiously performed duties and obligations.

Please acknowledge the receipt.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY N. KERP.
President-elect of the United States, Phil. Dr., M. D., Professor of Military and Civil Jurisprudence, etc.

Done at the National Soldiers' Home, Virginia, September 22, 1885, No. 2270, L.

"Dieu et mon droit."

DOSHREIMER ON DECK.

Frauds in the Examination of Baggage to be Carefully Looked Into.

NEW YORK, September 25.—The following is the reply of District-Attorney Dorsheimer to the letter of Secretary Manning, calling attention to certain alleged irregularities and abuses in the examination of the baggage of passengers arriving at this port:

Hon. Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., in which you call my attention to the very defective and very scandalous condition of affairs respecting the examination of the baggage of passengers arriving at this port, and the criminal payment of money to inspectors of customs by such passengers, and in which you ask my aid and co-operation in putting an end to these violations of law.

I beg to assure you that your instructions will be zealously carried out, and that all the power of this office will be used to break up this pernicious and most disreputable practice. The first person who shall be found paying an officer money, and the first officer who shall be found receiving money in contravention of the laws, will be presented to the grand jury, and the indictments against them will be promptly brought to trial.

I think that timely notice should be given of your determination to institute this reform, and therefore I have taken the liberty of sending your communication to the press for publication.

Believe me, very truly, your servant,
(Signed) WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

CALIFORNIA'S WHEAT CROP.

Exporters Figuring on the Result—800,000 Tons Over Local Wants.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 25.—Shippers have begun to figure on the quantity of Pacific coast wheat there will be for export. A statement was sent to England two weeks ago that the quantity would not exceed 430,000 tons, or say 14,500,000 bushels. Conservative dealers unhesitatingly state that this estimate is entirely wrong. They figure as follows: This year's crop 23,000,000 bushels; carried over from last year, 10,000,000 bushels; total quantity of wheat in California and Oregon at the present time, 33,000,000 bushels; deduct what is required for local uses and seeding, there will remain 800,000 tons, or 23,000,000 bushels available for export. As much of the California grain is still in the field no one has the knowledge of the exact value.

AN AGASSIZ APPOINTED.

The Professor Tendered the Superintendency of the Coast Survey.

WASHINGTON, September 26.—The President, through the secretary of the treasury, has asked Professor Alexander Agassiz to take the position of superintendent of the coast survey bureau. President Agassiz is one of the most prominent scientists in the United States. He is a son of Professor Louis Jean Rudolf Agassiz, the great Swiss scientist, who took his residence in this country in 1848. The son is an authority on most scientific subjects. He is also very wealthy, being a successful mining speculator. When the elder Agassiz founded the Museum of Comparative Zoology the present professor contributed $30,000 towards it. The appointment is spoken of by scientists and Republicans as being an excellent one. It is said that some assurance has been received that Professor Agassiz will accept.

Living at the Age of 117.

TROY, September 27.—Caroline Jackson, a colored woman at the county house, is 117 years old. When admitted to that institution five years ago her age was entered on the records as 112 years. She was once a slave. She is still able to walk about, and retains most of her faculties.

$200,000 LOST.

The Great Defalcation of Coleman S. Adams.

Startling Result of Investigating Framingham Bank Finances.

An Injunction Applied for by the Bank Commissioners.

The savings bank commissioners, after having spent about five weeks on the books of the Framingham Savings Bank, have at length made discovery of a deficiency of alarming proportions. The work of examining the books show that the late treasurer, Mr. Adams, in making up his accounts used a memorandum book, but has failed to carry forward from it the correct amounts. The result is a deficiency of about $228,000, which amount is made up by charging the depositors with larger sums than were actually paid, with crediting depositors with less sums than actually paid, and in omitting to credit in the depositors' account dividends declared.

Bank Examiner Getchell did not wish to state whether any facts had come to light which showed that the treasurer had appropriated this sum to his own use.

WILL NOT OPPOSE IT.

What the President and Treasurer of the Bank Has to Say.

L. F. Fuller, president and treasurer of the Framingham Savings Bank, was seen, and said that he should not oppose the application filed by the savings bank commissioners for a temporary injunction. He believed, himself, that sufficient had been learned regarding the affairs of the bank to warrant the commissioners in demanding a temporary injunction preventing the bank doing any business until its affairs had been thoroughly overhauled and put in shape. However, he could not say whether the trustees of the bank would contest the application or not. The writ was returnable October 27. He had been rather unexpectedly forced into the position of treasurer upon the death of the former treasurer, and was not prepared to speak about the bank's affairs at any great length.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

The Probable Loss to Bank Stockholders—Hearing on the Injunction.

Although the deficit reaches the sum of $228,000, the actual loss to stockholders will not exceed, Commissioner Getchell thinks, the sum of $155,000.

In the Superior Court, before Judge Allen this morning, a petition for a temporary injunction on the bank was presented. A hearing will be held on this matter, October 27.

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD MAN.

The Ninety-Fifth Birthday of Major Daniel Simpson.

Tomorrow, Major Daniel Simpson observes his ninety-fifth birthday. The major can beat a drum as well today as seventy years ago. He is a native of Maine. His father, two grandfathers and several uncles were soldiers in the war for independence. At the early age of 9 years his military experience began, by drumming for a militia company upon the Fourth of July. He came to Boston in 1809, and a few years thereafter became the landlord of the once famous Green Dragon Tavern, on Union street.

The history of the Green Dragon is in itself a history of the early revolutionary days. It was here that the Sons of Liberty often met in secret conclave, to consult concerning the interests of their oppressed country. It was here, tradition says, that Paul Revere and Robert Newman made the arrangement by which the latter hung out the town signal lights in the tower of the Old North Church. It was here that was organized the famous Tea Party.

On the site of the old Green Dragon stands a massive building, bearing on its front a tablet with a curious effigy, which wondering children are told is intended to represent a green dragon. When Major Simpson was a boy he used to pick blueberries on the Common and went wading in the Charles river, where the Public Garden now blossoms. Where the palaces of the Back Bay stand were flats of oozy mud; Charlestown was a village and Roxbury was a distant suburb. The major's birthdays come around regularly every year, and he is always present to celebrate them.

FLOWER DECLINES,

Though Confident of Victory and Willing to Work Hard for the Ticket.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., September 26.—Mr. Flower has just mailed the following letter to Hon. George Raines, chairman of the late State Democratic Convention:

DEAR SIR—I have learned with regret that the convention over which you lately presided has seen fit to honor me, in opposition to my well-known wishes, with the nomination for the position of lieutenant-governor of the State, on the ground that my nomination is necessary to the success of the State ticket. While I fully appreciate the cordial and unanimous manner in which this nomination is tendered, and the sincerity of the sentiment of the convention toward me, I cannot think that the success of the party can be in any way endangered by the presence or absence of the name of any individual upon its ticket or that there is any necessity for me to take upon myself the serious duties of a position for which I have no inclination. It would be assuming a merit and a virtue which I do not possess to believe for an instant that I am more potent to assist the party in this matter than other men who are better qualified by nature and disposition for the office in question. The principles of the Democracy as set out in our platform, the splendid nominations to the other places on the ticket and the record of the party both in the State and nation will, in my opinion, carry us to victory.

Assuring you, therefore, of my hearty support from the ranks of the Democracy, I respectfully but positively decline the preferment tendered.

(Signed) R. P. FLOWER.

A DEATH SONG.

Christine Nillson Sings to a Crowd in Stockholm—Seventeen Persons Killed in the Attempt to Hear Her.

STOCKHOLM, September 23.—Christine Nilsson appeared in concert at the Opera House this evening. Long before the opening of the doors the streets were crowded with people anxious to do honor to the prima donna. After the concert 30,000 people assembled in the vicinity of the hotel clamoring for the appearance of the songstress. She finally appeared on the balcony and sang a Swedish song. The crowd pressed forward, those in the rear eager to catch every note, and the mass of people became compact. While Mme. Nilsson was yet singing shrieks arose from the crowd, and there was tremendous surging to the right and left. Those on the outskirts of the assemblage seemed to understand what had happened and withdrew, relieving the pressure upon the heart of the mass, and when the crowd had been sufficiently thinned out to enable all to move freely, it was discovered that seventeen persons had been crushed to death.

DEATH OF GEORGE WILKES.

Close of the Eventful Career of the Founder of the Spirit of the Times.

NEW YORK, September 24.—George Wilkes, founder of Wilkes Spirit of the Times, is dead, aged 68 years.

Mr. Wilkes was born in this city in 1817. Little is known of his early life, and he never talked of himself. He first became publicly noticed in connection with several sensational publications. For conducting one of these papers known as the Whip, he served sixty days' imprisonment in the tombs. He has recently published and sold a book entitled the "History of Sixty Days in the Tombs." In 1849 he went to California in company with David C. Broderick, whose political and other ventures he assisted by a number of publications. Broderick was quite successful, was elected senator, and, when he was killed in a duel, Wilkes was found to be his heir. Wilkes returned to New York with $75,000, and the Broderick property advanced to a value of over $2,000,000. About 1860 he began the publication of Wilkes Spirit of the Times, which he made a success by the excellent descriptions of prize fights, horse races and other sporting events. He had frequently quarrels with the loading sports, but the bitterest of these was with John Chamberlain, who, in connection with himself and Marcus Cicero Stanley, established the Paris mutual pool system here. He accused Chamberlan of treating him unfairly in this venture, and a long and bitter fight was the result.

FORCED TO A FEARFUL LEAP.

Four Kentuckians Driven from an Express Train by a Gang of Desperadoes, Who Threaten Them with Death if They Disobey.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 26.—One of the boldest and most outrageous robberies ever committed in this State was brought to light last night by the arrest of William Carroll, Pritchard White, Paul McQuade and John Martin, four attaches of Doris' circus. The story was related by one of the victims, who came here to bring the perpetrators to justice. On Thursday the show gave two performances at Frankfort. As is usual in such cases, a large number of country people went to town to see the show. Among them were four young men, Turner, Scofield, Mills and Weber, who lived in Bagdad. They went to the evening performance, and missed the evening train, and, being anxious to return home, they asked permission of the circus men to allow them to ride on their train. The show men held a consultation, and announced that they would let the party ride. The young men were placed in a rude sleeping-car near the rear of the train. When two miles out three rough-looking men entered the car and collected the fare to Bagdad. In paying their fare the young men displayed considerable money, but the circus men seemed to pay no attention to it. Scarcely two miles more had been passed when both ends of the car were opened and seven men entered. They walked down between the seats to where the young men were sitting. Five of the crowd drew revolvers, and, pointing them at their victims, commanded them to throw up their heads. Two set to work stripping the four youths of their valuables. After robbing them the gang commanded them to get up and walk to the end of the car and jump off. The train was running twenty miles an hour. Turner and the others commenced to remonstrate with them, but was told to jump or he would be killed. Turner was the first to leap. He struck on his feet, but was thrown forward on his face, breaking his nose and being bruised about the body. Scofield came next, and in falling broke one of his ankles in two places. Miles was the third, and was knocked senseless. His left leg was broken. Weber came last, and fared worse than all. Both legs were broken and one of his ribs fractured and his cheek split open. Turner recovered himself in a few moments, and going to a farm house aroused the occupants and had his friends cared for. Weber is in a critical condition, and will probably die. The other two were seriously hurt, but will recover. Turner came to this city today, and with the aid of Chief of Police Whalen went to the circus grounds last night and arrested the four men mentioned above.

GIVEN A WEEK TO DECIDE.

Davenport Must Denounce the Tribune's Methods or Lose the Workingmen.

NEW YORK, September 26.—The Sun says: "President James M. Duncan of Typographical Union, No. 6, has sent a letter to Ira Davenport, the Republican nominee for governor, which, after referring to the party platform utterances on the subject of servile labor, calls Mr. Davenport's attention to the employment of non-union printers by the Tribune. Mr. Duncan asks Mr. Davenport to try to get the Tribune to pay union rates, and if he fails, to disown the Tribune's methods publicly. The letter says: "We will wait one week for your reply, when, if not satisfactory, we shall take it for granted that the Republican party prefers the dishonest tactics of Whitelaw Reid to the voters of the organized workingmen of the State of New York, and act accordingly."

WAR ON THE CHINESE.

They are Given Till October 1 to Leave the City of Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE, Wy., September 27.—The workingmen of this city, representing all classes of labor, held a secret meeting last night, and at a very early hour this morning a number of printed dodgers were distributed in different parts of the city, and also posted on the doors of all houses occupied by Chinese, reading as follows:

A fair warning. All Chinamen found in the city of Cheyenne after October 1 will be subject to a coat of tar and feathers and ridden from the city on a rail.

Workingmen—The Chinese must go!

The most minute inquiry thus far cannot trace the source from which these dodgers originated. While nearly all the best citizens of Cheyenne would prefer to see the Chinese go, still there is no doubt, should a mob attempt to drive them out with violence, they would be protected. The proprietors of the steam laundry publish a card in today's paper stating that in deference to public opinion, they have discharged all their Chinese help.

MORE TROUBLE BREWING.

Miners in Seattle, W. T., Give the Chinese Twenty-Four Hours to Leave or be Massacred.

SEATTLE, W. T., September 28.—The Chinese camp at New Castle mines was visited Saturday night by a mob of masked white men, who compelled the guard to surrender. After some talk the mob agreed to give the Chinamen twenty-four hours to leave. They said they would riddle with bullets all Chinamen found there after the expiration of that time. A special train has started for New Castle to bring the Chinamen down.

Chinese Gentlemen in Washington.

WASHINGTON, September 28.—The eighteen Chinese gentlemen who arrived some days ago from Canton on a tour around the world arrived in Washington yesterday. They will have an interview with the President today in relation principally, it is believed, to the Wyoming trouble.

BIG TROTTING PROMISED.

The Special Attractions at the St. Louis Fair Next Week.

ST. LOUIS, September 28.—Everything indicates that the trotting races which will be held here in connection with the St. Louis fair that opens on Monday, October 5, will be, by all odds, the best ever held here. All the classes have filled well, and the faster ones embrace quite a number of swift goers, including Maxey Cobb, Phallas, Harry Wilkes, Joe Davis, Phyllis, Sparkle, Adelaide, Bonnie McGregor, Mambrino and others. Among the pacers will be New Hope, Richball, Mike Wilkes, Billy S. and others. In addition to the purse races, for which $15,000 is hung up, a stake race will be trotted for two, three, four and five-year-olds, in which will compete quite a number of the most noted young trotters from all sections of the country. The track is in splendid condition, and some very fast time is expected to be made.

The National Sportsmen's Conclave.

ST. LOUIS, September 28.—The forthcoming national sportsmen's convention will be attended largely from all parts of the country, and is expected to be the most important one ever held by the association. One of the chief objects of the meeting is to devise means whereby the game laws of the various States may be made uniform, or at least brought into harmony and made effective in their operation. A grand shoot has been arranged for, to be held at the Cote Brilliant race track on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and full preparations have been made for rare sport.

Five Trakene Stallions.

NEW YORK, September 28.—Five Trakene stallions from the stud farm owned by the German government are shown in Messrs. Antony & Runk's Fifth avenue riding academy. Only Barnum has ever imported Trakene stallions before. These are imported to sell for breeding fine saddle horses. The Trakene horse is originally a cross between the English thoroughbred and the Arab. In the marches of the German cavalry in the Franco-Prussian war the Trakene horse was tested and pronounced the best cavalry horse in Europe.

Brought Over $1,250,000 in Gold.

NEW YORK, September 27.—The German steamer Werra, from Bremen, which arrived yesterday, had a large cargo of gold, $1,250,000, consigned to the following: Eugene Kelly, $500,000; Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co., $115,000; J. & W. Seligman & Co., $200,000; L. Von Hoffman & Co., $350,000, and Ploch & Co., $50,000. The coin was in double eagles.

WITH RIFLE IN HAND.

Revenue Agents Greeted by Moonshiner Herchstetter.

Wild Scenes at the "Surrounding" of a Mountain Hut in Pennsylvania.

Forcible Compliments in the Shape of Rifle Bullets.

PITTSBURG, Penn., September 26.—Ex-Collector of Internal Revenue Frank Case received a telegram today saying that a party of deputies from the Pittsburg office who have been out for some days on the trail of moonshiners had surprised a man named Jonathan Herchstetter in the mountains, near Somerset, seized his still and destroyed it, but Herchstetter had escaped. The deputies are hot on his trail, and expect before night to have him under arrest.

The capture of the still was accomplished only after thrilling adventures. The party of officers, consisting of Revenue Agents Stanley Plumer and E. J. Larkin of Pittsburg and Deputies Edwards and Stulzman, started out at the beginning of the week to hunt these violators of the law. They were heavily armed, and took with them a supply of handcuffs furnished by Collector Dowlin. They had received intimations that "moonshiners" were at work in the mountains of Fayette and Somerset counties, and their orders were to bring in the law breakers dead or alive. Secret service men had been at work for some months in this region, but were unable to make much headway owing to the secrecy with which Herschtetter was conducting his operations. They were satisfied that

A Gang of These Men

were at work, but their efforts were baffled in all directions. The detectives hunted the mountains day after day, ostensibly after minerals. Each ravine was searched and each path followed to an end, but nothing rewarded their searching. Saturday last, one of the men, while following a path over which he had passed several times, thought he noticed an opening in a clump of bushes which had escaped him before. He made a closer examination and found that he was right. A well-worn path led away to the right. He followed it carefully. Soon it began to lead up a narrow ravine, at the head of which he found a small piece of level ground, cleared, and standing on it was a miserable hut. Smoke was ascending from the rude chimney, and as the intruder approached the door he was met by Herchstetter himself, who gruffly asked him what he wanted. The story of searching after minerals was told, and, after partaking of the hospitality of the moonshiner, the detective left. That night the collector was notified, and early Monday the agents started. They were met at Somerset by the detectives who had made another visit to the moonshiners' house. The party quietly drove to a certain point, where they separated, and proceeded to surround the hut. After an hour's hard climbing

They Were Ready for the Signal,

a sharp whistle. When it was given by the agent in charge, they all closed on the hut. Herchstetter, hearing the unusual noise, came to the door with his rifle in hand. He took in the situation at a glance. Seeing the detective who had visited his house a few days before in the crowd, he levelled his rifle at him, and, with an oath, fired. Before the party could recover from their surprise, the daring distiller had darted up the mountain side. A volley from the agents' guns followed him, but it was as fruitless as the "moonshiner's" shot. Some of the party started in pursuit, while the remainder began an examination of the interior of the hut. They found a rude but complete still, with all the necessary distilling apparatus. They destroyed all of it and poured out all the low wines and mash.

TO THE DEATH.

Terrible Encounter With Tennessee Moonshiners—Revenue Officers Capture Two Illicit "Stills" in Carroll County.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., September 23.—Internal Revenue Collector Hillsman late last night received a despatch, giving information of a conflict between a posse of officers and Carroll-county moonshiners, and intimating that four of the former had been foully dealt with.

R. M. Green, a deputy collector, left Nashville Sunday night with several officers and ample ammunition for a stubborn conflict with the manufacturers of illicit whiskey, and ten rifles were part of the stores of war. It had been arranged that Green should receive reinforcements at McKenzie, and he had a dozen men with him when he ventured into the lair of the moonshiners. Last night Green telegraphed here saying: "Two stills were captured last night, the first one at 10 o'clock. Four men were left to guard it. The second was seized at daylight. Seven or eight shots were fired by both sides, and we returned at 1 o'clock and found that the still and the four guards were gone. We made a search, but were unable to hear of them or find them, and were driven in." It may be that the four deputies who disappeared from the posse are merely lost, but the presumption is thought inaccurate, as they would not have left their post until further orders.

FOURTH OF JULY IN GREENLAND.

How the Gloucester Boys Gave the Danish Governor a Sample of Yankeeland.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., September 22.—The second arrival from Greenland came last night. The schooner Druid, Captain Vale, brought 120,000 lbs fletched halibut, 100,000 pounds of codfish and seventy barrels of halibut fins. The Druid sailed from Gloucester April 13. They fished at Fleming Cape and at Good Hope. The crew had some difficulty at Good Hope, the Governor there forbidding them to come ashore, but on Independence day they broke over all rule in their patriotism for Yankeeland, and showed the Greenlanders how to celebrate. They induced the natives, including the ladies, to engage in a dance, which was forbidden by the governor, but to this they paid no attention, and danced for a long time. After awhile the governor managed to control the Greenlanders and drove off the Americans, and the latter contented themselves with finishing their Fourth celebration aboard the Druid. They fished as far North as Holsteinberg and Sukkertoppin. They report fishing good, weather fair, with occasional snow, and some ice. They brought home an eagle, which was caught ashore by the crew, and also have a model boat, the nyack, which is used by Greenland fishermen. It is like a canoe, covered with seal-skin, and it can be carried round by the owner. It is supplied with a spear for catching seals, and a spear with three prongs which is thrown at birds, pinning them about the neck. The schooners Mist and Marguerite of this port have been spoken at Canso, and are expected home soon. No accidents have occurred among the fleet. The fishermen will be fairly paid for their summer's work.

Ex-Minister Morton's Gift to Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., September 27.—Hon. Levi P. Morton proposes to present to the city of Newport what may well be styled almost a ready made public park of very great value. The lot which Mr. Morton contemplates presenting to the city is known to the citizens generally as the Isard lot, but Newporters abroad and all who were here on July 4th of last year will recognize it the more readily when it is stated that it was there that the reunion of the sons and daughters of Newport was held on that day. The city never received such a valuable gift before, and it will undoubtedly be appreciated to the fullest possible extent.

A New Steamship Line.

LONDON, September 23.—A syndicate has been formed in London for the purpose of establishing regular steam communication between New Orleans and Fleetwood. The project is not intended in any way to interfere with the Manchester ship canal scheme, but rather in the interim to remove the burdens under which Lancashire manufacturers are now suffering.

AROUND THE FARM.

EDITED BY W. H. YEOMANS.

PROPAGATION OF GINSENG.

A subscriber to THE GLOBE desires information regarding the propagation of the ginseng plant, whether by means of its rootlets or by seed, and the proper time to plant.

If any reader of THE GLOBE is in possession of the desired information, he will confer a favor by communicating the same to the agricultural department of this paper. Ginseng is a product that has been exported from this country in considerable quantities. If there is a continued demand, and the growing can be made remunerative, its cultivation, by giving greater diversity to crops, may be profitably engaged in.

W. H. Y.

SHEEP RAISING.

That there is a decline in the branch of farm industry classed as sheep farming, especially in some portions of New England, there can be no doubt. This is notably true in the State of Connecticut, where at one time sheep raising was an important feature of farming. This can be attributed to two principal causes—one, the condition of fences; the other, the destructive and worrying tendency of dogs. Many portions of New England were originally, from convenience, fenced with the imperishable materials—the rocks and boulders—with which its surface was covered. At the first these were not erected with any special view to permanence, and so, as the years rolled around, the stone fences, by the double action occasioned by the winter's frost, as well as the natural settling into the surface soil, were reduced to a tumble-down condition, and just exactly suited to the passage of sheep from field to field or from farm to farm. Many an old wall has become squatted and wholly unsuited to the confinement of sheep that would prove perfectly secure to average orderly cattle. And while in some instances there has been a thorough repair and rebuilding of these old walls, with a view to almost complete permanency, there are very many that still remain in just such condition as is calculated to encourage breachiness in sheep. It is not surprising that those stone fences, built a century or more ago, with no preparation, and under all the unfavorable conditions that existed in those early days, should have tottered and fallen. In these times, removing the soil to the hard-pan or to a depth beneath the action of the frost, and then building, is believed to produce more permanent results. Had the poor fences offered the only obstacle to sheep raising, to have allowed that condition to exist, and an abandonment of the industry resulted as a consequence, would have been a reproach to New England farmers and their reputed industry. We therefore look to another and more influential cause in the destruction, injury, to and worrying of flocks by dogs. We have no objection to dogs in their proper place, but we believe that they are a long way out of place when they are worrying sheep. The trouble is, there are too many worthless dogs that are under no restraint, roam about the fields at will, and use such means as suit them best to obtain subsistance. If our legislatures, in their efforts to protect (?) dogs, would compel the owners thereof to keep them confined upon their own premises, unless with them, they would do a great service to farmers. The trouble is that the worthless dogs are allowed their liberty, and getting to running together in the night season, they encounter sheep, and their mischief is all done, and in nine cases in ten the depredators escape undiscovered. With such a condition of things, is it any wonder that the sheep industry should decline? As a rule it is not the dogs that belong upon farms that accomplish the mischief, because they become accustomed to all the animals that are upon the farm, and would protect rather than injure them. The mischief comes from dogs that belong to those living in villages, or who have no lands (tenants), and a class that keep dogs the object of which becomes a mystery. As a consequence, there is little doubt that New England agriculture has somewhat declined. It is evident that many outlying pastures that have been successfully used for the grazing of sheep have been given over to nature, as the growth of bushes and young timber fully attest. That sheep are an important factor in successful agriculture cannot be denied; and if in New England there could be a general return to sheep raising, there would be a gradual advance and improvement in agriculture. Farms would grow more productive, weeds and briers less plentiful in pastures, and the grass more vigorous.

W. H. Y.

Sheep Talk.

After harvest is a good time to buy sheep. Sheep are usually the cheapest then, and by getting them early in the season they may be managed so as to get in fine order before winter. There is no stock which responds so promptly to extra care, or good feed as sheep. Buy your sheep early and give them an extra chance. If there is an odd one in the flock make it into mutton. An even lot is always attractive. They should be as much alike as possible in size, form and quality of wool. It is a mistake to have second grades of wool in one flock. A long, close and even staple will sell best. Try to produce such wool that manufacturers will look for it. It is better for the market to come to you than for you to go to the market. Farmers ought always to remember this, and the way to do it is to have the best. Wool buyers always strive to get hold of the best lots of wool, as they help "work off" the poorer. The manufacturers will buy the poor for the sake of the good.

The kind of sheep to buy for next year depends upon the location and the land. In a section where the land is rough or mountainous, or where the pasture is scanty, there are no sheep equal to the merinos. They are also specially adapted to hilly farms. They do not do well on low land, or where it is wet. They are the hardiest sheep we have, and will do with the least care. They will shear the heaviest fleeces and endure the most exposure. They may be kept in larger flocks than the coarser woolled. Where there is plenty of feed and an accessible market it will pay best to select sheep which will produce lambs to turn off in the summer.

The early lambs always bring the best price, and there are many locations where sheep may be kept and the lambs be ready to slaughter by the last of June. Such lambs will bring in market from $5 to $8 each. Sheep will do better on grass when suckling lambs, hence it is more profitable to keep them in sections where they can be got out to pasture in March, or as early as possible. Early lambs will, however, pay a profit with the more Northern farmer, although he may, and must, feed considerable grain to the ewes. The rich manure will help pay for the grain. Some of the coarse-woolled sheep are more tender than others. The lambs of the downs sell the best, as they mature young, that is fill up and are plumper. They do not have so large frames as the Cotswold or Leicester. Nor do they show so valuable fleeces. A cross of either Southdown or Shropshire with Cotswold or Leicester makes a heavy-woolled sheep which will produce a good lamb. A little Merino blood will tend to thicken the fleece and make the sheep more hardy. Such a sheep is the farmer's sheep, but it takes years of careful crossing and selection to establish a breed. It has been done, and successfully. The best down sheep is the Oxfordshire, which, like the Southdown and the Shropshire, are of British origin, and have been formed by crossing various English families. Americans can do the same thing if they will only take the same pains and have the same perseverance.—[Farm Journal.

Ensilage Experience.

As I have frequent inquiries by letter and otherwise as to the success of ensilage feeding at the State farm at Tewksbury, I thought perhaps your readers might be interested if I should give an account of our experiments, and what success we have met with in a practice of about four years in that direction. The first experiment was last season, when milk from the different lots of cows was tested at two different times, one lot being fed with good English hay, the other on ensilage. The ensilage-fed cows' milk analyzed quite 1 per cent. more solids than the hay fed, the same quantity of grain being fed in each case. The next experiment was to determine whether sweet ensilage could be obtained by a process of slow filling and not tramping, simply keeping the mass level. This experiment, so far as sweet ensilage was concerned, proved a failure. The silo contained 350 or more tons. The mass, after a few days, rose in temperature from between 80° and 90°, when we first commenced to fill, to 140°, ten feet, and 150° one foot below the surface. It remained at this temperature for nearly a month, when the mass gradually cooled down to about 90°, and there remained.

As we were nearly four weeks in filling, there being intervals of four or five days between some of the filling to allow the temperature to increase, we have concluded that bacteria were not created to be destroyed in that way. The ensilage obtained was as good as any I ever saw, but somewhat acid, and the microscope disclosed bacteria. I do not ascribe its goodness to going through this heating process, but to its having been allowed to get well along toward maturity before being cut in the field, the ears being well along in the milk. When corn is cut into inch pieces or less, so large an amount of mutilated surface is exposed to the atmosphere, that it makes the very best condition possible for the formation of ferment, and as ferment is caused by bacteria, and as they are not destroyed by any degree of temperature which would be likely to arise by process of slow filling, cut ensilage must be more or less acid according to the degree of maturity when taken from the field.

In an adjoining silo, 250 tons of corn fodder was put in whole, in the same state of maturity that the cut was. This came out perfectly sweet, and has kept so well that we are feeding it at the present time, August 10. This, in my opinion, is the only way that sweet ensilage can be obtained; namely, by putting in the product to be ensilaged without injury to the cells of the plant, cutting the crop up as it is fed from the silo. There was rather more waste at the ends in the uncut ensilage than from the cut. This waste can be prevented in the future by keeping the ends weighted at night during the process of filling, and keeping those ends the highest during filling, as the ends do not fill as solid as the centre.

In changing from acid to sweet ensilage, there was no perceptible change in the amount or quality of milk, or in the avidity with which it was taken by the stock. Cut in foot lengths there was about four bushels per day of waste butts at two feeds from a herd of forty cows. When cut fine the waste is all eaten. The capabilities of ensilage feeding over the old methods seem almost incredible. From fifteen acres of heavy corn and ten acres of light, which, if it had been properly manured, might have been grown upon five acres, there were kept at the State farm seventy-five head of cattle from early in November to the middle of May. Since then about forty cows have been fed, and will continue to be fed until past the middle of August, with the addition of thirteen cents' worth of grain, consisting of two quarts of cotton-seed and four quarts of shorts per day, and not a pound of hay or any other feed. A more healthy-looking herd I never had to do with. To make sure that their looks were not deceiving, as it has been claimed by some that this good appearance might be upon the same basis as the flesh or bloat of the beer drinker is produced, the stomach of every animal slaughtered has been examined, and in every case been found to be in a perfectly healthy state, and this after four seasons of feeding ensilage. The herd averaged full 3100 quarts of milk last year per cow. Now, after this long trial of ensilage feeding, the conclusions arrived at are these: That it is capable of trebling the stock capacities of New England, and can be used to great advantage, either in dairying or beef production. For the latter, the stock have all the advantages of summer feeding, with grain the year round. If any doubt this statement, I would like to have them visit the farm and judge for themselves whether these things be so. I have a field of corn now growing which is wonderful to look at, and which will undoubtedly produce thirty tons of fodder per acre early in September; there are nearly twelve acres of it. The corn can be put in silo at your convenience, only do not let time enough elapse between the fillings to allow decay to take place on top, which will commence in four or five days before another layer is put on. This is a very important fact to know, as it saves a great expense of extra help and team work, which has been thought essential to employ to ensure success. The corn can be put in whole or cut, with good results in either case. If a farmer can afford the power and help necessary to cut the corn at time of filling, perhaps it is as well to cut it up at that time, if having it acid is no objection, and I think it is not.

The advantages of putting corn in whole are these: It takes less time and help; less cost of machinery, which is a great item with those of small means; it enables the farmer to take the leisure time of winter to cut the corn up as wanted. If the corn is put in all one way and kept straight, there is no trouble in taking it out by cutting in four or five foot lengths with an axe, and then running it through a common hay cutter; every part will then be eaten. This season, by way of experiment, I have twelve acres of Southern white corn, eight acres of Marblehead mammoth, and fifteen acres of common field corn, all to be used for ensilage, but the field corn will be allowed to mature the grain before the stover is ensilaged, but still will have too much moisture in the stalk to keep well in the mow. Good results have been reported of this last plan. —[George D. Foristall, in New England Farmer.

The Potato Rot.

The dreaded potato disease is appearing in western New York and other localities where the crop is extensively grown. A friend states that his own and his neighbors' potatoes are dying down, the leaves turning yellow and perishing, while the half-grown tubers are black in streaks and patches inside. This is the potato rot, at times so disastrous, which first appeared in '47 in Ireland and caused a famine by which nearly 1,000,000 persons perished of starvation and disease and an equal number left the country, reducing the population about one-fourth between two censuses. It is a fungus known as feronospora infestans, which grows within the plant, filling the cells with white threads called mycellium. These threads bear small balls or capsules containing black spores exceedingly small, appearing as fine dust. It is these black spores which discolor the potatoes when the capsules burst and liberate them.

These spores are the seed from which new plants spring. They remain in the soil in the diseased potatoes left in the ground and in the diseased vines, thus infecting the land and leaving a stock to propagate the pest for the future. As the decaying matter dies, the spores—which are much like the fine dust of the ripe puff-balls, or the dry smut of corn—float off into the air and are carried by the winds and spread over fresh ground, and so the infection spreads. To avoid this the diseased potatoes should be carefully gathered up and boiled (by which the fungus is killed) and fed to swine or fowls. The vines should be carefully burned and never thrown into manure or compost heaps for obvious reasons; nor should the diseased potatoes be fed uncooked, as the spores would pass out in the excrement of the animals, and so spread the infection.

To prevent injury to sound potatoes all the damaged ones should be kept apart; the sound ones may be kept in the usual manner, but should be well dusted with freshly air-slaked lime, which by its acridity will destroy any adhering spores. The drier the potatoes are kept the better, as dryness tends to keep the spores dormant. In selecting potatoes for seed, only sound ones should be chosen; the cuttings should be rolled in air-slaked lime, or sprinkled with the pickling solution used for seed wheat to prevent smut (a similar fungus). This solution is made of four ounces sulphate copper in one gallon of water, and the dusting with lime may be usefully given in addition. This disease is strictly contagious, and can only be avoided by destroying the spores or by leaving a potato stubble in other crops two or three years.

Harvesting the Apple Crop.

In New York State and many of the New England States there is evidently, judging by reports, a very fair crop of apples. Whether orchardists shall find the crop remunerative, or otherwise, will depend, in a great measure, upon the manner of harvesting. If the apples are carelessly gathered in a way to cover them with bruises, and packed without judicious assorting, it is doubtful whether orchardists will find any considerable balance in favor of their orchards. If the fruit is picked in accordance with the teachings of common sense, supplemented by the experience of successful horticulturists and held until the demand for such fruit will warrant dealers in paying the highest prices the situation will permit, there must, we think, be a balance left in the hands of growers.

It is best to allow the fruit to hang on the tree until growth is fully completed, but not long enough to permit the adhesion of fruit to the twigs to be much weakened, otherwise heavy winds may blow off a large proportion of the finest apples. In Western New York picking of long-keeping winter apples is generally deferred until the second or third week in October.

Various methods of gathering, assorting and packing are followed by different growers. One way is to drop piles of straw at convenient distances through the orchard, pick all the fruit and empty in piles upon the straw, and then assort and barrel. If we could be assured of good weather this course has a good many recommendations. By lying in heaps a few days all the bruises will show and the assortment made more certain, but if cold, rainy weather should follow, the fruit might be in poor condition for packing. If all was gathered as soon as possible the fruit would be exposed less time to blowing off by high winds.

In many cases the orchardist prefers doing all the assorting and packing himself, or with the assistance of trained help, and will commence assorting as soon as picking commences. We have seen assorting tables, with canvas covering, a little loose to allow of sagging, and with the legs shorter at one end. The assorter sits at the lower end, which is open, picks out the first-class in a basket, passing the cullings to a basket below. It is a good way.

Whatever method of assorting is decided upon, careful, conscientious pickers only should be employed. Round half-bushel baskets, with hooks attached, should be provided, which should be hung upon a convenient limb before the picker, and both hands should be at liberty, to steady the limb with one hand while detaching an apple with the other. Then the apple should be placed, not dropped, into the basket with the same care you would handle eggs. A concussion that would break an egg would very likely bruise an apple. When the basket is filled it should be emptied on the pile or assorting table, very gently. A rough, careless, awkward man has no business handling fruit.

As regards packages the market has come to demand the flour barrel size, and it would be poor economy to send to market a smaller-sized barrel. You might gain a few barrels in number, but a great deal of fault would be found by dealers, and it is quite doubtful whether they would bring as much money in the end.

In regard to assorting and packing, you should admit no bruised or defective ones among the first-class, and if, in obedience to the requirements of the trade, you face one or both ends of the barrel, use only a fair sample of the fruit that fills up the barrel.

When your apples are all barreled, if the price offered is unsatisfactory, put them in a good fruit house where the temperature will range from about 40° to 50°, not higher, and keep them until the second-class fruit is consumed or rotted, and then sell.—[American Rural Home.

How to Produce Better Layers.

In every flock of hens there are always some that are better layers than others; for instance, supposing we start with six Plymouth Rocks—a cock and five hens. Very likely out of the five two may lay thirty or more eggs per annum more than either of the others; the eggs from these best layers should be noticed and saved up, and only these eggs set, and by following this plan for awhile the egg production of the flock may be largely increased; my attention has been particularly drawn to this subject lately, by a friend of mine, who has a pullet which has laid nearly 300 eggs in one year, and this wonderful laying quality has descended to several of her progeny; I have since heard of other instances, which prove very conclusively that a very great improvement might very easily be made in all the breeds of poultry if the above plan is carefully followed. I regret very much that so little attention is paid to this subject, and I hope very soon to make some experiments of this kind myself, although I already have a wonderful strain of layers, which came from a breeder who has continuously labored for the past fourteen years to improve his poultry in this respect. There is no doubt but that the average per annum can be largely increased by systematically breeding from the best layers from year to year. I hope that these few remarks may cause a more general interest to be taken in the subject, especially among those who keep fowls mostly for eggs.

Poultry Notes.

Lay up this month a supply of road dust. Dry earth is the best of all disinfectants when used in sufficient quantities. So, before the first rains come on, fill any old package with the winter's stock of road dust, to be had for the cost of gathering.

The poultry diet will bear strengthening now, since most fowls are in moult. Additional seasoning of pepper, mustard, ginger and the like will be found beneficial at this season of the year. Before grass comes again feed during the winter chopped turnips, onions and potatoes, raw, in moderate quantities. Squash and beet tops may be boiled with bran and shorts. Fowls fed in this way suffer none of the disagreeable results which follow too rapid transition from dry to green food.

See that all fowls, young and old, are protected from damp winds. It is now a good time to stop up all leaky roofs and batten up any holes that might cause direct draughts. Good care now means freedom from roup later. When fowls are kept healthy the money return is always larger.

Roup usually comes from exposure during moulting, dampness and bad dirt, poor feed, foul quarters, cold winds and lice. Late-hatched chicks nearly always invite roup, and it comes and stays unless promptly and vigorously treated. The best possible treatment for roup is prevention. When a bird is once affected, something must be promptly done. Frequently the best thing to do is to kill and cover or burn it up.

If treatment for roup is to be given, then separate the diseased fowl at once in a large, well-ventilated apartment of dry, even temperature, free from all drafts. Feed on hot bran, mashed and boiled meat and potatoes, steamed wheat, cabbage and milk and bread. Feed sulphur in hot, soft feed, and several times daily take the bird by the feet, and, with head down, dip the head into a solution of salt and water—a big spoonful of salt to a quart of water. Every day the inside of the house should be whitewashed with a strong solution of chloride of lime, into each bucket of which there should be an ounce of fluid carbolic acid.

If hens are to be kept in winter with a view to profit, they must have comfortable accommodations, where they can be protected from extreme cold, and have a southern or southeastern exposure, where the sunlight can be admitted.

To young stock, growing fast, feed good, strengthening food, which will produce muscle and help in forming a large, strong frame. While the chicks are still growing they should be fed often and with a variety of food. They are often fed on fattening food to keep them in good order, but this is not what they want, and such treatment will often produce illy-formed, weak-limbed fowls.

Bone meal is an excellent ingredient to mix with the soft morning food, and will help greatly in forming a large, strong frame for the young chickens. They should always be provided with light, nutritious food in good variety. Corn and other fattening food should be saved for winter use. The old hens, too, are just passing through the moulting season, a serious time for them. If their wants are carefully attended to it will materially shorten the length of their moult, and they will come out in excellent condition for winter laying and early spring breeding. They ought to be separated from the young stock and old roosters, and be allowed a season of rest, which they will appreciate.

Cleanliness is an important requisite. Everything about the house and yard should be cleaned up thoroughly, and all arrangements made, so there will be no necessity for changes early in the spring. It is very desirable to have the hens sit early and bring off nice early chicks.

Sowing Wheat.

Wheat should be sown this month throughout New England and New York State, and in the more northern sections as early as possible, that it may get well grown and firmly rooted before the ground freezes. In this crop it is scarcely practical to select the best individual ears for seed, although where it has been tried as an experiment on a small scale, and the process continued a few years, it has yielded results which would almost warrant the labor necessary for such an undertaking, by giving larger heads, larger kernels and consequently larger products per acre. But at least it is easy to save the seed wheat from the best portion of the best field, and then by sieves to take out the smaller and imperfect seeds, along with the weed seeds which may be among the grain. A few days before sowing put the seed in a brine strong enough to float an egg, and skim off all chaff or seed that is light enough to float, after which drain dry and sift air-slaked lime over it. This prevents the smut. Another remedy for the same purpose is three ounces of blue vitriol dissolved in a quart of boiling water; when cool pour it over the wheat—this amount being sufficient for one bushel of seed—and stir it well. This requires drying before sowing, but neither lime nor plaster should be added to it. When sown with the grain drill, one bushel of seed per acre is considered the right amount; but if sown broadcast, five or six pecks per acre are found better, as it is not easy to place the seeds at an even distance apart, or at a uniform depth, and thus more seed fails to come up properly. A depth of one and one-half inches has been found the best depth at which to put the seed. The ground should be thoroughly pulverized, and either rich from manure applied for previous crops, or a top-dressing of fine manure should be added and harrowed in before sowing the seed. Where wheat growing is made a specialty, and the amount of manure made is not sufficient for the wheat land, farmers are using from 200 to 400 pounds of superphosphate per acre; that is, in those lands which have been long in cultivation.

Fall Transplanting.

The Fruit Recorder says: "We know it would be to our advantage pecuniarily to urge our readers who are writing us about setting out large plantations of strawberries, and who want plants by the thousand for that purpose, to recommend fall setting, but, as a rule, we cannot do it and be true to their interests. Where but a few hundred are wanted to start new kinds, or to get a little fruit next year, we recommend setting next month, as small beds are properly cared for after setting and protected through the winter by mulching, but do not recommend setting out plants in quantities for market purposes before spring, unless it be south of Virginia, where winters are mild and they can be set in November. September is the best month for fall setting of a few dozen or hundred plants, although we have good luck with October setting, and even in November. But for blackberries and raspberries, we say most emphatically the fall setting is far preferable, and we propose setting this fall about thirty acres, driving over ground just before freezing weather begins and throwing a forkful of manure over each hill as a winter protection. Our experience setting, both spring and fall, is that we get nearly double the growth the first year set in fall over the ones set in fall over the ones set in spring, and the following year nearly double crop—this is, if set this fall, they will make nearly double the growth next spring over those set next spring and in 1887 we get about double the crop.

September Work in Apiary.

All colonies should be examined to make sure they have good laying queens. If not already done, all inferior queens should be destroyed and their places filled by queens raised from brood, out of the best colonies in the yard. The observant beekeeper will often find one or more colonies which do more and better work than the general average, and from these, queens should be reared in order to improve stock, destroying all such queens as do not keep their hives full of brood or whose bees are not good honey gatherers. By selection in this way year after year, an apiary may be brought up to a very high standard of productiveness and docility, even without the infusion of new blood. In all varieties and strains of bees, as amongst all our domestic animals, some are better than others; and, by taking care that only the "fittest" shall "survive" and propagate, great improvement will certainly take place.

Equallize the colonies now by taking a frame of hatching brood from the strongest and giving to the weak ones. Some of the late swarms may be short of stores, or you may have taken too much from some of the others; all should be examined, and if in need should be fed a little each evening, if only to encourage brood-rearing. Half a pint or a pint of sugar and water every evening, or every alternate evening, when but very little honey is coming in from the flowers, will encourage the queen to lay eggs and help fill the hive with young bees now, that will live through the winter, as it is the bees hatched in September and October that do the work of raising brood and building up in spring. Goldenrod, asters and other fall flowers, buckwheat included, will be in their prime, and the hives should be watched that the bees have storage room for all they may have the opportunity to gather, for, although this honey is not very marketable, it is as good for use in the hive as the earlier and whiter honey from clover and basswood.

Now is a good time to buy queens from the regular breeders; they are usually abundant, and consequently cheap, and if it is desired to test any particular strain, queens purchased now will come through in spring with nearly all of their own stock, and a fair test can then be had of a full year's work, and selections made next year accordingly.

I am glad to see such a good "confession" as M. W. Shepard makes on page 135 in August 29; 130 pounds surplus to the colony, spring count (as I understand it), is a very good yield, and shows not only a good season but good management and a good hive.

Root's chaff hive is a reliable wintering hive and a good hive for spring and fall, as it keeps the bees at an even temperature, but very little affected by the changeable spring and fall weather. Friend S. asks about that five-cornered frame and its merits for wintering. It takes more than one winter's trial to establish the merits or demerits of any frame or hive. I feel sure that so far as wintering is concerned, they will be superior to the shallow L frame. As I have only three of them, their success or failure would not very greatly affect the general average. After one or two more winters I shall be better able to judge and speak from knowledge instead of theory.—[Ohio Farmer.

Erecting Ice-Houses.

The building of ice houses is a labor that any farmer ought to be able to perform. The locality should be, if possible, upon a sandy soil, or one so porous as to allow the water that comes from the waste of ice to pass off without the necessity of any drain which admits the passage of warm air. Supposing that the desire is to build as cheaply as possible, the following suggestions are offered:

For the foundation, if the soil is sandy, as before suggested, level the ground and lay down sleepers 4x4 inches square and about three feet apart, corresponding in extent to the size of the building desired. Fill between with sawdust firmly packed down. Use old sawdust if possible, as new will sometimes cause some heat by fermentation. Cover the sleepers with boards; upon the foundation set up and secure to the sleepers studs of the height desired for the building and upon both sides of the studs, which may be 2x4 or 6, as is desirable. Nail boards, making tight joints. Fill the space between the studs with sawdust, well packed, or for the want of this, tan bark. Over the top of the studs spike strips of two-inch planks, upon which the rafters are to rest; also lay upon these joists, the under sides of which are to be tightly boarded, and the whole covered thickly with sawdust, firmly packed.

Next put on the roof, which may be made of boards thoroughly battened or shingled. For ventilation when covering over head, a small square box may be set into a hole cut through the floor, and sawdust and a small door placed in the gable end which can be opened and closed at pleasure. The door should be on the north side and no large than is absolutely necessary and made to fit closely, and should swing out, and slide boards used against the studding to prevent the sawdust from falling out. Set the house in the shade of a large tree if possible. The above description is for a rough and cheap ice-house that any farmer ought to be able to built alone.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Fall Ploughing.

The advantages of fall ploughing for summer crops are twofold. The first is the effect of winter freezing, more perfectly gained by the exposure of the upturned earth, unprotected, to the direct action of the air at a freezing temperature. This effect is more noticeable on stiff clay soil than on sandy loams. The large amount of water taken up and held by a clay soil will by its expansion in freezing operate to divide the adhering particles of the soil and thus reduce a coherent mass to a collection of very fine particles. This is the condition of the soil best adapted to the growth of vegetation; indeed, it is the object and aim of all cultivation. Whatever, therefore, tends to pulverize the soil is, to that extent, an aid to cultivation.

Another advantage of fall ploughing, and perhaps the principal one, is to bury the summer crop of vegetation while it is yet full of sap, and will rot and pass into the form of manure directly. To secure this object the ground should be ploughed before the frost kills the annual crop of weeds, or before they die naturally from having completed their growth and perfected their seed. As soon as the wheat crop is securely in, and before the corn demands attention, is the proper time to break the ground for the next corn and oats crop. This will embrace the latter part of September and the early weeks of October. In the fall ploughing it is desirable that the breaking should be deep, in order to bring to the surface a portion of the subsoil and expose it to the action of frost and thaw, of air and sunshine, and thus convert it into arable loam and add it to the depth of the true soil. Small farmers are afraid to bring any portion of the underlying clay to the surface, lest it impoverish their soil. In our drift soils there is but little danger of this. We have seen clay, taken from a depth of eight feet, produce a fair crop of oats and clover, after being exposed three winters and summers to atmospheric influences. Fields that are fall ploughed should be carefully shut up from the treading of stock during the winter and spring, and should be prepared for the spring crop by very shallow ploughing. Running over the ground with a two-horse cultivator or a spring-tooth is all the ploughing preparatory to spring planting that will be required. Indeed, in the cultivation of the crop, there should be no ploughing so deep as to disturb the vegetable matter turned under in the fall breaking. If it is suffered to rot quietly, the roots of the growing crop will not fail to find it.—[Indiana Farmer.

The Value of Straw.

What use do you make of your straw, and what value do you place upon it? As it is "the little foxes that spoil the grapes," so it is the aggregated little wastes of the farm that prevent the business from giving a fair profit, and one of these wastes more common than perhaps any other is in the management of the straw. If you will ride with me through the eastern counties of Indiana I can point out to you scores of farms on each of which you can count from three to as high as eight straw stacks, the accumulation of as many years, and they are located here and there over the farm, in the wood lot and fields, and no use of any kind is made of them. I probably place a higher value on straw than most farmers do, for I believe that if it is managed as it should be, it will pay all the expense of hauling the wheat from the shock and threshing. Many careful tests have been made at our experiment stations to determine the relative weight of straw to grain, and these show the average to be about two pounds of straw to one of grain, or a little over sixteen bushels of wheat to one ton of straw. I utilize every pound of my straw, either for food or as an absorbent to add to the bulk and value of the manure pile, and should just as soon think of piling corn or hay in the woods and leaving it to decay as to do the same with straw.

Both chemical analysis and the experience of our best farmers show that wheat straw, if saved in good condition, has more than half the feeding value of average hay, and that it can be combined with other foods, so as to furnish not only a cheaper but a better ration for cattle than an exclusive hay diet. I mean by this simply that an animal may be fed straw in connection with the richer nitrogenous foods, oil meal, corn and bran, so that the cost will be less and the gain and condition of the animal greater than if it was wintered on hay alone. Cattle that run to a straw stack and are fed six or eight pounds of the above-named foods mixed each day will winter in better condition than if fed all the hay they will eat without grain.

Straw pays in the additional comfort of the stock. Our cattle need a little out-door exercise each day, and it is not a good practice to allow them to roam over the farm or stand in muddy barn-yard, and by stacking the straw in a small, well-drained yard convenient to the barn, so that the waste from the mangers can be scattered over it; the waste from the straw-stack with this will keep the stock dry under foot, and in bright winter days the cattle are the picture of comfort as they stand to the leeward side of the stack. Then the horse stable will be comfortable and pleasant if the horses are furnished a generous bed, and the urine, instead of escaping through the floor, will be absorbed by the straw and add greatly to the value of the manure.

Never carry over a straw stack unless you find there is likely to be a failure of wheat and a shortage of straw the ensuing summer. I try to get all the straw under foot in the barn-yard before the last of the stock go to pasture, and if I find the stock are not getting it down fast enough, I cut it down with a hay knife, and throw down a part of it at a time and scatter it over the barn yard. After the cattle have gone to pasture, when there comes a heavy rain, all hands go to work and fork the wet straw and manure which has accumulated during the winter into flat piles four or five feet high, shaking it up and mixing it well. We then feed our hogs for a few days on these heaps so as to make the surface fine and pack it enough to prevent the escape of ammonia. In from two to four weeks it is ready for a second turning, and the wetter it is at the time the better. This second turning fits it for top-dressing the wheat or grass land, as it will be fine enough so as not to interfere with the use of the drill.

Another use of straw which I think would be profitable, is mulching the wheat with it. If you have a field of wheat which has not made growth enough to protect the roots, and have an old straw stack, the first time the ground freezes enough to bear the team, scatter a light coating of straw over it, and I think you will find it a profitable way to use it, as it not only protects from freezing and thawing, but also fertilizes to some extent. In conclusion, let me say, utilize sour straw in some way. There is a mine of wealth suffered to go to waste by neglecting it.—[Waldo F. Brown in Indiana Farmer.

The Treatment of Sod in the Fall.

In the ordinary rotation of the farm, sod land is usually ploughed for corn. Opinions differ in regard to the advantage, or otherwise, of the fall ploughing of sod. The truth of the matter is that, like all other farm work, this depends very much upon circumstances. One of these is the manner in which the ploughing is done. If the dry, bare sod is ploughed under roughly, and so left until spring, when it is cross-ploughed and the sod cut up into pieces and turned this way and that, and for the greater part reversed, the work had certainly been better left undone. This way of treating sod, too common, we are sorry to say, is a most mischievous one, and leaves the land in a wretched plight for corn planting. The better way is to spread what manure is ready for the land and leave it until November, and then turn the whole under with an even and regular lap furrow. If this is well done it leaves the soil in the very best condition for spring work. The furrow slices lie with the manure between them, while the manure is not buried under the sod; but both standing in part on edge, allow the air to permeate through the crevices, and cause thorough decomposition. The crests of the ridges break down by the action of frosts, and the land is gradually consolidated by settlement through the winter. When the harrow is passed over the land in the spring, the fine manure, and the soil, and the decayed sod, are thoroughly mixed on the surface, leaving a mass of plant food below, as deep as the land had been ploughed. The roots of the young corn plants find food wherever they penetrate the soil, and an abundance of it within reach to carry them to the end of the growing season. In the culture of every crop, very much depends upon the preparation of the soil, but this is most especially true as regards corn, which occupies the ground for only about three months. How necessary then it is to provide a store of food for this crop, of the right kind, in the right place, and in sufficient quantity to supply its urgent necessities. One of the most effective ways of making this requisite provision is to make the most of the sod by treating it at this season in the manner here described.

Thoughts on the Feeding of Swine.

Feeding animals for profit is a science. It must be conducted according to well-established rules. Not that the proceeding must be managed with the precision and exactness of a demonstration in geometry or the running of a perfect machine; but, as the National Live Stock Journal expresses it, there are certain principles in feeding pigs which are of great simplicity, and which should be regarded with extreme care, whether or not equal care is taken in the selection of the food. There is nothing more important than that pigs should be fed regularly, and whether the supply is given twice, three times or four times daily, it should invariably be at the same hours.

There is entirely too much carelessness in feeding. Slovenliness, irregularity, impure feed, filth, etc., will no more succeed in hog feeding than damaged lumber and incapable workmanship will result in the erection of a good dwelling. It is believed by a large class of people, says the authority above quoted, that it is one of the simplest things in the world to feed a pig; and the bare idea of conducting a system of feeding upon anything approaching scientific principles is to them the height of absurdity. There is, however, no better method of testing the truth of what science, combined with practice, has taught us than the conduct of an experiment with pigs of a similar race and age upon two systems of feeding—the one being in accordance with the common, and, we might almost add, ignorantly applied, method; and the other consistent with the principles which a thoughtful study of the subject has laid down. In pig feeding there are many things to consider, more particularly now that it is most difficult to feed them to profit, in spite of the lower price of grain. Foods which are used for the purpose are numerous, and, in many senses of the word, extremely good; but, in order to obtain remunerative and rapid results, a feeder should make himself acquainted with their constituents, with the relative quantities required for the purpose of sustaining the animals, for maintaining their growth, and for producing fat. Just as there are certain foods, admirable in their way, upon which a human being could not long exist, so there are foods which, when given judiciously, are useful to pigs, but which, without the addition of other substances, would not only fail to increase their weight, however large the quantity given, but would prove insufficient to maintain a healthy condition.

There is no domestic animal which feeds so rapidly as the pig, and probably none which so imperfectly masticates its food. This being the case, it is still more necessary that the food should be of a digestible nature, or that it should be given in such a form as will make a smaller demand upon the digestive organs of the animal, and enable it to appropriate the nutritive portions with a minimum of loss. It should not be forgotten that the sole end of pig breeding is to obtain a large quantity of meat of a good quality in as short a space as possible. The greatest quantity cannot be obtained without green food and suitable feeding, nor can we expect quality without a combination of good feeding and management. In consequence, perhaps, of the common custom of keeping pigs in sties, many persons are under the impression that they neither need exercise nor green food; and, indeed, it is often forgotten that the pig is a grazing animal. It is a fact, however, that there is no domestic animal upon the farm which pays better for liberty upon the pasture; and it may be laid down as a practical truth that the pig breeder and feeder who grazes his breeding stock, as well as the young stock intended for fattening, will meet with a much larger meed of success than those whose animals are regularly confined to the sty, no matter how carefully they are managed or how admirably they are fed. It has been said that, as the object of a pig's life is successful fattening, if he fails in that his life is a failure. Providing the animal is of a good breed, and is healthy, such a result could scarcely be brought about, unless by bad feeding and management. It is, nevertheless, a fact that, in the past few years, many practical breeders have lost money by their pigs notwithstanding the care with which they have fed them; but, as a general rule, however bad the market may be, there are always persons who, pursuing a practical system, are able to make a successful return where their neighbors lose money upon every pig which they put up to feed. . . . In practice it has been found that a mixed ration not only suits the constitution of the pig very much better than any other, but that it goes much further, especially if it is given in a warm state.

Experiments have also shown another fault in the system of feeding entirely upon one class of food. The digestive organs of the animal are unequal to the extraction of the whole of its nutritive properties; and, as in the case of man, it has been found that at least 50 per cent. is sometimes passed through the system into the manure without having benefited the animal in the slightest degree. Boussingault, whose reputation as a scientist places his opinion in a very high position, found, from a number of experiments which he made with pigs: 1, that pigs fattened upon a mixed ration contained more fat than that which they had received in their ration; 2, that pigs fed exclusively upon potatoes produced no more fat than was contained in their food; 3, that food which, given alone, have not the faculty of developing fat, acquire that faculty in an astonishing manner when fat is added to them, although fat given alone produces inanition; 4, that fat-producing rations, which only contain a minimum of fat, are always rich in nitrogenous properties. Nor is it necessary, in feeding, that the trough should be filled, although it is a common supposition, especially in the country, that a man is a liberal, and, consequently, a good feeder, if a considerable quantity of meal is found remaining in the trough when the animal has satisfied itself and has lain down to sleep. It is a fixed rule with all who have mastered the question, to give no more than can be properly eaten. Like every other beast, a pig prefers fresh food, whether in a sweet or sour state, from the swill tub. The trough, also, should not be filled from one end when a number of pigs are confined in the same sty. In such a case the strongest will always get nearest to the feeder and obtain the largest quantity of the thickest food, leaving the thinnest to find its way to the bottom of the trough, where it is greedily consumed by the weakest pigs, which really need the best. It has been frequently urged by old feeders that good food is comparatively thrown away upon fatting pigs if they are not groomed or kept in a thoroughly clean state. Some persons have gone so far as to say that a daily grooming is as valuable as an additional quantity of food; and that, moreover, it frequently answers to oil the coats of pigs, both to prevent annoyance from vermin and to promote a feeling of satisfaction in the animals. Water, again, is almost necessary in all cases where pigs are confined; and if it is absolutely pure, so much the better for their health. There is, however, an additional reason why it should be provided in sufficient quantity. In spite of the supposed preference of the pig for mud he invariably enjoys a bath in clean water, when it is provided for him in a basin in his sty; and there is no doubt that cleanliness thus promoted assists in the proper assimilation of food.—[Kansas Farmer.

Facts to be Remembered.

The red raspberry propagates itself rapidly by sending up numerous sprout-suckers from their roots, while the black-cap, when allowed to grow without pruning, produces large, slender canes, too slender to support themselves in an upright position, and droop so much that by August or September the ends will be found trailing on the ground. If at this season the ends are weighted with small stones or clods to prevent agitation by the wind, they will take root in a few days, and form what are known as "tip plants." Thus plants will form on the branches that push out on all sides as soon as the tips touch the ground. When these tips have become rooted, which may be easily determined by a slight pull on the cane, they may be cut from the mother plant, taking off about a foot of the old wood for convenience in handling. When planted out, this old wood may be allowed to remain till the young plant has made sufficient growth to mark its locality.

Professor L. B. Arnold, in speaking of uses for surplus fruit, says that apples can be utilized as food for stock as well as food for man. For serving as a condiment, as well as a direct food, they are as valuable as an equal weight of roots. The dried waste of evaporating houses makes an excellent food for milch cows. It increases the flow of milk, gives a fine flavor to milk and butter, and contributes to healthfulness. It has a feeding value equal to 45 per cent. of an equal weight of corn meal.

The Breeder's Gazette earnestly advocates the building of shelters for stock, even in the sections where the winters are open and mild. Figures show that the losses in stock from exposure are not always largest in the coldest countries, but in those sections where cattle receive little attention, and where chilling rains take the place of severely cold weather. In the New England States the annual losses of cattle from disease, stress of weather, and other like causes, amounts to but 2 per cent., according to the Department of Agriculture. In the gulf States, where very little provision is made for animal comfort, the loss amounts to 8 per cent. After all, it is not against the "cold snaps" that cattle need protection, so much as against the ordinary stormy weather that comes along at almost any time. The cold and drizzling rains that make the winters in some parts of the South so unpleasant, even for human beings, are very discomforting to stock. When the skin is continually wet there is a constant loss of heat, that tells rapidly upon animal vitality. A healthy man can stay out in cold weather and enjoy the clear, crisp air, but a dull, eating rain fills him with discomfort, and is sure to drive him under cover.

The month of September is one of the best for seeding down new lawns. The earlier it is done the better, but any time during this month will do. A good lawn is the foundation for all garden improvements about the dwelling. Without this all other work will be comparatively worthless. Having dug or ploughed the ground deep, and finely pulverized it with the harrow or rake, and given it a smooth and even surface, it can be sowed with seed of Kentucky blue grass or red-top, or a mixture of both, or, which is still better, with a mixture known as lawn grass seed. Four bushels to the acre is the proper quantity. Sow the seed evenly at a time when the air is still, and then lightly rake in, and afterwards pass a light or medium-weight roller over it. The seed will germinate rapidly, a good growth of grass will be made during the fall, and the next summer will show a thick, close sward.

A strict economy on the part of farmers would require the accumulation of absorbents for stable use. Peat is recommended, and in fact is said to possess the power of absorbing nearly four times the amount of liquid matter that leaves can. But there is this objection to the use of peat, especially with dairy animals, for the reason that as soon as it becomes wet it is little if any less filthy than the manure itself. Sand is neat for such use, but possesses comparatively little absorptive power. Chopped straw and leaves serve a good purpose, and a good supply of the latter should be provided when they are falling.

Bone meal and crushed shells may be used generously in feeding fowls. That is, if the crushed oyster shells and granulated bones are mixed and placed in a box inside the hen-house, where the birds can have access to these articles freely, they will eat of them no more than they need. If these are mixed with the food given, either with the dry grains or in the soft mash, much of both is wasted, to say nothing of the additional trouble caused in preparing it thus. Fowls devour no more of the oyster-shell particles than they naturally require to assist digestion and to help in forming the shells of eggs. Of pounded bones they will eat more; but if both are left where they can always get them handy, they will not eat too much of either for their good.

The Scottish Agricultural Gazette says the external symptoms of fluke in sheep are: A wasting condition, skin loose and flabby, sometimes spotted yellow or black, with a peculiar crackling sound when handled. After death, insects called flukes will be found in the liver. When it has fairly set in rot is incurable. In the early stages the sheep may be fattened. Feeding vegetable charcoal is said to be a cure, one-half drachm sulphate of iron, and one and one-half drachm common salt should be given daily, mixed in the food.

We have met with the following cheap mode for painting out-door structures: Make four gallons of paste of rye flour, like the paste used for papering rooms, and then mix in one gallon of common oil paint. This will cover as much surface as five gallons of paint alone. For the second coat add two gallons of oil, and three for the third. These three coats will last about as long as three coats of oil paint. A good paint for brick is made of fresh lime wash and sulphate of zinc.

Henry Ives thinks nothing more important to successful and easy potato digging than keeping the crop perfectly clear of weeds. Secondly, he drives a wagon between rows, and his men pull up several rows of tops clean, and draw them to litter the barnyard for future manure. Thirdly, he runs a cultivator once between rows, sinking the rear teeth well into the soil, leaving a narrow ridge, which is easily broken up in taking out the tubers with a potato hook. The field is left perfectly clean and mellow, and winter rye may be immediately sown, and give good early soiling next spring, or green manure by ploughing under, or a good crop of grain for grinding and feeding domestic animals, worth twice as much as oats.

Several new cotton-pickers have been invented of late. Some of them seem to give fair satisfaction; but most require hand-picking after them. The work of a cotton-picker will probably never be more satisfactory that of a milking machine. The human hand is best adapted to such work. There are some thoughtful Southern men, who claim that the introduction of machinery of this kind into the cotton field would change the character of cotton culture. The great army of "pickers" would find themselves without work, and the small cotton growers would be eventually forced out of the business to a certain extent. They would be forced, for self-support, to take up mixed husbandry, which is the very thing the South needs.

A great number of sheep have been sold and slaughtered this year, and it is believed that with the returning of better times and prices next year, the price of wool and sheep will advance.

At sheep shearing at Decatur, Mich., a ram belonging to E. Sanford, though weighing but ninety-one and a half pounds, sheared a fleece weighing twenty-two pounds.

Keep a few sheep on the farm, if not many. Wool will always bring cash at some price, and it comes off when there is little else to sell. Mutton always sells well, and is always good for the table.

Lampblack mixed with strong vinegar is said to make a paint for marking sheep that will not injure the wool, and will remain for a year. It is worth trying. Tar and paint are both blotching and difficult to scour from the wool.

A pound of mutton can be raised as cheaply as a pound of beef or pork, and is worth equally as much in the market, while the wool is clear gain. Use thoroughbred males of any of the popular breeds, and in a few years your sheep will be a source of pride as well as of profit.

TREE CULTURE.

Prentice Mulford's Paper Before the Forestry Congress.

A Contrast Between Paris Boulevards and New York Streets and Squares.

Weeds in America Which Become Prized Exotics in Europe.

At yesterday's session of the Forestry Congress in this city Mr. Prentice Mulford read the following paper, which was received with deserved applause and attracted much attention:

New York City today, as regards trees and vegetation, is practically a desert. Would not any territory of the size of Manhattan Island, intersected with high ridges of rock, instead of barren ridges of brick, iron, stone and mortar, having treeless gullies between in place of streets, be called a desert? Can a few parks compensate for this absence of vegetation, where there is no foliage to shade, no foliage to absorb injurious emanations from so many sources, no foliage to imbue the heated air (or what passes for air in New York) with its life and health giving quality? Paris shades its boulevards with trees, and places under them benches for the people's convenience. The hundreds of thousands of trees which make of Paris a city in a forest are under municipal care. New York cuts down a street tree under the slightest pretext, and cultivates in their place telegraph and barbers' poles.

Paris places about every tree trunk a perforated plate of iron to allow access of light and air to the roots, a necessity for the tree's healthy growth. It is almost a misery to see in many of our Northern cities trees forcing their way up through brick or stone pavements, and showing by the distorted and knobby growth at or near the root how they are stifled and hampered. Because a tree has a life of its own, circulation of its own, lungs of its own—an organization in fact analagous to our own, and it may not be for us positively to declare that it has not a sensitiveness of its own. To the thoughtful, investigation is disclosing more and more resemblance and relationship between all forms of visible matter—between what we term animate and inanimate things—between plant, insect, animal, man, and when, as Sir John Lubbock shows us, that tribes of ants

Keep Ant Cows and Milk Them,

and standing armies of soldiers to protect their cities, is it not possible that even a tree may feel and suffer?

The city of Oakland, opposite San Francisco, was located in one of the most beautiful live oak forests in America. It covered an area of several square miles. These trees are relatively low, umbrella shaped, and the branches have a tendency to incline to a gentle angle from the trunk toward the ground. Even American "enterprise," which oft times involves a great deal of vandalism, said thirty odd years ago: "Let us spare this forest, and build our houses under it." So they did. But when I left fifteen years ago I noticed with sorrow a tendency to remove many of these trees if they stood in the owner's way.

"Standing in the way" might mean that some noble tree, the growth of centuries, interferes with the erection of a woodshed.

I have seen men after locating a building spot in some of our beautiful Northern groves, cut down all the thriving hickories and oaks growing about and replace them with exotics, whose feeble attempt to grow, and generally sickly appearance, added to the mutilated stumps of the slain trees, gave the place the appearance of an arborescent out-door hospital filled with victims, partly of a plague,

Partly of a Battle.

To this class of people, a tree, like the traditional prophet, is of no honor in its own country. To be of the greatest value the tree (like a lady's bonnet) must be imported, and imported to the very land and to replace the very growth the varied and inimitable hues of whose autumnal foliage excel in grand display of color anything the tropics can produce—save their sunrises and sunsets—and these we may by license of poetic fancy consider to be sought by our autumn leaves and so transferred from heaven to earth. Indeed, a native tree with some ranks as a weed, and in some minds there exists a vast difference betwixt the "weed" and the "flower," though in beauty the so-called "weed's" blossom may far excel that of the flower.

Working on a bank of dirt, in a California claim, one day, I said of a very pretty blossom overhanging the edge which we had undermined and was just ready fall, "That's a pretty flower." "That's no flower," said my partner, contemptuously; "that's a weed." So it was—in his estimation. Yet, I must confess myself an equal partner in this guilt. In England, our common mullen is an imported rarity, and is cultivated as a "flower."

Walking in a lady's garden in the outskirts of London on one occasion I saw a mullen in blossom among the other flowers, and without saying by your leave, so strong was the force of habit and opinion, that I laid hands on it and pulled it up. The lady's look of surprise showed me something was wrong. I said in extenuation: "Why, I thought it was a weed.

It is in America!"

and a moment after it occurred to me that these were the very words of my partner in California years previous, and for which, in mind, I had so severely criticised him, and by comparison ranked myself so much his superior in point of appreciation for Nature's beauties.

I say here, ladies and gentlemen, as so often I have occasion to say to myself: "Let him (or her) that standeth take heed lest he (or she) fall."

In 1851 the "pioneers" of California found a tree in the "Big Tree grove" 90 feet in circumference, 30 feet in diameter, and over 300 feet in height. Fully to realize the size of this mass of wood, you need to cut strings that length, and you may find after measuring through your rooms that it will be necessary to go out of doors to complete the survey. Well, American "enterprise" looked on this vast monument of the ages and said, "There's money in it. We'll cut it down, skin it, and exhibit the bark abroad for a price, to prove that we are the biggest nation on the face of the earth, and what Americans can do in tree building when they set about it." It could not be cut with axes. You can't chop a mountain of wood down with an axe, so they bored it down. They had augers made for the purpose over thirty feet long, and with these they bored lengthways and crossways until the trunk was cut clean in two. But still the gigantic column sat firm like a monument on its pedestal. Then they drove wedge after wedge in the ever-widening crack, and so at last toppled the wonder over. Yet some of those very men talked years afterward about what they had done in "developing the resources" of the State of California. They had destroyed her biggest tree. Some of those had an indistinct impression that they had a hand in growing that tree.

When last at the big tree grove, I noticed that some of the largest trees were named after men prominent in the State—men whose immortality of fame might last twenty, perhaps forty, years in this land of ours, where reputations come and go with an interesting rapidity and fleeting brilliancy.

Certainly these men were honored—whether the trees felt they were it's hard to tell—though in all the solemn grandeur of the grove, where stand these majestic living columns, unbroken by branch for 100 feet, their bases full and clear to sight, uninterrupted by any growth of underbrush, their tops forming of foliage a roof quite shutting out the sunlight, sad voices seemed to whisper: "And have we come to this, to spend 3000 years in growing to be obliged to have tacked on us in black letters the name of a man whose body has lasted but forty years, and whose local fame has not borne the test of a defeat for the nomination of State senator?"

A Very Natural Mistake.

[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.]

A gentleman who had just arrived from Boston last Sunday evening dropped into a church on his way to a hotel while the minister was describing the glories of heaven.

"Must be a beautiful place," whispered a man in the same pew.

"Beautiful!" replied the Bostonian; "beautiful is no name for it. I left there this morning."

"Left heaven this morning?" said his amazed neighbor.

"Heaven? Is he describing heaven?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll be everlastingly Americanized if I didn't think he was describing Boston."

End of a Domestic Debating Society.

[Greensburg Press.]

A young man of this place, recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be, "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative; and when he was last seen he had climbed into a hay-loft and was pulling the ladder after him.

Left the Baby in the Car.

[New York Sun.]

After a stout man had jumped off a Christopher street bob-tail car in Seventeenth street, near Third avenue, last night, the driver noticed two bundles in the corner of the car near the door. He put on the brakes and investigated the bundles, and found that in one was carefully wrapped a pretty girl baby, who crowed gleefully when he picked her up. In the other bundle was a set of new baby clothes of good material. The baby is at police headquarters.

CAST OFF DICERS.

A Queer Process Whereby One May Be Purchased for a Dollar.

[Baltimore Herald.]

An old man and a young girl entered a Calvert-street barber shop, and asked if the bosses had any old plug hats they didn't want.

"What do you want them for?" the old man was asked.

"Block 'em over and sell 'em; great demand for old plug hats when they're blocked."

He got two, which the little girl placed in a bag, and afterward left the place. They journeyed to a basement in Harrison street, where a number of men and women were at work burnishing "old plugs," and getting them in condition for the blocks and steaming-room. In the show-case of the store overhead were a number of silk tiles, the best one being priced at $1, and the worst at half that sum. The old man was full of business, but stopped long enough to tell a purchaser that he was doing a good business, blocking old plug hats which had been discarded, and selling them to persons who have a weakness for silk tiles, but who cannot afford to pay $5 for them.

"I came from Cincinnati 'bout six months ago, and since I've been here I've sold over fifty plugs to persons in this city. A silk hat is a canopy that men about town have a liking for; they are lost without a silk tile, and pinch themselves to get one. No matter how battered they are by being kicked about in alleys and back yards, I can make them as good as new in eighteen hours. Since the gamblers have been playing in hard luck I've been doing pretty well. Oh! yes; a gambler must have a silk tile. They wouldn't patronize me at all if they had money to go elsewhere; but if they can get a silk tile for $1 instead of $5, they are saving money. It galls them, but they can't do without the silk hat. A gambler must save all the money he can now, for they say that the winter is going to be very cold."

"Where do you get the hats?"

"Find 'em in alleys, back yards, swill-barrels, etc. All I want is to get 'em, and in a short time I'll have them looking as good as new. When I can't find 'em I go to the stores and buy several hundred for about ten cents apiece."

"How can you buy them at such a small outlay."

"When a man buys a new one he don't want his old one, does he? Then he gives it to the hatman and he throws it into a closet. In time they accumulate. I don't cater to millionnaires; only men want a plug hat and haven't got $5 to pay for one."

Hale's Honey, the great Cough cure, 25c., 50c. $1
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c
German Corn Remover kills corns & bunions.
Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Bl'k & brown, 50c
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c
Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE CLUB LIST.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

	Regular Price....	Price with Weekly.
Arthur's Home Magazine	$2.00	$2.60
American Dairyman (new subs.)	1.50	2.10
Art Interchange Magazine	3.00	3.55
American Poultry Journal	1.25	1.80
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.25
American Art Journal	3.00	3.30
American Garden	1.00	1.75
American Naturalist	4.00	4.45
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.10
Art Work Manuels	3.00	3.30
Art Amateur	4.00	4.10
Army & Navy Journal (only new subs.)	6.00	6.15
American Poultry Yard	1.50	2.30
British Quarterly Review	2.50	3.30
Blackwood's Magazine	3.00	3.75
Brainerd's Musical World	1.50	2.05
Beadle's Saturday Journal	3.00	3.05
Burlington Hawkeye	2.00	2.35
Boys of New York	2.50	3.10
Ballou's Magazine	1.50	2.25
Bee-keeper's Magazine	1.00	1.80
Babyland	50	1.35
Boston Pilot	2.65	3.15
Boston Medical Journal	5.00	5.10
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal	5.00	5.05
Christian Leader	2.50	3.15
Century Magazine	4.00	4.55
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.50
Cottage and Farm	50	1.40
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.05
Cricket on the Hearth, with premium	1.00	1.75
Connecticut Farmer	2.00	2.55
Chicago Advance	3.00	3.70
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.50	2.30
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.55
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.50
Domestic Monthly, with premiums	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Eclectic Magazine	5.00	5.10
Edinburgh Review	2.50	3.30
Floral Cabinet	1.25	1.95
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.35
" " Chimney Corner (W'y)	4.00	4.35
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	2.50	3.10
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.50	2.35
" " Budget of Wit (M'y)	2.00	2.65
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.15
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.10	2.40
Good Words	2.75	3.10
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.55
Golden Argosy	2.00	2.65
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.30
Home Circle	2.00	2.20
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.25
Harper's Bazar	4.00	4.25
Harper's Young People	2.00	2.65
Herald of Health, without premiums	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Housekeeper	75	1.45
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	2.00	2.55
Independent	3.00	3.55
International Review	5.00	5.10
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Journal of Chemistry	1.00	1.75
Le Francais (for students in French)	1.50	2.05
Leisure Hours, with premium	1.50	2.25
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
London Lancet	5.00	5.05
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

All About Fall Hats and Bonnets.

Shoulder Cape Patterns—Child's Drawers With Waist and Knitted Skirt.

Good Yeast and Good Bread-Making—Correspondence.

Do you know how your bonnet frames are made? Investigations on the subject of fall styles led to a discovery of the method of manufacture, the other day, and though very simple the process was found to be extremely interesting. The place visited was a large manufactory where, during the early spring months, bales and bales of straw braid is worked up into scores, hundreds and thousands of hats and bonnets for women and children. During the summer the place is a sort of infirmary for aged and diseased head gear, and is popularly known as a "bleachery"; while in the autumn the establishment once more bends its energies to the task of providing suitable head-coverings for the feminine portion of humanity. It was the making of the stiff black frames, to be variously clothed upon with velvet, plush, cloth, etc., that the writer witnessed. It was in a large upper room, down one side of which was a long row of iron stands. Standing by small supports on these were metal shapes, copies of prevailing modes, and these were kept hot by gas-jets burning beneath. Above were other metal shapes like the blocks below, only hollow, and capable of being pressed down over the latter by means of a lever worked by the foot of the operator. The upper halves of the moulds were also kept hot by a fiery wreath of gas-jets which encircled them like a unique trimming. On a table near by lay squares of black buckram which had been moistened with water to make them pliable and bring out the sizing. A workman takes one of these squares and lays it over the metal block. Another workman on the other side of the press takes hold of the two opposite corners, and the two pull the buckram down over the block. Then one puts his foot on the lever and the upper shape comes down, pressing the cloth into shape. This process is then repeated, and the second time the hot upper block remains over the lower, and by its heat and weight presses the buckram between firmly into the required form. The edges are pulled up over the outside of the mould to form the brim of the hat, and are secured by a stout cord which is tied about the block from side to side of the press, resting in a crease made and provided for it, which defines the upper or outer edge of the brim. The whole stays quietly in position for a few minutes, while the workmen go on to the next presses and start other frames. On coming back to number one the cord is loosened, the upper part of the block is lifted and the stiff, firm hat frame taken out. When the ragged edges are trimmed away and a wire stitched lightly into place around the brim, the hat or bonnet frame is ready for the market.

One of the novelties for this season is a stockinet hat, which is sometimes completed at the time the frame is made. When the buckram frame is ready, under ordinary circumstances, to be removed from the press, it is instead brushed over with thin flour paste, after which a square of the stockinet is stretched over it and the hot frame above comes down, pressing it into position over the buckram, where it soon dries into place. These stockinet hats come in all colors, and satin, velvet, plush or fancy cloth of any kind is stamped on the frames in the same way. Hats and bonnets of this sort are usually finished with a velvet brim and can be made to match any suit if desired.

The prevailing shapes among hats this season are walking hats and turbans, though a few large, wide-brimmed felt hats are seen, for there is a certain class of people who always will have those shapes. The crowns are tall, and for the most part large and square. Unless carefully trimmed they are apt to look overpowering. The bonnets do not vary very much from the small, close capote shape to which we are now so well accustomed, and of which Boston women, at least, are so fond. The difference between these and those of last season lies principally in the matter and method of trimming. The materials used are extremely varied, and on both hats and bonnets they are usually massed in front in such a way as to give a high and narrow effect. Felt, velvet and cloth are the most popular foundations, and upon these are placed all sorts of rich and gorgeous things; beads of all sorts are greatly used, pearl, glass, jet, lead, and the large wooden "rosary" beads, as well as a great variety of small ornaments which come under the generic title of "nail-heads," and are of metal, steel, brass, bronze, silver, etc. These edge the brims of hats and bonnets, and are also placed as a band about the crown. Silver and gold cords and passementerie are also used in the same way. Both silver and gold tinsel appears to be in great favor. There are many varieties of loosely woven stuffs, many of them made like stockinet, in which tinsel threads and stripes alternate with silk or wool. Some of these are not unlike the material called tricotine last season. Wool laces appear, both plain and with tinsel threads, and in all colors. A novelty is embroidery in gay colors on strips of firm wool cloth. The edges of this are cut away as in the case of Hamburg embroidery, and the strip plaited up into fan-shaped trimmings for the front of hats. Plushes of long pile have tinsel threads and loops woven in, and a wool plush or "boucle" goods shows the same. Velvet in the web or as ribbon is plain, plaided, striped, checked, shaded and embroidered with metals. A good many fancy silk and satin ribbons are shown; some have a tiny picot edge like the ribbons our grandmothers wore; others show a stripe or fancy pattern on one side, or little figures all over the surface. Wool etamine ribbons are plain or striped, edged with plush, or embroidered in small metallic designs. Moire or watered ribbon, with a narrow band of velvet on the edge, is very pretty indeed. Whole birds, breasts and wings are more popular now than last season. Some of these are tremendously large, great owls' heads, with a background as large as a turkey feather fan; gulls' heads and breasts, with long plumy aigrettes of heron's feathers and very large wings. One lovely thing seen was a wreath of fifteen or twenty tiny yellowish birds, mounted in so lifelike a way that one felt constrained to lay a caressing finger upon them while regretting their untimely taking off.

At the fall opening to the trade of a large wholesale house in this city the other day, some extremely pretty hats and bonnets were shown, many of them trimmed with the materials described above.

A mode-colored stockinet walking hat had loops of gros-grain ribbon the same shade in front, mingled with brown velvet and tiny wings of the lighter color, the whole mass having the prescribed high and narrow effect. This stockinet hat was not made in the manufactory, like those described above. In this the stockinet part was knit or woven separate, and shaped like a skull cap, which was afterwards drawn on over a buckram frame. The stockinet caps come in many colors, and a woman who has a little ingenuity in millinery matters can buy her hat frame and a stockinet cover, put the latter in position, cover the brim with velvet of the same or some contrasting color, arrange some ribbon loops and wings in front, and presto! she has a new and fashionable hat.

A very simple and genteel little capote was of dark mushroom-colored felt. Around the edge was a wrinkled roll of brown velvet, larger at the top than along the sides. At top and in front was a large bow formed of loops of watered ribbon, edged with a narrow stripe of brown velvet. A pin with a single large Roman pearl was put through the knot, and there were strings of the ribbon.

Another small capote was of brown velvet embroidered with a small raised figure in gold thread. The edge of the small brim was finished with a double row of small, bronze, shell-shaped ornaments, put on so as to overlap in scale fashion. On top was a bird of soft, yellowish-brown hues, with a feathery aigrette, set in loops of ribbon satin on one side and gros-grain on the other, which also formed the strings.

"Tams" of velvet and felt are to be worn this winter, and one gorgeous structure was of red velvet, the crown quite high, and the brim formed of two rows of loose plaitings of the same, beaded with a narrow cross-way band. In front was a breast-like mass of fluffy brown feathers, in the middle of which nestled two or three tiny little birds. These held still long enough for our artist to take their pictures by the way.

A perfect little gem of a white bonnet had the top of the crown covered with a fine, white albatross cloth, which was almost concealed with embroidery in chenille and wool floss mingled with silver threads. A band of plush surrounded the crown, and the little roll of plush which formed the brim was seemingly wound with a string of tiny white pearls. White satin ribbon with a picot edge, oriental lace and an aigrette of cream-colored feathers formed the trimming in front. This fine wool cloth, when used as a foundation for embroidery, makes a very handsome material and is shown in black, white, brown and biege colors.

A brown hat, shaped like a turban, had a loosely wrinkled crown of velvet in an openwork design which showed red silk beneath. A roll of brown velvet formed the brim, and in front was a large, handsome bow of red and brown silk ribbon with a picot edge.

One of the prettiest black velvet bonnets had the crown embroidered in tiny silver arrows. The plain roll of velvet which edged the brim was wound with lines of fine steel beads, and the trimming in front was of velvet loops, in which nestled some mottled black and white birds.

Shoulder Cape.

[In Dutch crochet.]

Five skeins Lady Grey wool, of any shade, and No. 8 bone chrochet hook.

Commence for the neck with a chain of 76 stitches.

First row—1 double crochet in the 4th stitch from hook, 1 chain, miss 1 stitch, 1 double crochet, all along.

Second row—2 chain to turn; * wool over the needle, and raise a loop under the 1 chain; wool over the needle, and raise another loop in the same place; wool over the needle and raise a third loop (all the loops to be as long and as loose as possible); draw the wool through all these loops, and then through the 2 stitches on the needle, 1 chain *; repeat from * to *; there should be 37 clumps in the row.

Third row—3 chain to turn, 1 double crochet above the first clump of loops, taking up both the top threads of wool, * 1 chain, 1 double crochet above the next clump *; repeat from * to *; increase 6 times in this row by working an additional 1 chain 1 double crochet above the 7th, 13th, 19th, 25th, 31st and 37th clumps of preceding row.

Fourth row—2 chain to turn, and work in clumps all along the same as the second row, but now there should be 43 clumps.

Fifth row—3 chain to turn, 1 double crochet above the first clump of loops, and 1 chain 1 double crochet in each clump all along, making an increase above each increase of the third row.

Sixth row—2 chain to turn, and work in clumps the entire length of the row, 49 clumps in all. Repeat fifth and sixth rows, always increasing 6 times in the double crochet row, until the cape is the required size; then tie a fringe in all round the cape. Work a row of 1 chain 1 double crochet round the neck, and run ribbon in the holes to tie it.

Shoulder Cape, No. 2.

Three skeins of two-threaded star light Saxony and 6 ounces of Florence knitting-silk, shade of yarn. Bone crochet needle No. 8.

Commence at neck with 56 chain. Work 3 treble crochet in the 6th chain from the hook, * miss 1 chain, 3 treble in the next, * repeat from * to * to end of row. There should be 26 groups of 3 trebles. Take a thread of white cotton and tie on to the foundation chain in the middle of the piece of work, tie another thread on at each quarter, to mark for the increasings.

Second row—1 chain to turn, 3 treble between the 2 last treble of previous row, then 3 treble between every group of 3 trebles of previous row till you have done 6 groups and come to the first white cotton tie; above that work an extra group of 3 treble to give an increase for the shoulder; work on, doing 3 trebles between every group of 3 trebles till you have done 7 more groups and come to the next cotton tie, which is the middle of the back; make another increase of 3 treble there, proceed with 7 more groups, and you come to the next cotton tie, where increase 3 treble again, then 6 more groups of 3 treble will finish the row.

Third row—One chain to turn, 3 treble between the 2 last treble of previous row, then 3 treble between every group of 3 trebles of previous row, all along the row; no increase.

Fourth row—One chain to turn, 3 treble between the 2 last treble of previous row, then 3 treble in every space till you come to one space before the increase made in the second row at the cotton tie, increase here, and increase again in the space on the other side of the cotton tie, no increase at the back, but the same increase as above on the other shoulder.

Fifth row—Like third row.

Sixth row—1 chain to turn, 3 treble between the 2 last treble of preceding row, then groups of 3 treble as far as directly above the white cotton tie, make an increase here, continue working 3 treble in every space till you come to the tie in the middle of the back, where increase again and make another increase directly above the tie on the other shoulder.

Now work the rows in the following order: Like 3d row, like 4th row, like 3d row, like 6th row, like 3d row, like 4th row, like 3d row, like 6th row, like 3d row, like 4th row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 6th row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 4th row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 6th row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 4th row, like 3d row, like 3d row, like 3d row. This will be about sufficient for the length of the cape, but if required longer it may be done by repeating last 8 rows.

Now with the silk, or the Saxony, if wished, commence on the first row of cape, and work loosely. Insert the hook so as to take up the second treble stitch at the beginning of the row, draw the wool, or silk, through, and work a double crochet stitch, then * 18, chain very loosely, and a double crochet in the middle treble of the next group of 3 trebles *, repeat from * to * to the end of the row. Work 18 chain to turn, and a double crochet in the middle treble of the first group of trebles in the second row of the cape, and continue in this manner, always working 18 chain and 1 double crochet in the centre treble of the groups till the cape is entirely covered with chain work, which will look, when made of white, like feather flakes. Make a row of plain double crochet and sew on 3 or 4 buttons and loops.

Knitted Drawers with Waist.

[For child 2½ to 3 years.]

Materials—Star light Saxony, any shade, three-threaded. Five steel needles, No. 14. Cast on one needle 105 stitches, knit 80 rows of 4 plain, seam 2, alternately. This forms the front of waist. Now work the shoulders. Knit 20 stitches, continuing the ribbing always; on these knit 20 rows, leave this needle, take off the stitches on this needle on to a piece of card, leave the last 20, and on them knit 20 rows; after the 20th row, cast on 65 stitches, then knit the next 20 stitches; knit another piece of 80 rows. You are now at the waist again. You must now join the work, using 5 needles, not working in rounds; put 52 stitches on each of 3 needles, 54 on the fourth; now knit plain for the legs, seaming every other row. Knit to the middle of the piece for the back, and knit up 6 stitches above those on the next needle; turn back and knit the two next needles, knitting together the last stitch with the first of the third needle, knit the third needle and the fourth, turn back, knit the 4 needles in seam stitch; repeat these 2 rows 20 times; at the end of the 40 rows you increase a stitch at the beginning of each row; decrease as before, in front. Knit 20 rows; from this point you work the legs separately. Knit to the middle of the work, turn back and knit plain, continue to knit, decreasing 1 stitch at the beginning of every 2d and 3d row, until you have knitted 20 more rows. Then divide the stitches on each of 3 needles, and work in rounds.

First round—Narrow, rest plain.

Second round—Knit plain; repeat these two rounds until you have only 60 stitches on the work. You then knit 40 rounds of 4 plain, seam 2, alternately to match waist. Bind off loosely.

Take the needles left on the waist and knit the right side, altering the decreasings. Crochet an edge round neck of waist, and round arms.

Child's Knitted Skirt.

Materials—Any shade Star light Scotch yarn, two needles, No. 10, and two No. 14, wooden or bone, cast on 200 stitches, and commence border.

First row—All plain knitting.

Second row—All seamed.

Third row—All plain knitting.

Fourth row—*1 plain, make 1; 2 plain, knit 3 together; 2 plain, make 1*; repeat from * to *.

Fifth, 7th and 9th rows are seamed. The 6th, 8th and 10th rows are like the 4th row. After the 10th row, repeat from the 1st row 3 times more.

The skirt of the petticoat is worked in ribs of seam 3, 3 plain alternately. When you have made the skirt half long enough take the No. 14 needles and knit 3 seam, 3 plain alternately till skirt is finished; keep the ribs the same. Bind off loosely, sew the skirt together on wrong side until within 3 inches of the top, this is left for a placket. Sew skirt to a strong silesia band.

A Correction.

In the quilt pattern, knitted in stripes, given in the Hour last week, there was an error, whether of pen or types, in the twelfth row, which should read thus:

Twelfth row—Edge, * seam 3, seam 2 together, seam 1, 2 plain, seam 5, 2 plain, * repeat from star to star, edge.

Good Yeast and Good Bread.

One of the good housekeepers who reads the Hour sends us her way of making good yeast and good bread, and we are glad to print this, as any tried recipes:

Hop Yeast.—Put two ounces of hops in four quarts of cold water and boil it three hours. Then take three large tablespoonfuls of flour, mix with cold water, and strain the water from the hops on it, stirring at the same time. Add a tablespoonful of salt; this will make one gallon of yeast. When lukewarm add one pint of yeast to make it ferment, place in a gallon jug, set it in a warm place to ferment; cork tightly when this has been done and put in a cool place to keep.

Good White Bread.—Always use the best flour in making bread. Take one cup of yeast, add warm water enough to make it lukewarm, two tablespoonfuls sugar and enough flour to make a thick batter. Set it in a warm place and cover closely. This should be raised in about four hours. About four pounds of flour will be needed for this amount of batter. Use cold water in warm weather and warm water in cold weather. Knead the dough well, set in a warm place to raise, knead again, put into pans and let it rise two hours before baking.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Touching on the Grant Monument Subscription,

Branching Off Lightly to Topics of Social and Domestic Interest,

With a Dissertation on Railrond Consolidations.

New York, September 23.—The sum of $80,000 has been collected for the tomb of General Grant, a very considerable sum of money to have raised out of the multitude, for there has only been one subscription of size, that of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which gave $5000. After the execution of John Brown, when an attempt was made to raise funds for his destitute family, it was a long time before the well-to-do abolitionists and their followers could raise $700. A big fair is now to be held to assist the work of the tomb, and it will be a useful social matter as well as an instrumentality. This city has an immense winter population, chiefly desirous of social amusement, and the social amusements of this city are altogether beneath popular disposition, which is to have some place of general assemblage, restricted only by a moderate entrance fee, where there can be locomotion and variety different from the class of packed theatres where everybody has to sit hours passive, without conversation and often nodding. For myself I can no longer go to theatres, being in the habit of retiring rather early at night, and what takes place in the average theatre gives me insufficient amusement and interest. The concerns of every day in our country, as far as men meet them, exceed the interest of plays and fictions. But there is one thing never out of fashion and popularity, contact with bright men and women, those who have public motive and patriotism, such as we used to see during the war at the sanitary fairs, loan exhibitions, etc. A public fair in Gilmore's Garden, with side shows of loaned pictures, historical souvenirs, etc., would bring this town out, and the purpose in hand is a great one, though it is torn to pieces here by conflicting newspapers, some of which have old grudges to pay, and others made no good record in connection with General Grant.

Speaking of theatres, Bartley Campbell, the play writer, seems to have come to a place where his funds have grown short. Mr. Campbell is a hard-working man, who has put more than enough energies on the stage, and the last time I saw him I thought, with his very high nervous temperament, that he looked dangerously fluttered. He conceives pieces, executes them, mounts them, hires companies, pays the scene painter, supervises everything, moves other companies on the road, puts plays in Europe, and now he has leased a New York theatre.

It is Too Much Work

for a man who can write a play. The creative talent is the most exhausting of all, and is also a jealous mistress, refusing to permit its favorite to flirt with business management and things of the daily world. Shakespeare was a manager, as well as a writer of plays, but it seems probable that he got the money for his share in the theatre through friends like the Earl of Southampton, who gave him money in joy of his compositions. The fact that he was so seldom seen as an actor on the stage, and was identified with no great part of his own, seems further evidence that he was the closet power of that theatre. His best work was done after he had retired from the theatre and gone to Stratford, and there, as we have the tale, just as he had got ready to close out his life with prodigies of scholarship, along came a couple of fellow-authors from London who drank him blind and gave him a fever and he passed away. The literary fellow has a certain propensity for good drink. It is very natural to one who is warm-blooded, and sees things not in the flesh, with all the fleshy hue and shape, to seek relief after he has run his brain up like a flag to the top of the staff in a little potation. More of our authors have liked their drink than their posterity will admit. Daniel Webster, who was the most literary of our statesmen, found brandy at last to be his necessity and master. Bayard Taylor, who worked systematically, had no other relief than tramping and drinking with his friends. It is denied that Hawthorne took his toddy enough to be noticed, but there is a difference of memory and opinion about that. Dickens mixed his bowl strong with egg and other things put in it, and toward the end it is said that his manuscript looked like fly paper. Poe was a literary spider who could climb so high on his own filament that the naked eye could hardly see how he got there, and yet he wove at the top poetical architectures which to this day only the most delicate eye can appreciate, but when he had finished his house, or turned a stanza in it like a gossamer beam, down he would come and fall into a drink pot.

Mr. Campbell, the dramatist, does not require relief of this kind, though his compositions are sinewy and efficient. Our theatre public is not now in as good a condition as it was a few years ago, and that is one cause of the dropping off at the theatres. The American people up to a very few years past were

Debarred from the Theatres

by their religious education, economy, and by the distance of the theatres from the great bulk of the people. In course of time this generation had received its education at the theatre through the multiplication of travelling companies, and of railroads and facilities of intercourse, and by the rapid indifference to mere moral restrictions. It has been about ten years since the old Calvinistic preacher was disobeyed. It is just as well for us, perhaps, that it has been so, for now the most earnest and serious portion of our people have passed through their theatrical education, and will have no more of it till some deeper sensuousness in their natures can be touched.

There is a perpetual recurrence to the social propensity in all public amusements. As near as we can gather, the time of Shakespeare was not a time of decoration, of long waitings between the acts and of studied silence by the audience. The best seats were on the stage, and there went the fine gallants and the most forward and brilliant ladies, so that they could hear every word, and they had no hesitation in talking now and then. Consequently, although they did not use women on the stage to play parts, there was a sociability in the original theatre to which Queen Elizabeth went that we have extirpated, and have condemned folks who labor hard all day to go and sit four hours to hear a story not half as agreeable as a little flirtation. Theatrical education is necessarily short in the primary classes, and the theatres have been doing the primary school work for the past ten years. The motives for the best of our modern stage pieces are superficial. The pathos is without thought or honest reality. The humor is on the top and is not integral in the characters. Meantime our age on every side is busy with bright and profound intentions. The women are studying medicine. Some are reading law and politics. This man is on the brink of a discovery in electricity, and that one is building a mansion or conceiving a hospital.

Athletic sports have intruded upon the amusement halls. There are some boys who run after the chorus girls, and

Some Old Bald-Headed Pilgrims

who continue to send flowers to the walking lady; but social life, where folks can meet by multitudes, is at a premium amongst us, and that is why the skating rinks had their strong, if brief, career. People went to them hoping for some sociability that would be at once invigorating and safe. The safe element seemed to be lacking, and there is a certain return to morals all the time in all of our communities.

Sometimes when I see the number of churches scattered through this country, several to every little town, and at least one to every ten blocks in a city, I think that some day they may be all turned into social temples where the forms of exercise will be varied; where the preacher will find his superior in some unsalaried person on the floor; where debate into the depths of human nature and destiny will go beyond the dull sermon; where the opinionatedness of the semi-balanced ascetic will be sat down upon so often that he will be like an India rubber ball, never bounced well till a hole is made in him.

Then singing is too lugubrious in our churches. Music must recruit from the spirit of the age. I was reading Sanborn's "Life of John Brown" the other day, and there I found that old John had a portion of his family sceptics. They were just as firm in their scepticism as he was in his faith, and yet they both stood up together, the fanatic and the sceptic, and died for liberty. Brown's last letter to his family dwells on this natural scepticism, which the old man himself confessed to have had in his earlier youth. He never became a truly religious man till he became a ruin, so to speak, and had failed in every other affair than the pursuit of fame by an underground way. He begs them, in this letter, to have a child-like, honest, candid, teachable spirit," to have their eyes opened.

It is manifest that at the present day, although there is still a large and respectable church attendance, yet there are yet more habitual non-attendants upon religious instruction than have ever been known, and among the non-attendants are those who have deeper preoccupations than those who attend.

This city has probably fifty to 100 places of amusement, and whereas they were all doing well two or three years ago, hardly any do well now. The mentality of these theatres is kept down by a mercenary intention in them, but in the meantime the natural audience, the flower of the auditors, has grown tired. This summer has been celebrated for the universal attendance on every form of physical amusement, horse races, base ball matches, etc. Winter amusement is now the great demand in our cities. The fair, which it is said will last all winter, in aid of General Grant's tomb may be the vestibule for this change.

It is said that the passion to live in flats is already on the wane. The flat is an attempt to keep house without expending any time or labor upon it. It is a domestic attempt to dodge the human penalty of life. Naturally it fails except in elements which had rather be social than comfortable. The person born in a tenement house can aspire to a French flat, but the person accustomed to a home, with that independence it alone ensures, cannot degenerate into a flat house without a certain flattishness. We sometimes regret the labor and expenditure required to keep up a whole house, but when we consider that man and woman are of very little account except when occupied usefully, perhaps a home is the best ambition of all, and its very drudgery

The Sum of Life's Joy.

As we look back on our own lives all that gives them dignity and solace is within the four walls of home. Whenever mischief entered those walls and for a brief time misfortune dwelt there, it was when the doors were thrown too wide and the unworthy partook of the home. The idler, the wanton, the mischief maker and coquette came in and degraded the sanctuary for a time. In the French flat or apartment house this intrusion of the unworthy is all the time going on. Down at the door sits an idler watching who comes and goes. At the elevator is another watcher. Going and coming are faces seen so often that they become familiar and may be one day embraced.

The dispersion of homes is quietly taking place in this land, and a good many people are considering the limitations of life, and that sleep and plain food are the two best things in it next to mutuality, which comes by the family and by books and intercourse. There are many people in New York who spend $25,000 a year and do not get $500 worth of life, while there are other persons who keep a little home somewhere in the environs and spend $500 and get every cent of it back in life. Some of these flat houses in this city take the proportions of great palaces. The Navarro flats, opposite the Central Park, make the most effective show of any blocks in the town. They are called after various cities in Spain, such as Madrid, Grenada, Toledo, Barcelona, etc. Navarro made his money chiefly in the elevated railroads. Edward Clark, who finally got possession of the controlling stock in the Singer sewing-machine, has built here a large hotel of white brick called the Dakota, on one side of Central Park, three-quarters of a mile north of Navarro's flats, and when I look into this mighty court yard, with all its public facilities, I have praise on my lips, but secret admiration in my heart, for the blocks of private houses which stretch behind the Dakota Hotel, in each of which is a complete family.

There is a story afloat that the Pennsylvania railroad is to

Buy the New York Central Railroad

and conduct it. Every man who thinks twice favors the idea. The New York Central under the old management has been oblivious of the growth of taste, comfort and art. You ride in the same cars which the generation before the civil war were delighted with. The Pennsylvania railroad has put into every district it has visited, mechanism, despatch, facility and next to luxury. I hear that they are going to run to Washington city in a few months in five hours from New York, a distance of 238 miles. To do this they had to overhaul their bridges in the tidal streams, which could not carry their high wheel locomotives. The Pennsylvania railroad has shops, such system, such continental knowledge, such an army of thoroughly educated assistants that its going anywhere must be a benefit, whatever may be the fear of monopoly. Intelligent, trained railroad men who kept their hands off speculation know the economy of having the goodwill of the people. For a good while past the Pennsylvania railroad has been compelled to consider the State of New York as a possible territory for it to enter. The easiest way to go from New York to the geat West is through the State of New York around the foot-hills of the Alleghany mountains. The Hudson river breaks through those mountains at the level of tide and above them the Mohawk and the Lake Shore give the gentlest levels to the far West, where all mountainous obstacles yield to the general alluvial of the prairie.

From Pittsburg for some distance along the Ohio river the Pennsylvania railroad has a series of stout manufacturing hamlets, but the great axis of cities is off their regular Chicago line. On the other hand, the New York Central has

The General Business of New England

to conduct, including Boston, Worcester, Providence, etc. Then it has all the business of the Hudson river valley. It has vigorous cities in New York State, hardly fifty miles apart, like Troy, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, few of which have not 100,000 inhabitants, and some of them are rising toward 300,000. Buffalo has become a powerful place, and the general vicinity of the Niagara river seems destined to a great industrial career lying further west. the New York Central railroad enters the region of great freights like oil at Erie, the ores of Lake Superior at Cleveland, the lumber of Canada and of Michigan, and salt, coal, etc., stretched from western New York to the peninsula of Michigan, with additional cities like Toledo, Detroit, etc.

The Vanderbilt family has lost its interest in railroad management. I have heard the losses of William Vanderbilt's sons in their speculative ventures of two or three years ago estimated as high as $12,000,000 and $15,000,000. It seems pretty clear that their operations dispossessed their father's mind of the idea that they had the judgment of his father, which he knew he was not possessed of.

New York Central, under its present management, must embark in a system of reconstruction and rehabilitation if it would earn the praises of the intelligent people.

The Pennsylvania railroad has studied the art of getting the financial return, and also consulting the wishes of the people. Its system extended to the New York lines would bring this State twenty-five years ahead in one year.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad is pressing to Philadelphia, and I saw, last week, its skeleton bridges over the Susquehanna, and the derricks to make piers in the Schuylkill river. When that road reaches Philadelphia it will seek to connect with the Reading system to New York, for the Reading system is chiefly available at present for its New York and Philadelphia connection. At the same time I suppose that a railroad could be built between New York and Philadelphia for $75,000 a mile. Terminal facilities are becoming expensive, yet there are a good many terminal facilities for sale. The Pennsylvania railroad is now hyphenated with the New York Central in a way to make it easy to operate them both. The coal railroad, Vanderbilt has built into Pennsylvania, makes one connection with the Pennsylvania system, and the West Shore railroad, which the New York Central has absorbed, connects with the Pennsylvania at Jersey City and gives direct connections to Albany and its bridges to New England. At present the Pennsylvania railroad has to keep up a system of barges and tugs on the waters of New York and haul its laden cars several miles over a foggy river. Under the suggested system Eastern passengers could be transferred from Weehawken or farther north to the New England railroads.

Pennsylvania furnishes the fuel, metals and raw products required for New England and all the outer States, and in hauling these ores away, especially to the East, there is a need of some returning freight. My observation on transportation is that consolidation is of benefit to the multitude wherever it is made with the wholesome intention of business and permanence, and not mere speculation. The least speculative concern in the whole country for its proportions is the Pennsylvania railroad. Nothing can galvanize the Reading railroad at Philadelphia but the protection of such a concern as the Pennsylvania railroad. There is a case where competition has caused the loss of millions of dollars. The Pennsylvania has built into the Reading's territory at remarkable cost. Such a lease as has been suggested would go very far toward solving the railroad problem in the United States, which is a problem of consolidation with national supervision, and no company in this country has been more useful and amenable to the national and popular polity than that which the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania commenced and bequeathed to the most widely-planted stockholders' association in this land. The stock of the Pennsylvania railroad is distributed over an area broad enough to make justice the interest of its owners.

George Alfred Townsend.

To Keep His Scissors In.

[Alexander (Tex.) Free Lance.]

Last week a drummer, with a very serious air, walked into the Free Lance office and proposed selling us an iron safe. Now what possible use could a country newspaper office have for such furniture, unless it were large enough for the fighting editor to hide in when the fellow comes around with blood in his eye?

IN THE CRANBERRY BOGS.

A Trip to Norfolk in the Harvest Season.

The Scientific Culture of Sauce for the Thanksgiving Dinner.

Among the Pickers—Facts About the Cranberry Market.

"Mr. A., where's Norfolk?"

"Norfolk county?"

"No, the town of Norfolk."

"No such town in this State."

"Mr. B., where's Norfolk?"

"Virginia?"

"No, but Norfolk, Mass."

"Never heard of it."

"Mr. C., where's Norfolk?"

"Don't believe there is any such place around here; look in the Pathfinder."

The Pathfinder was better posted, and reported as follows:

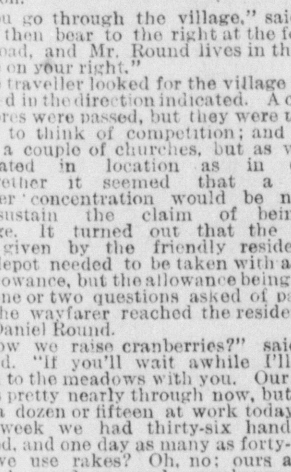
Norfolk, Mass., Norfolk Co., p. 930. On N Y & N E R R 23m from Boston. X Adams—New Ex. Mails 7.30 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

When the New York & New England train set the writer down at the little Norfolk depot, two out of the 930 residents of the town were waiting on the platform, and one of them kindly gave the traveller instructions how he should reach his destination.

"You go through the village," said he, "and then bear to the right at the fork in the road, and Mr. Round lives in the first house on your right."

The traveller looked for the village as he walked in the direction indicated. A couple of stores were passed, but they were too far apart to think of competition; and there were a couple of churches, but as widely separated in location as in creed. Altogether it seemed that a little greater concentration would be needed to sustain the claim of being a village. It turned out that the direction given by the friendly resident at the depot needed to be taken with a grain of allowance, but the allowance being made and one or two questions asked of passers-by, the wayfarer reached the residence of Mr. Daniel Round.

"How we raise cranberries?" said Mr. Round. "If you'll wait awhile I'll walk down to the meadows with you. Our picking is pretty nearly through now, but there are a dozen or fifteen at work today. All last week we had thirty-six hands employed, and one day as many as forty-three. Do we use rakes? Oh, no; ours are all 'made' meadows, and cranberry rakes would ruin the vines. They use the rake on the natural meadows, for they can't flood the land to save the berries from frost, so they must hurry their picking. The rake scoops up the berries, good, bad and indifferent, and with the berries come weeds, leaves, grass and vines; so we never use it."

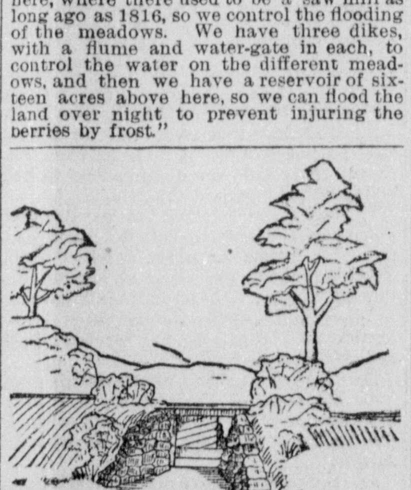


THE CRANBERRY RAKE.

Mr. Round has made a special study of cranberry culture, as well as of farming in general, having been until recently a member of the State Board of Agriculture from Nantucket. He is now managing the cranberry lands of his brother, John M. Rounds of Providence.

"We have about ten acres of meadow, all told," said Mr. Round, during the walk down the long and winding lane leading to the cranberry lands. "Six acres, however, are not yet in bearing, having only been 'laid down' last year. It has cost about $300 an acre to prepare the bogs for cranberry culture, but in Marshfield they pay as much as $1000, where the land is very swampy. The wet soil, before the meadows are made, is anywhere from eighteen inches to twelve or fifteen feet deep. The first thing we do is to turn the turf over and run a ditch every 100 feet for drainage. The surface is then overlaid with from three to eight inches of sand, according to the depth of the mud underneath. The land must be made perfectly level for the purpose of flooding. Short pieces of vine, costing from $3 to $8 per barrel, according to variety, are then set out in rows twenty inches apart. The first two years we must weed the land as carefully as for onions. Meanwhile the vines begin bearing a few berries, and the third year we harvest from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. The fourth year the crop is from 100 to 125 bushels to the acre, and that year's crop we count upon to pay for the cost of laying out the bog. We have to keep the land clear of willows, alders, rushes, brake and hassock grass, but all the annuals are killed by the vines.

"Flooding is the principal thing to look out for. My brother bought a mill privilege here, where there used to be a saw mill as long ago as 1816, so we control the flooding of the meadows. We have three dikes, with a flume and water-gate in each, to control the water on the different meadows, and then we have a reservoir of sixteen acres above here, so we can flood the land over night to prevent injuring the berries by frost."



A DIKE AND FLUME.

"We flood the bogs for the winter about November 1, and they lie under from two to four feet of water till the first of May, when we draw the water off to give the vines a start. After about twenty days we let the water on again for four days, to kill the berry worms that may have got among the vines, and then the vines are left to grow all summer. Bogs laid down in this way don't last many years. They have to be relaid, because the vines become matted, which diminishes the crop."

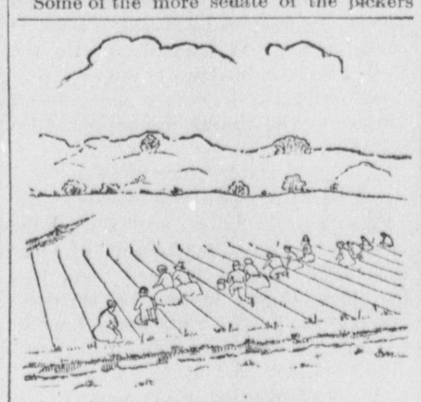
An easy walk through the lane and through woods and pastures brought the seeker after information and his guide to one of the meadows, where a dozen or more hands were finishing the season's picking. The pickers were people of both sexes and of all ages and all stations in the life of a country town. Two or three were school children a dozen or fifteen years old; three or four were men, whose other employment was so irregular or unremunerative that two or three weeks in the cranberry meadows seemed by no means an undesirable task, but the majority of the pickers were women—sturdy housewives of the younger generation, middle-aged matrons, and young ladies of well-to-do families.

"Picking generally lasts from September 10 till the end of the month," said Mr. Round. "We give notice of the time when work is to begin, and the pickers come from all directions. Ladies from some of the best families in town pick. One thing is they get some pin money out of it, and then they enjoy the work. They are a jolly set, and many of them look forward to picking time as one of the pleasantest seasons of the year."

This last assertion was borne out by the manifest jollity of the party upon the meadow. There laughter and merry-making were in as sharp contrast with the gloomy aspect of the clouded sky as were the bright colors of the shawls and hats in contrast with the deep green of the vines about them. Upon their knees and in every other convenient attitude the pickers were ranged in an irregular row, each having a narrow lane to himself marked out by cords stretched across the grounds.

"We have hardly more than a third of our regular pickers at work today," said Mr. Round, "but you can see how the work is done. We pay them two cents a quart for picking, and good hands earn on an average $1 50 per day, and occasionally as much as $2. On the Cape they pay only a cent and a half a quart, but we pay a little better, because we want the picking well done. We furnish each a ten-quart basket, and when it is full we give the picker a little brass check, which is redeemable at any time. The pickers enjoy the work, and this year we shall give them a little extra enjoyment in the way of a clam-bake Saturday, to mark the close of the season."

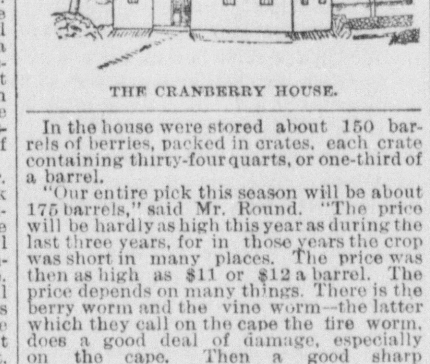
Some of the more sedate of the pickers



THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

paid strict attention to business and took no part in the jollity of the rest, but the latter seemed to make as frequent trips to the edge of the meadow to empty their baskets and receive their checks. One young man talked and laughed freely while picking berries industriously, all the while wearing a hat of unmistakably feminine design, but a fair average was maintained by a young woman who wore a hat of as unmistakably masculine style. None of the workers seemed aware of the presence of a stranger, while all bowed in one direction like faithful Moslems at sunset kneeling toward Mecca.

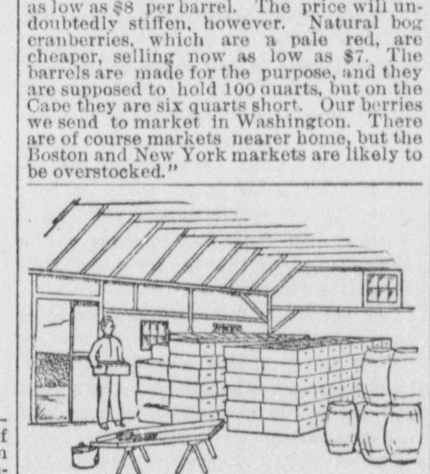
Leaving the cranberry bogs a return was made to the cranberry house, a plain wooden structure 20x36 feet in dimension.



THE CRANBERRY HOUSE.

In the house were stored about 150 barrels of berries, packed in crates, each crate containing thirty-four quarts, or one-third of a barrel.

"Our entire pick this season will be about 175 barrels," said Mr. Round. "The price will be hardly as high this year as during the last three years, for in those years the crop was short in many places. The price was then as high as $11 or $12 a barrel. The price depends on many things. There is the berry worm and the vine worm—the latter which they call on the cape the fire worm, does a good deal of damage, especially on the cape. Then a good sharp frost any of these nights will send the price up a dollar or so, for it reduces the crop. This year there is nothing to affect the crop much, except that fires are reported in the cranberry lands of New Jersey. The price started this year at $10 on the Cape, but they are selling now as low as $8 per barrel. The price will undoubtedly stiffen, however. Natural bog cranberries, which are a pale red, are cheaper, selling now as low as $7. The barrels are made for the purpose, and they are supposed to hold 100 quarts, but on the Cape they are six quarts short. Our berries we send to market in Washington. There are of course markets nearer home, but the Boston and New York markets are likely to be overstocked."



INTERIOR OF THE CRANBERRY HOUSE.

In the cranberry house the process of preparing the berries for the market was explained. The crates, in which they are kept until sorted and packed, are made with narrow spaces between the slats, to allow of a circulation of air. They are arranged in tiers until the sorting process begins. The berries growing under the vines assume hardly any of the rich color for which cranberries are noted until after they are picked. Exposure to the air, however, brings out the familiar rich red, and by the time they are sorted they are marketable in color as well as in flavor.

After the picking is over the sorting and packing begins. The sorting is done by means of a screening board, which is mounted at such an incline that the berries poured upon it at one end will run to the other. The board is about eight feet long, and two persons sit at each side of it to pick out the decayed berries and bits of leaves and grass which are mixed with the good fruit. About midway down the board is an iron grating through which the small berries fall, and just below that is an opening through which decayed fruit and other refuse is thrown, while at the end is placed a basket to receive the berries which pass successfully the competitive examination of the screening board.

OUR SAILOR BOYS.

Good Seamen Very Hard to Get—Wages too Low and Work too Hard.

"Going to sea doesn't offer as many attractions to bright, intelligent American boys as it once did," said the captain of a West Indies bark yesterday. "The trouble is," he continued, "the service has so degenerated of past years that there is now but little credit attached to a seafaring life, especially during the preliminary years spent before the mast. Formerly, when we had a vigorous national commerce, the bulk of our crews was composed of American men, and in general they were a very satisfactory set to command. Now, however, the greater part of our commerce is carried on through the vessels of other countries, and the result is that, even in American vessels, the seamen are nearly all foreigners. Few boys, however tired they may be of school, or of employment on terra firma are willing to cast their lots among such men as we now carry in the forecastle."

"But smart, reliable American boys still enter the service, do they not?"

"Oh, yes; but they are for the main part friends of the officers, or perhaps members of their families. These boys are compelled to sign as green hands, but they are privileged characters, and while doing a cabin boy's work they are permitted to live in the cabin along with the skipper and his mates. It is understood, of course, that boys who join the ship's crew in this way do so with the provision that they are to learn their business as soon as possible, and are to be promoted as rapidly as they prove competent for promotion. The foreigners, who have no prospect or expectation of such advancement, are naturally jealous of our boys and have no scruples about throwing every obstacle in their way."

"Are they not afraid that their victims will revenge themselves when they are in a position to do so?"

"No; for the reason that the average sailor seldom remains on any vessel for more than a couple of voyages. They are so transient in this respect that it is probably another bar to their advancement in the service."

"What nationalities do the majority of seamen represent?"

"That is a difficult question to answer; but our crews are very largely composed of Greeks and Italians. These men are so treacherous that we officers never trust them behind our backs. When we are superintending their work we always keep our faces toward them. If we didn't we should be in danger at all times of having a knife plunged in between our shoulder blades. Yes, they are very tricky, and whenever we can get men of other nationalities we always do so. Germans make good sailors, and Scandinavians are much sought after. The Irish and Scotch also stand well in the business. The English seaman is a jewel, but the vessels of his own country usually monopolize his services. As for the negro, he is hard to analyze. Those who keep sober are all right, but the majority of them do not."

"I understand that the men are not paid as well as formerly. Is that so?"

"Yes; the quality of the service has so degenerated that wages have taken a tumble accordingly; and now all an able seaman can get for an ordinary voyage is $12 per month. Ordinary seamen seldom receive more than $8 a month, while green hands are plenty at from $50 to $75 a year. After a couple of voyages a man can usually ship as an ordinary seaman. Comparatively few of our men ever sign with an idea of promotion. All they want is the poor pittance which they receive, and just as soon as they get ashore they go on a regular 'smasher,' and come aboard again as full as ticks and all out of money."

What Purpose? To Wipe His Feet?

[Buffalo Express.]

"I would not," says the Rev. Sam Jones, "wipe my feet on a professional base ball player." Why should Mr. Jones wipe his feet on a ball-player when the umpire is there for that purpose?

THE LAST PRESERVES.

Final Operations in the Housekeeper's Task.

What to Do With Pears, Grapes, Apples, Plums, Citrons and Fig Tomatoes.

Jellies, Marmalades and Old-Fashioned Preserves.

Of the tasks which engage the housekeeper's attention at this season, one of the most important is the preparation of the later fruits for winter use. Among these are pears, peaches, apples, grapes, plums of various sorts, melons, citrons, and fig tomatoes and preserves; jellies and marmalades are the favorite methods of disposing of them, though these, as the earlier fruits, are most excellent when canned.

The best cans now are an improvement upon old styles, and the rubber rings are not generally used. The glass top of the jar fitting snugly into position is held there by a metallic band in which is cut a screw thread, and which pulls the cover down tightly as it is screwed into place; or a metal band passes over the top of the cover and holds it in place. There is a certain way in which to test the jars and see if they are air-tight; after they have stood a while, unscrew the metal band, and placing the fingers on the glass cover to the jar, see if you can displace it easily: If perfectly tight you cannot do so, the cover being held in place by suction, and you can then set them away in the calm assurance that it will be well with them whenever you wish to use them.

Readers of The Globe will remember the article on canning fruit and vegetables which was published August 16. Others may like to know, however, that the directions then given were briefly as follows: Fill the jars while cold with fruit. Make a syrup of sugar, the quantity varying with the fruit, and pour into the jar till it is filled half-way to the neck. Put the jar in a boiler, with a grate, pebbles or straw at the bottom to keep the jar from actual contact with the heated boiler, and prevent breaking. Fill the boiler to the neck of the jar with cold water. Cover and boil, the time varying with the fruit according to the table given below. When this is completed, remove the jar, and after letting it stand about five minutes put on the ring and cap, and screw down gently with the hands. After five minutes more apply the wrench to screw the cover tightly into place, and put away in a cool, dark place.

Or the fruit may be cooked in a syrup; the jars heated in hot water filled with the hot fruit, wiped clean at the top and sealed as directed above. Remember that cold fruit requires cold jars and hot fruit hot jars.

The following table for the amount of cooking and sugar necessary to the different sorts of fruit was sent the writer recently from a well-known canning establishment in this city. It includes earlier as well as later fruits and is given entire, as it may be convenient for future reference:

COOKING FRUIT.

	Minutes.
Boil cherries moderately	5
Raspberries moderately	6
Blackberries moderately	6
Plums moderately	10
Strawberries moderately	8
Whortleberries	5
Pie plant, sliced	10
Small sour pears, whole	30
Bartlett pears, in halves	20
Peaches, in halves	8
Peaches, whole	15
Pineapple, sliced half-inch thick	15
Siberian or crab apple, whole	25
Sour apples, quartered	10
Ripe currants	6
Wild grapes	10
Tomatoes	20

AMOUNT OF SUGAR TO A QUART JAR.

	Ounces.
For cherries	6
Raspberries	4
Lawton blackberries	6
Field blackberries	6
Strawberries	8
Whortleberries	4
Quince	10
Small sour pears, whole	8
Wild grapes	8
Peaches	4
Bartlett pears	6
Pineapples	6
Siberian or crab apples	8
Plums	8
Pie plant	10
Sour apples, quartered	6
Ripe currants	8

Mrs. Henderson says that to make clear, good preserves requires first, no economy of trouble, and second that the fruit be perfectly fresh, alive from the tree or bush, or as a friend says, "tasting of the sun." The French make the clearest and best preserves because they spare no pains. They first prepare their syrup or clarified sugar, and then after neatly and carefully paring or dressing their fruit, cook a few pieces at a time, or only as many as they can oversee, carefully lifting each piece out of the syrup the moment it is done.

Syrup for Preserves.

Put two pounds of the best white sugar with one pint of fresh, clear water into a white porcelain saucepan. Put it on the fire, and before the syrup becomes hot mix well into it the partly beaten white of an egg. When it begins to boil remove the scum as it rises; watch it constantly that it does not boil over, and continue to boil till no more scum arises.

Peach, pear, greengage and crab apple preserves are all made in the same way. Peel, stone and halve the peaches. Peel, core and halve the pears. Prick greengages several times and halve the stem. Core the crab apple with a small tin tube pushed through, or corer. When the syrup is boiling gently, put into it a few pieces of fruit and cook till soft. Do not allow them to break. When done take out carefully and put into the syrup till all are cooked, pour the syrup over and put them into jars.

Citron Preserves.

Most people in the country grow these for themselves, and they make a very nice preserve. The citrons can be pared, cored, sliced or cut into fancy shapes with vegetable cutters. To six pounds of the citron use six pounds of sugar, four lemons and a quarter of a pound of ginger root. Put the slices of lemon into a preserving kettle and boil for half an hour, or until they look clear, in a little clear water, then drain. Save the water and put the slices into another dish with a little cold water; cover them and let them stand over night. In the morning wrap the root ginger, bruised, in a thin muslin cloth; boil it in three pints of clear water until the water is highly flavored, when take out the bag of ginger. Having broken up the loaf-sugar put it into the preserving kettle with the ginger water. When the sugar is all melted set it over the fire, boil and skim until no more scum arises. Then put in the pieces of citron and the juice of the lemons. Boil them in the syrup till all the slices are quite transparent. Do not allow them to break. When done, put them into the cans or jars, pouring the syrup carefully over them. If one desires to imitate the West Indies ginger preserves, the slices of lemon may not be added; yet they are a pretty addition.

To Dry Citron.

Quarter the citron, remove all the seeds and pare as thin as possible. Into six quarts of water put two tablespoonfuls of alum; after it is dissolved, drop in this alum water the quarters of the citron, press well under the water; boil slowly until you can pierce them easily with a fork, remove the pieces carefully to a pan; the same water will answer for three or four batches of citron. After the citron is drained weigh it, take half the weight of sugar and put in the stewpan with water enough to dissolve it, then lay the citron in carefully and let it boil for ten minutes. Take the pieces out and spread on large plates to dry. Put in more citron and serve in the same manner. The syrup left can be dipped on the citron with a spoon. Set them where they will dry quickly, then pack in dry sugar in a stone jar.

Quince Preserves.

Pare, core and quarter the quinces. Select the best-looking quarters for the preserves; the inferior-looking ones reserve, with the cores and skins, for marmalade. For the preserves allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Make a syrup as above, allowing one pint of water to two pounds of sugar. When it is clear and still boiling hot add the hot quinces which have been boiled in just enough clear water to cover them well, until they are tender or are easily pierced with a broom-straw. With this proportion of fruit, water and sugar the preserves will not have much juice. What there is will form a thin, clear jelly around the quinces after they are kept a short time.

Quince Marmalade.

Quinces make the best marmalade, though crab apples and any sour apples are good. Poor quinces which are unfit for other use, can be washed and cut in small pieces, after coring but not paring them. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a teacupful of water to a pound of fruit, and boil slowly two hours, stirring and mashing fine; strain through a colander and put up in glasses or bowls. Peach marmalade is made in the same way.

Candied Fruit.

Make a syrup of one teacup of cold water to every pound of sugar, and as it heats add to every three or four pounds the white of an egg; skim very carefully boiling till no more rises, and it is ready for use. Peel, stone and halve peaches; peel, core and halve pears; prick plums and gages several times; core crab apples. Boil in the syrup till tender and let them stand in it for two days. Take out, drain carefully; lay on plates, sift sugar over them, and dry either in the sun or a moderately warm oven.

Brandied Peaches or Pears.

Take four pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one pint of best white brandy. Make a syrup of the sugar and a quart of pure water. Let them come to a boil, then put the pared fruit into it and let it boil for five minutes. Having removed the fruit carefully into a perforated ladle, let the syrup boil fifteen minutes longer, or until it thickens well. Lastly, add the brandy, then take the kettle at once from the fire. Pour the hot syrup over the fruit, put in glass bottles with wide mouths, and seal up tight. If after taking the fruit from the fire the first time a reddish liquor oozes from it, drain this off before adding the clear syrup. Choose always the fairest, firmest specimens of fruit for brandying if you would be rewarded for your pains. Well-made brandied fruits should keep good for years.

Preserved Watermelon Rind.

Cut off the outer rind and all of the red part from the inside; cut the rind in strips or squares and boil in a liberal quantity of syrup, allowing a pound and a quarter of sugar in a quart of water to the pound of rind. Make the syrup first and clarify it with white of egg; skim, and add the rind; simmer until quite transparent; remove the rind, boil down the syrup one-third, then pour it over the rind.—[The Cook.

Grape Jam.

Mrs. Lincoln's way is to wash the grapes and squeeze or pinch the pulp from the skins. Boil the pulp until it separates from the seeds and rub it through a sieve. Then add the skins to the pulp and boil with an equal weight of sugar for fifteen minutes. Put into small jars or tumblers and cover with paper.

Grape Jelly.

Select the grapes when not fully ripe. Wash and drain, then put them in a preserving kettle, mash well, and heat till all the skins are broken and the juice flows freely. Strain and use the juice only, with an equal weight of sugar.

Grape jelly to be eaten with meats is very nice if spiced. For four quarts of jelly use one teaspoon ginger, same of cinnamon, half a teaspoon of cloves, and same of allspice. Tie up in a muslin bag, place in the kettle with the juice and remove when ready to pour into glasses.

Apple Jelly.

Crab apples for jelly must be just ripe; if over-ripe the jelly will be dark colored. Cut them into halves, take two quarts of water to each peck of fruit. Boil until tender, strain, cook fifteen minutes, then add one cupful of sugar to each cupful of juice, and boil ten minutes.

Any kind of a tart apple will make good jelly. Use the rule given above for crab apple. A variety may be made by flavoring with lemon. Jelly, by the way, may be tested by dropping a teaspoonful into a cup of cold water. If it falls to the bottom in a lump it is done. It is an economical plan to make apple jelly at the same time as quince preserves. The peelings and perfect cores of the quinces boiled with the apples when cooking for jelly will give a delightful flavor, and answer the purpose quite as well as if the more expensive whole fruit had been used. A certain thrifty housekeeper of our acquaintance, when making a "batch" of apple pies, always uses the cores and parings to make a glass of delicious jelly at the same time.

Tomato Preserves.

The small tomatoes called fig or plum tomatoes are the best for preserving purposes. Select smooth, half-ripe tomatoes, peel without scalding, place them in jars and sprinkle sugar over them, using two-thirds of a pound of sugar to a pound of tomatoes. Let them stand till the sugar has drawn out all the juice, then put them in a preserving kettle and boil slowly until the tomatoes are tender and of a dark color. Remove the tomatoes into jars, and unless the syrup is quite thick boil it longer before pouring it over them.

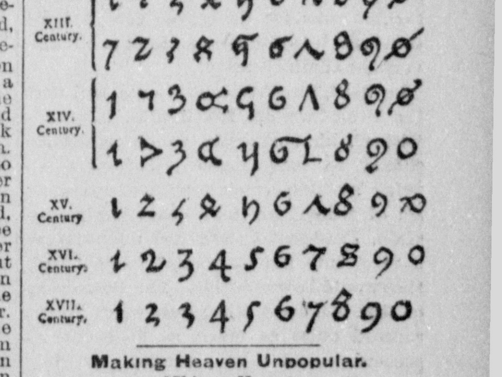
EVOLUTION OF FIGURES.

[American Bookmaker.]

Yes, figures, like everything else, have passed through an evolutionary process. Those little Arabic signs, which have now such a significance for all of us, had little of their present elegance when first introduced in Europe in mathematical works in the twelfth century. The zero was at first wanting, even in the Orient, and it was not till 813 to 833, during the time of the caliph Al Mamum, that it "figured" in an arithmetical translation. How convenient these figures are in comparison with the heavy and cumbersome Roman system that is now confined to monuments and dial plates. But these latter held out valiantly, and had, it would seem, warm and very forcible defenders; as an instance of which we are informed that in 1299 the Florentine money-changers were forbidden to reckon in figures, while the statutes of the University of Padua prescribed that the price of books should be given on the title page, but non per cifras, sed per literas claras. It must be said in extenuation of this rule, however, that the figures of that period reflect little credit on the type-founder.

The Arabic numerals began to come into more general use in the fifteenth century. Very little improvement can be discerned from the original Arabic (Gobar) figures and those in use in the fourteenth century. Roman characters were often intermingled with the Arabic. An inscription on a tomb in Salzburg has 1463 written as follows: 1.4.LXIII., while 1456 on an ecclesiastical seal is rendered M456.

The subjoined specimens from various centuries show the changes undergone: 1, 3, 6, 8, 9 and 0 have changed but little, while 4 and 5 have been really "transmogrified." Many Frenchmen today make the 5 exactly as in the seventeenth century; 2 and 7 are also very different now from what they were.



Making Heaven Unpopular.

[Chicago News.]

"Where are you going, my dear?"

"I'm going shopping, hubby."

"Did you see what Sam Jones, the evangelist, said about women who go shopping?"

"No. What was it?"

"Well, he said hell is full of women who spend their time in shopping."

"Did he? Why, I had no idea it was so delightful a place."

Odd Items from Everywhere.

The latest device by which people in Pittsburg are swindled is by the sale of English sparrows dyed to represent canaries. About 1000 birds were sold in Pittsburg during the summer that lost their color in ten days.

Winchester, Va., was captured and recaptured more than any other city during the war. It changed hands twenty-five times in the four years.

A prominent stock commission merchant on Wall street recently received an order over his private telegraph wire from Chicago to purchase three shares of a certain stock. The broker received a commission of six cents for executing this order, but his expenses in doing so amounted to five cents, so that the total profits on his transaction amounted to only one cent.

A remarkable case of religious frenzy was witnessed a day or two ago at a meeting of colored Baptists in New Orleans. A woman named Theresa Anderson began leaping into the air and shouting, and became so frantic that she was led from the church to the house of a member of the congregation, where her frenzy continued. Finally she broke from restraining hands and jumped through a window, falling to the ground several feet below, cutting herself in several places and otherwise injuring herself.

There are 347 female blacksmiths in England who actually swing heavy hammers, says an exchange, and 9138 women who make nails for horseshoes.

Two gentlemen recently sat down to a friendly game of poker in Auburn, Cal. A sporting man, who happened to be present, soon took a hand, and after a few turns he dealt each of the others what they had reason to believe were top hands, while he himself passed out and left them to bet. They bet all they had in sight; they dug up all they could find, but were not satisfied. Finally they placed their hands in sealed envelopes and went out to borrow. After hypothecating their homesteads they returned and each put up his pile. When it came to the "show down" each had four aces and a king. In the meantime the sporting man had mustered the entire community to witness the fall of the curtain.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1885.

HAVE YOU RENEWED?

Henry Ward Beecher's sermons, Bill Nye's humorous sketches, George Alfred Townsend's letters, Joe Howard's New York letters, novels by the best authors, in addition to more new features than can be found in any other weekly newspaper, make THE WEEKLY GLOBE of 1885 the best family newspaper in the world. It ought to secure several hundred thousand readers this year and next. Will you renew your subscription, and get all of your friends to subscribe with you? If you are the only taker of THE GLOBE in your town, send for agent's rates and form clubs. Compare THE WEEKLY GLOBE with any other weekly in the United States.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE SITUATION.

The action taken by the mugwumps of New York State is said to cause President CLEVELAND a great deal of serious thought. We hope that this is true, for if he will look the situation squarely in the face he cannot but come to the conclusion that his main reliance for success must be upon the Democratic party. Already the auxiliaries are deserting him. The Democratic ticket is not their ticket, the Democratic platform is not their platform. In one and the same day they declare their admiration for the President and his policy and their intention to vote with the party whose platform condemns that policy. They ask the President to drive away his party friends, and then withdraw from him themselves. For their course in supporting the Republican State ticket in New York is a withdrawal of support from President CLEVELAND; a condemnation of his policy.

The Democratic ticket, heartily indorsed in convention by Mr. CLEVELAND's nearest friend, DANIEL N. LOCKWOOD, will be considered as representing President CLEVELAND's policy, and that policy will be indorsed or condemned according as the Democratic ticket is elected or defeated in November. The people of the country will make no fine distinctions. They care not whether this faction or that faction has carried most points in the convention. General results are what they look at and what they judge by.

This being the case, and as it seems to be a foregone conclusion that the mugwump vote is going back to the Republicans, it behooves President CLEVELAND to look about him and study how to win back sufficient of the Democratic voters lost last fall to make up for the loss of mugwump voters this fall. There is a good, clear, Democratic majority in the Empire State if it will come out, and a proper course on the part of the administration will bring it out. In order to accomplish that desirable result, the administration should first of all become more Democratic. Attention and respect, rather than indifference and neglect, should be paid to the wishes of the party as represented by its trusted leaders. Instead of finding out what Democracy's opponents want an effort should be made to ascertain what the masses of the Democratic party want. Men who have borne the heat and burden of the day when it cost something to stand by the Democratic party should not be ignored to gratify the desires of those who have always been their enemies; nor should there be so ready toleration of the insinuation that the great body of the Democratic voters do not desire good government. When important representative appointments are to be made, those persons should be selected, other things being equal, who sympathize with the party and its aims, not those who are conspicuous only for their ability to run counter to every tradition, every hope, every pride of Democracy. Where a little tact and good management will accomplish a purpose, snubs and sarcasms should not be used; members of the party should not be made to feel that an honest suggestion, intended for the public good, will be construed into a sinister attempt to circumvent the administration.

In short, the President should feel that the Democrats are his friends, his well-wishers, his supporters, whose confidence should be reciprocated. Without sacrificing a single principle, without doing one act of which any man could justly complain, President CLEVELAND might infuse a vigor into the Democracy of New York that would be irresistible. The Democracy of that and every other State wants him to succeed quite as much as he desires to succeed, and he cannot possibly give the country any better government than the Democracy desire. They are proud of their principles, they love their party, they love their country—they love their party because it serves their country. They desire the President to be imbued with a confidence of this fact. With such confidence there will be success; without it, none.

Let the President show faith in his friends and he will find that the loss of a few thousand mugwumps in New York will be trebly recompensed by the enthusiastic, determined, steady support of the glorious old Democratic party.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

The Democratic State Convention of New York has nominated Governor DAVID B. HILL to succeed himself, by a vote which was practically unanimous and which shows him to be the choice of the great body of Democratic voters of the State. The nomination was merited by Governor HILL's upright and vigorous administration. The unanimity and enthusiasm with which it was conferred showed that the heart of the convention was in it, while the utterances of DANIEL E. LOCKWOOD, President CLEVELAND's friend, in seconding the nomination, indicated, as clearly as could be done consistently with delicacy, that Governor HILL was also the choice of the administration.

The Democrats of New York have a candidate, nominated by the voice of the people, because of past meritorious services, who has an unimpeachable record, and who is in hearty sympathy with the reforms which the party is pledged to secure. They have to oppose a candidate nominated by the wiles of politicians, because of his availability as a go-between, and because he has a barrel from which to furnish the sinews of war with which Republicans are in the habit of fighting their political battles. Between two such candidates, there is no ground for hesitation on the part of honest voters. The same unanimity, enthusiasm and honesty of purpose carried into the campaign, will carry New York by an unquestioned majority.

Governor HILL can be easily elected.

KEEPING UP WITH THE PROCESSION

A disgruntled and alarmed member of "the Democracy" says he is anxious to know "whether, after the almost superhuman effort to place a Democratic administration in power, that administration proposes to separate itself from them?" No doubt it will separate itself from those who do not keep up with the procession; for this is a progressive administration.—[Herald.

For the sake of curiosity let's see where such a procession would break ranks, providing it could be organized—that is, supposing President CLEVELAND were to abandon his party and "keep up with the procession" of kickers now engaged in the effort to make him believe that he must cut loose from his friends in order to make a "progressive administration." There have been similar processions before, and all marched to the same camp, so that it is easy to judge what would occur now under like circumstances. One John Tyler, president of the United States, was the commander-in-chief of the most famous of these displays, and his lieutenants, like those who are urging President CLEVELAND to organize a turnout after the same fashion, were Massachusetts men. The procession started out early in the spring of 1841 on its four years' march, and had been on the road about six months when the Whigs, who had elected the commander-in-chief, found that they could no longer keep up. In vain CALEB CUSHING of Massachusetts attempted to whip up the stragglers by applying offensive terms and casting slurs and doubts on their desires and their motives, while DANIEL WEBSTER remained constantly at the side of the commander-in-chief in order to infuse courage. At length, all the Whig congressmen withdrew from the ranks, and on the 13th of September issued an address to their friends, in the course of which they thus spoke of the progressive administration:

Too many proofs have been forced upon our observation to leave us free from the apprehension that the president has permitted himself to be beguiled into an opinion that, by this exhibition of his prerogative, he might be able to divert the policy of his administration into a channel which should lead to new political combinations and accomplish results which must overthrow the present divisions of party in the country and finally produce a state of things which those who elected him, at least, have never contemplated. We have seen from an early period of the session that the Whig party did not enjoy the confidence of the president. With mortification we have observed that his associations more sedulously aimed at a free communion with those who have been busy to prostrate our purposes, rather than those whose principles seem to be most identified with the power by which he was elected. We have reason to believe that he has permitted himself to be approached, counselled and influenced by those who have manifested least interest in the success of the Whig measures. What were represented to be his opinions and designs have been freely and even insolently put forth in certain portions, and those not the most reputable, of the public press, in a manner that ought to be deemed offensive to his honor, as it certainly was to those who were believed to be his friends.

But the procession kept right on. CUSHING and the others who monopolized all the virtue and the patriotism in the land, as a select few do today, whispered in the ears of TYLER that he was a great man, born for the emergency, and that all the world admired his courage in hitting his friends and preserving his country from destruction. The disinterested lovers of their country who gathered about him were forming a new and pure party, they said. It was to take in only the better men of the old organizations, and TYLER was to be gloriously triumphant in the struggle for re-election when the procession had reached the end of the route. BENTON tells us the result:

The Whig party recoiled from him. Instead of that "Whig president, Whig Congress and Whig people" formed into a unit, with the vision of which Mr. WEBSTER had been induced to remain when his colleagues retired—instead of this unity there was soon found diversity enough. The Whig party remained with Mr. CLAY; the Whig secretary of state (Mr. WEBSTER) returned to Massachusetts . . . while Mr. TYLER himself, who was to have been the Roman cement of this Whig unity, continued his march to the Democratic camp—arrived there—knocked at the gate—asked to be let in; and was refused. The National Democratic Baltimore Convention would not recognize him.

Then the distinguished advisers—the mugwumps of that day—who had urged TYLER to "separate himself from those who did not keep up with the procession," met in Baltimore, nominated him, and in August, three months before the election, he himself was unable to "keep up with the procession," dropped out and was never heard of more. And that was what happened to a "progressive administration" that "separated itself from those who could not keep up with the procession."

HUNGARY AND TURKEY.

At a recent diplomatic reception in Vienna, it was noted as indicating the leaning of Austria-Hungary that Count KALNOKY, the minister of foreign affairs, was especially friendly to the Turkish ambassador. The reason is not far to seek. Whatever may be the course which Austria may take in the troubles in Turkey, there is one portion of the dual empire on whose sympathy Turkey can always rely.

The Hungarians are ardent friends of the Mussulmans. More than once in the struggle of the former for political liberty they found shelter from their oppressors in the land of the crescent. When in 1849 the Russians defeated the hopes of the Hungarian patriots, the leaders fled to Turkey. A demand was made for them, and the answer of the Sultan was a rebuke to his "Christian" neighbors. They might come and take them if they wanted to, but once safe on Turkish soil, the Sultan refused to give them, and was ready to defend his course by force of arms.

Many Hungarians, thus expatriated, entered the Turkish service. The list is too long to give of those who rose to distinction, favored by the liberality of the much-abused Turk. Most of them were practically lost to the world by their assumption of Turkish names, yet many of the most successful generals of the Sultan were these Hungarian refugees. ISMAIL PASHA, General GEORGE KMETY, was one of these. His share in the heroic defence of Kars proved what a good soldier was lost to Hungary. JOSEPH BEM, who also fled to Turkey to escape the brutal vengeance of Russia and Austria, found distinction awaiting him in the service of the Sultan, and won name and fame as AMURATH PASHA. The commander of one of the Turkish divisions in the last war was also a Hungarian.

When KOSSUTH fled with 5000 companions, after the battle of Temesvar had crushed the hopes of the Hungarians, a demand was made for their extradition. Turkey refused, though it seemed as if war would result. Fortunately Lord PALMERSTON, then at the head of the British foreign office, supported the Sultan, and the challenge to come and take the refugees was not accepted.

The career of OMAR PASHA also furnishes an example of Turkish liberality in regard to foreign refugees seeking an asylum under the crescent flag. The victor of Ottenitza, Silistria and Eupaloria well repaid his adopted country.

What wonder, then, that Hungarians, remembering the steadfast friend of her time of trial, is ready to sympathize with the Turk, when the intrigues of the same Russian "Christians" have once more placed Turkey to the test of war or further dismemberment.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

"Who is IRA DAVENPORT?" will be the question uppermost in the mind of every Republican outside of New York, who has been chosen to be the standard-bearer of the Empire State Republicans in the gubernatorial campaign. Inquiry will reveal to them that he is a man of good ability, who inherited a fortune, and after serving a term or two in the State Senate was elected to the comptrollership of the Commonwealth. Whatever strength there is in the nomination comes from the fact that the candidate is a comparatively new man, who has not had time to make enemies within the party. Perhaps, on the whole, he will secure as many votes as any one whom the party could at this time have nominated.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

Careful scrutiny of the markets and stores of Boston reveals the fact that there is no stagnation in the business movement that begun last spring. On the contrary all branches of trade report that the outlook is better than it has been for several years. From present symptoms it looks as if next year would be one of the greatest activity that has been since the war.

The revival has been steady and gradual. At this time last year Boston was full of workingmen seeking in vain for employment; today our hotels are crowded with merchants who have come hither to lay in stocks of goods for the fall and winter trade. The laborers who are now working are not, as a rule, getting so large wages as they were fifteen years ago, but the employment is steady, the pay sure, and prospects are bright for better times ahead. The traders, except in a very few branches, are handling goods on narrower margins and disposing of them to the retail merchants in smaller quantities than in the old flush times; but, to atone for this, they are receiving a large number of orders that are given by reliable men on short terms of credit and frequently for cash on delivery.

All these tend to show that our commercial growth is started on a firm foundation, and will keep on, better and better, without any relapse, until our prosperity shall be felt by the humblest citizen. The condition of the laborer is better than it was a year ago, and goods are no higher, with all the increased demand for work. In fact, there has not been a time for many years when a man could buy so many of the necessities of life for the price of a day's work as he can now.

The surplus of manufactured goods is nearly exhausted. When it is gone every factory and workshop will resume operations under the stimulus of better prices, and the increased demand for labor will surely raise the price of wages. The dawn of America's day of prosperity is breaking, and light streams in from a thousand sources.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The visit of the New England veterans to the Shenandoah valley is another step in the right direction, and will prove to those who delight to foster sectionalism that the men who fought each other on the battlefield are not in sympathy with them. On the battlefields of Virginia both Union and Confederate soldiers met in the spirit of complete reconciliation, neither forgetting the glory of past valor, both heartily glad that peace had come again, and all pledged to the upbuilding of our glorious possibilities. Both Northern and Southern soldiers had much in common to talk about; they had a common experience, in marching and fighting, in victory and defeat, and both were now enjoying the blessings of peace.

What a lesson to politicians both North and South who refuse to accept the issue settled at Appomattox! Even the Southern matrons who had borne the sufferings of the war with heroic fortitude, and whose experiences in that struggle had hardened their hearts to anything good at the North, were melted to tears and became converted to the idea of peace and reconciliation when brave men who wore the blue paid a soldier's tribute of respect to the men who wore the gray.

May such reunions occur more frequently, and may the influences that spring from such fraternization be the outgrowth of a better and more perfect understanding between the people of our whole country.

WHO IS THE RING-MASTER?

The European menagerie is in a little commotion at present. The cubs of the Russian bear are beginning to bristle up—at what and for what is scarcely plain, except the mere prospect of a fight. The big bear, the double and single-headed eagles look on and will probably wait till the little ones are fairly at it. Then they will send them sprawling and make peace by the summary choking of the little fellows.

Meanwhile the old lion of the menagerie looks on, and is apparently waiting to see where the chances of coming in to the best advantage lie. He is a shrewd old animal in his old age; not quite so ready to fight, and apt to see the advantage of waiting more than he used to. The French rooster, who used to crow loud enough to drown the rest of the menagerie, has toned down his voice somewhat, and, like the lion, wanders around, seeking rather to snap up "unconsidered trifles" in the way of territory, than going into battle for the mere pleasure of crowing.

It is certainly not a happy family, and it remains to be seen which of the showmen of the European circus is powerful enough to restore quiet.

"EVERY INCH A KING."

Whatever the faults set down to the discredit of the house of Savoy, the members of the ruling dynasty of Italy have always deserved a high position for courage—a kingly virtue, in time of peace as well as war. Like his father, a brave soldier, who showed his mettle on many a hard-fought field, King HUMBERT of Italy has proved himself a worthy leader of men, and is as ready to face danger from pestilence, if example can be of value, as to lead the desperate charge at Custozza. Last year he spent his time at Naples cheering, relieving and ministering to the wants of the cholera-stricken population. Today he sends words of cheer to Palermo, and a royal gift of $10,000; gives up his palace for a hospital, and promises a visit, which promise, as of old, he will surely keep. What wonder that the Italians, forgetting his faults, as they forgave those of his father, are enthusiastic over the king who, more than any other in Europe, is worthy of his high position.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Game is rapidly disappearing from Colorado. Progressive euchre is about the only kind left now.—[Philadelphia Call.] And has effete civilization knocked out seven-up?

Joel Harris is writing newspaper paragraphs in Atlanta. Now we understand why the original of Uncle Remus committed suicide a few weeks ago. It was from grief.

The average digger in the West Pennsylvania mines can make about $1 15 a day, and he only gets work from six to eight months in the year in the best of times. Then do you wonder at the strikes and riots?

Lynn Item: A little fellow who made his first appearance in the Shepard School on Thursday was told by the teacher to take a seat, but he declined, saying that he "wasn't tired."

At Tacoma, W. T., Bishop Walden (M. E.) was trying to raise $1000 to pay off a church debt. "Why," he exclaimed, "every property owner here ought to subscribe. If I owned a corner lot in Tacoma I'd give $50 myself." "All right, bishop," said a member of the congregation; "give your $50 and call at my office tomorrow morning for the deed of your corner lot." The bargain was carried out.

Saturday Evening Gazette: A fashion paper announces that low-necked dresses are to be dropped at the opera next winter. The intelligence is somewhat alarming.

The regular boarder has ordered soft-boiled eggs. The waiter, instead of hieing her away to the kitchen lingered about his chair and at length ventured to ask: "Hadn't you better have them scrambled, sir, they aren't very fresh this morning?"—[Lynn Saturday Union.

The wise man keepeth his optic uncovered all the time so that when he goes shopping he knows just what he wants and about what it ought to cost him.

The man who tries to read the average doctor's prescription never wonders why druggists make mistakes.

Sir Henry Wolff has failed in his attempt to get Turkey to go in with England for a joint occupation of Egypt. Turkey to pull the chestnuts out of the fire and England to eat them. Turkey had played the cat's part before in that game.—[Pilot.

Just a year ago this time the rampant Republican orator was telling the land that ours would be wellnigh the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah if Cleveland were elected. In twelve months, they said, industry would be paralyzed, factories closed, laborers idle, and all the woe of ruin would be upon us. Where is it? Where, oh! where?

Dentists, I am told, except when the teeth they pull are taken home for relics, pound them up for the gold filling. From this gold they often have bracelets, lockets and the like made for their wives and daughters.

They were speaking of the twins, one of whom had come to make a visit. "Yes, Genie is here," she said, "but Angie couldn't come." "Why not," he asked, "isn't she old enough?" and then he wondered why she laughed.

Queer, isn't it, how a man walks two miles to save a car fare and then spends his nickel to get his shoes blacked?

Judging from the conduct of the goats in Fall River, grass must be scarce, or the bedclothes are unusually palatable.

I do love all who have for their object the elevation and happiness of the human race. —[Marshall P. Wilder's address before the Forestry Congress.

"General CARR accepts the nomination for lieutenant-governor on the New York Republican ticket," say the despatches. Of course he does; it would have been political suicide had he not, as the experience of others has shown. Men who are unwilling to aid their party when it needs them are very apt to find the party in very much the same mood when they get around to where they need the party.

The New York Republicans dropped the liquor question like a hot potato and climbed right up on the top of the fence to get out of its way. But they reserved just a little for use in case of cholera.

According to Mr. DORMAN B. EATON's letter, there is but one truly great man in this country. Modesty forbade his mentioning the name, although the capital "I" seemed to be the principal initial.

The New York mugwumps are delighted with President CLEVELAND's administration and, according to Mr. BEECHER, are going to show their appreciation by voting for the candidate of a convention which denounces all of the President's labors for civil service reform as "hypocritical pretences" and "hypocrisy," and devotes about a third of its entire platform to denunciation of his work.

Bolstered by the Hayes administration, Mr. Eaton set about "reforming" the country after the manner laid down in his book. During the years since that time we have had the usual number of rascals in office, and a harder job to get rid of them.

Mr. J. Douglas White of the "In the Ranks" company is a man of business. He sued a young lady who rejected him to recover the value of presents he made her, and, while the case was pending, went and married an actress. Love could not wait for law's delays.

A complete collection of American cents is worth $1500. A complete stock of common sense is rare and priceless.—[Springfield Union.

Ira Davenport, the Republican candidate for governor of New York, has a red head.

The Sultan of Turkey, with one eye fixed on the Russian army in Central Asia, respectfully declines to enter into any negotiations with England, the result of which would be to bring that army nearer his own realm with no peaceful intent.—[Republic.

It is estimated that nearly half of the inhabitants of New York City board at restaurants. This does not include the too-too element that "dines at the cafe."

The Supreme Court has just decided that a hotel-keeper is responsible for the property of his guests left in the hotel. Printed directions about the place of leaving the key don't count. A guest not only pays for his food and lodging, but for the safety of his effects. This accounts for the prices charged by some hotels.

Circuses seem to have hard luck this year.

An old maid of Philadelphia is said to have a passion for collecting odd mittens. She probably gave the mates to rejected suitors.

The notorious ex-governor of South Carolina, FRANKLIN J. MOSES, once more takes his place upon the public stage for a sufficient length of time to receive a new conviction and sentence for obtaining money under false pretences. If Antediluvian SHERMAN and Preadamite HOAR could have their way about it, MOSES would doubtless still be holding office in the Southern States.

The following represents the comment of the average mugwump press on the nominations for Governor of New York:

DAVID B. HILL IRA DAVENPORT	has a	bald red	head.

Mr. GEORGE N. BLISS knew how to "bring down the house" at the New York Republican convention. His sneer at one of the chief tenets of civil service reform was greeted with uproarious applause.

The Herald says Massachusetts is the only Republican State that has adopted civil service reform. Yes, and it would not have been done in Massachusetts had not the Republicans feared that the Democrats would come into power and scrape away some of the numerous barnacles at the State House; and had they not desired to interfere with the Democratic laboring men employed by the city of Boston.

Goldsmith Maid, for many years the prima donna of the turf, is dead.

Like all first-class stars, she lived to a good old age, and like some she won a big reputation because she was "fast."

Emory Storrs, the celebrated Chicago lawyer, died a poor man. An income of $25,000 a year was not enough to run him.

The summer hotel, having fulfilled its mission on earth, may now be expected to combust spontaneously, and the landlord's wife will have all the sealskin sacques she wishes this winter. Well insured.

No, dear anxious inquirer, when you see pictures in the daily press under the caption "Men of the Hour," it doesn't mean that it took an hour to engrave them; the artist never spends more than seven minutes on each picture.

Did you ever notice that for about ten minutes after a man has had his boots blacked he always inspects with care the boots of everybody he meets, that he may rejoice in his superiority to the unblacked?

HOWARD'S LETTER

Hotels, Boarding-Houses and Flats.

How and by Whom They are Managed.

Characteristics of People Who Live in Them.

Men Who Have Made Fortunes and Won Fame

By Entertaining the Great Transient Public.

NEW YORK, September 26.—The record shows that 150,000 strangers pass the night in New York 365 days in every year. Now and then on exceptional occasions there are 500,000 people here who have no local habitation of their own. How and where do these 150,000 people pass their nights? How and where can an army so multitudinous as half a million of people be cared for on the spur of a moment's necessity? We have hotels in great numbers; we have boarding-houses, lodging-houses, where strangers can find accommodations by the day, the week or the month.

The keeping of hotels is a science. Hotel-keepers, like poets, are born, not made. Now and then we find families running in the boniface groove for generation after generation, a conspicuous illustration of which is the well-known Leland group, now stretching into the fourth generation from that which first made New England travellers all the happier and easier through the various grades of metropolitan existence, stretching hence out toward Chicago, and finding its western boundary upon the golden shores of the Pacific ocean.

Great Hotel-Keepers.

Conspicuous among the great hotel-keepers of the past twenty years are the Lelands, formerly of the Metropolitan, now of the Sturdevant in this city, the Ocean at Long Branch, the Leland in Chicago and the Palace in San Francisco; the Stetsons, who had for years and years the Astor House, where guests of high and low degree, stretching up toward princes of the blood, and through all the various grades of names and conditions known to the history of the existing world; James Breslin of the Gilsey here and a large hotel in St. Louis, and at one time the Brighton on Coney Island, is one of the best known and one of the most popular hotel-keepers of the country, thought by many to be the best buyer, as he certainly is one of the most energetic, most prompt and reliable of men. Henry Clair, who has in this city the great Metropolitan and the palatial Park Avenue hotel, and in Saratoga the monumental Grand Union and the particularly elegant Windsor, controls, as you see, not only vast supplies for the accommodation of the public, but an army of men and women, from expensive cashiers, book-keepers and stewards, down through the various ranks and conditions to the humblest scrub girl and the cheapest bootblack. It is obvious that to control organisms of this magnitude requires a mental grasp far beyond the average intellect, and a happy combination of understanding of human nature and management of financial data. Some of the richest men in the country have been hotel proprietors, notably Paran Stevens, who at one time controlled the Revere and Tremont houses in Boston and the great Continental Hotel in Philadelphia.

The Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, by the way, is one of the few houses which for a quarter of a century has maintained the high standard with which it started. The present proprietors, the Messrs. Kingsley, father and son, with a partner, Mr. Brown, have been supreme ever since Paran Stevens retired many years ago, and the senior Mr. Kingsley having been there since the day the house opened. I have a particular and peculiar affection for that house, which, let me say, is one of three conducted by the same proprietors, because it was opened on the 14th of February, 1860, one day after my beginning my professional life, and was the first large hotel in which, as a correspondent, I found my excellent bed and satisfactory board.

Dave Hildreth of the West End Hotel of Long Branch is reputed to be a very rich man, and Flavius J. Allen, the surviving partner of Allen & Damm, proprietors of the Astor House, has a fortune variously estimated at from three-quarters of a million to a round million of dollars.

Old Mr. Damm, whose lamented death we chronicled some months ago, with his son, young Andrew J. Damm, was the proprietor of the Union Square Hotel, the Hotel Damm, and half proprietor of the Astor House at the time of his death. Now, when you remember that in any one of these first-class New York hotels there is a corps of operatives ranging from 350 to 650 people, and recall, also, that some of these proprietors conduct the management in two and three and four hotels, it requires no unnatural stretch of imagination to invest these conductors with unusual ability and unique understanding of the springs that move human action and control human endeavor.

An Exceptional Career.

The proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel have had an exceptional career of prosperity and publicity, which may, perhaps, touch the horizon of fame. Mr. Hitchcock, the ruling spirit of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has been identified with it since it first opened in 1858. It is built in the very heart and centre of New York's greatest and most active pulsations. It fronts that eminently favored spot, Madison square, which, under the beautiful light of the electric current, resembles fairy land at night, and a paradisacal place of rest in the day. It is bounded on the west side by Twenty-third street and on the other by Twenty-fourth, and can easily accommodate from 2000 to 3000 guests, giving each and all a thoroughly comfortable and perfectly enjoyable place of rest, with a menu which is unsurpassed here or in any European capital. A quiet man of method, with a quick insight into human nature, familiar with faces, with a boundless acquaintance, quick to detect attempted impositions, familiar with finances in extended circles, never out of temper, easy in his bearing, a scholar withall, a fluent speaker and a graceful man, Mr. Hitchcock may be said to be one of the most remarkable men in New York City. When other hotels are starving, the Fifth Avenue Hotel people live in affluence. A list of the guests in any one year in the Fifth Avenue Hotel would necessarily include the best names of the travelling world. On the occasion of the Grant funeral the list was so remarkable that Mr. Hitchcock preserved the names of all who were under his hospitable roof, and in little book form has sent them broadcast through the earth, receiving from the press of his own country, and in the London Times in particular, the most elaborate felicitations, which is as gratifying to his professional plan as as it is truthful to the record.

But hotels are used by others than transient guests. It is supposed that there are 30,000 people living continuously, or permanently as it is called, in the hotels of this city. Hotel life does very well for brides, and possibly bridegrooms, but I do not think it is a good place for children, and know it is not a good place for dogs.

I had rather an unpleasant experience in the dog line with a dear friend of mine, Mr. R. H. Southgate, who, by the way, combines in himself a variety of excellences as a hotel keeper. Just look at it for a moment. He is the proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick in this city, one of the most handsomely decorated, one of the most shrewdly conducted caravansaries in the world. He is proprietor of the mammoth Long Beach Hotel, a beautiful structure, built in Queen Anne style, fronting the ocean, on a beach as hard as a board and as level as a mill pond. He is the proprietor also of the Thousand Islands House on Alexandria Bay, and of two or three in the interior, the wooded portion of New York, and, until recently, of Congress Hall in Saratoga.

Now, put yourself in that man's place. Suppose yourself to be at the head of either one of these tremendous institutions, and multiply that one by two, and three, and four, and see if despondency wouldn't dominate even your breast, and the sight of another man's magnificent Newfoundland dog would not excite the evil passions in your heart.

Children in Hotels.

Children should never be in hotels. They are there deprived of the blessings of domesticity; they see none of the quiet retiracy of home; they know nothing of simple fare, but are made peevish and pert by the very suggestion of the multitudinous offerings of a printed menu; they are encouraged and flattered, and, perhaps, undermined by servants of either sex; they occupy with their parents of necessity apartments more or less cramped, and are permitted to roam and range at their own sweet wills, through the corridors and the halls and the vast outlying parlor spaces that characterize our American public houses; they meet all sorts and conditions of acquaintances; they know more by the time they are 7 or 8 years of age than the ordinary home-bred child would know at the age of 15; nevertheless there is a certain charm about the bustle and confusion that obtain in the most quiet and best-ordered hotels. One sees there company in company manners; one there encounters the wealth and fashion of the times.

People who travel from point to point make it their business to dress a la mode in a public parlor, a public dining-room, a public resort, if ever, and this, as we know, is charming to the female eye and delightful to the feminine mind. But there are others who are permanent in boarding-houses, and have been for many years. To them life is tough; to them existence is baleful, the average boarding-house table is not only a delusion and a snare but a disgraceful remnant of a once happy existence.

Boarding-Houses.

Now and then we encounter a boarding-house keeper with a human head and a womanly mind, and a tender affection for those who she kindly permits to share her bounty and home for shekels. But we know what boarding-house life is. As a rule it means confinement in a little stuffy room, with all sorts of bedclothing, with dilapidated furniture, with dirty tablecloths, with soiled napkins, with stringy beef, with unpalatable meat offerings, and distasteful drink offerings, and society which no man cares to become intimate with. There are boarding-houses and boarding-houses, of course.

I now speak of the average; I do not speak of the palatial home, where money can secure as near approach to real home life; nor do I speak of the wretched tenements where boarders herd like swine; I speak of the average man and the average woman always when I treat of mankind, their tendencies, their happenings, the mainsprings of their actions and the consequences of their endeavor.

So expensive has hotel life become in New York City, so dreaded is a boarding-house existence, that within the past few years, say ten, there has arisen a perfect multitude of what are known as apartment houses, French flats and the rest of it. Life in these depends very much upon one's purse, one's habit and one's taste.

Flats and Janitors.

There are all sorts of apartment houses and flats, ranging in rentals from twenty dollars a month to a thousand, furnished or unfurnished, as the case may be. There are some here which compel Fifth avenue and Madison avenue mansions to pale their ineffective fires. There are some which are as comfortable and as acceptable as the best-ordered home in Gotham; there are others which are illy lighted, poorly ventilated traps, through which sewer gas permeates the establishment, atmospheres filled with malaria, and neighborhoods suggestive of disease.

The janitor as a rule is boss of the situation.

No political hydalgo ever dominated his political followers more absolutely than the janitor of a flat house rules the roost in respect of the tenants of the place. From the upper story to the cellar he is master of the situation. He rents the rooms in the first place; he collects the rents in the next place. He manages your coals and sees all your visitors. He knows your affairs quite as well as you do yourself, and if he is disposed to be independent he can make your life a dread from morning to night and from night until morning.

Those Who Live in Flats.

It would be difficult to say that any particular class or classes utilize these flats, but it is safe to include a number of conditions of human existence that will outwork in them.

Actors are very fond of flats.

They hire them furnished from month to month, because in many instances they spend only a few months in the city, and it is more convenient to move into and out of a flat than it would be a house or ordinary residence. The minor grade of actors, male and female, in which I include chorus and ballet girls, are particularly fond of flat existence, because there is an amount of freedom about their goings in and comings out they could not have in a boarding-house, and would not be permitted to have in a hotel. The hours they keep are necessarily very late, and the company they select is not always the elect. Little suppers can be given much more comfortably in a flat than in a boarding-house, and at less expense than in a hotel.

Bachelors are very fond of flat houses, and many widows, knowing that fact, hire flats for the purpose of renting them in suites or singly to gentlemen who utilize them as lodging-rooms only, getting their meals elsewhere.

Mixed Gossip.

Some very rich people occupy very expensive flats in the vicinity of Central Park; for instance, where a rental of from $2000 to $5000 a year is not an uncommon figure. It stands to reason that flats commanding such exorbitant rents as that must be very superior in location and in ground plan. They have every possible facility known to modern life in the way of æsthetic progress and scientific development. They have electric bells, messenger calls, elevators, steam heat, electric lights, gas, running water, hot and cold, all manner of tubings and ventilation of the most approved style. There are hundreds of flats, however, which have been run up rapidly, and are little better than traps for the unwary; the inconveniences with which they abound are manifold. The sound of a piano played on either one of the several floors can be heard distinctly through the entire house, and, for that matter, through the entire block. There is no security from intrusive neighbors, and none I should think from burglars, for all one has to do is to touch an electric bell at the front door, of either flat, whereupon the door is opened by a latch pulled from above, and once in the house a thief, it would seem to me, could make his way to any room he desired. Then the supply of coal in the cellar stands a very good chance of being mixed with that of the janitor, and the groceries and provisions, all of which must be handled by the janitor, who sends them up by the dumb-waiter to the room of the tenant, or down by the dumb-waiter to his own humble apartments. There is no security save in the honesty of the man in charge, while the opportunity for bedevilment is continuous and most exasperating. Gossip, which is ordinarily supposed to find its home in the boarding-house, finds scope enough in these flat houses. The milliner, who has the second floor, likes to know or to talk about the actress on the floor above her, who, in her turn, may not be averse to a mild flirtation with the medical student on the floor above, and so on through the endless possibilities of no-man society, there being about the ordinary and average flat no suggestion, as I said about the hotel, of domesticity or of the calm delights of the humblest home occupying the whole of a house, however small.

Danger from Fire.

We have got so that owners of property are no longer contented with buildings four or five stories high, but run some of these apartment houses to the perilous height of eight and ten stories. There are some in the vicinity of Central Park ten stories and a half high, tremendous in extent, in which hundreds of people are hived, luxuriously, to be sure, but none the less crowded.

Think of a fire in one of these mammoth structures! Think of the certain death that must attend the miserable wretches who, seeking escape, find themselves confronted by a wall of fire on one side and a perilous leap upon the other. These alleged fire-escapes are the biggest humbugs in the world. I defy an ordinary man or woman to use them on a bright, sunshiny morning, when there is no possible danger, when every condition is favorable, the party being clad in his full out-of-door toggery. What could he do at night, even if he were dressed, with the flames bursting from every window, and the blinding smoke ascending in columns half a mile high? What could he do in his nightshirt, with his bare feet upon these iron ladders, heated red hot by the effect of the bursting flames upon them? What could he do if he was a woman, with two small children, at the dead of the night, a single garment on, no gloves to protect the hands from the red-hot iron, no shoes to protect the feet, no patent face-protector to shield the nostrils from the stifling smoke? These things are the suggestion of absurdity always, under all circumstances, what would they be in such scenes and at such times as one can readily imagine? I have lived in hotels much during my twenty-five years of work.

I have lived a little in flats; fortunately I was never yet compelled to endure the privations of a boarding-house, and I am free to say that while one can live like a fighting cock in a first-class hotel, if he can afford to pay a first-class price, and, while it is possible to find comfort in a flat, if the family is not large and the flat is roomy, I would infinitely prefer to take my chances in a medium-sized house, all my own, than in the most magnificent public hotel or the most charmingly arranged apartment, French flat though it be. HOWARD.

"OUR GOD IS A SUN."

The All-Pervading Nature of His Being.

Mr. Beecher's Beautiful Word-Picture of the Ruler of Heaven and Earth.

How the Brooklyn Divine Pronounces Sheol.

BROOKLYN, September 27.—Mr. Beecher has entirely recovered from his severe attack of hay fever, and was in full possession this morning of his remarkable vocal powers. The church was even more crowded than last Sunday, it having become more generally known that Mr. Beecher had resumed his pulpit.

Mr. Beecher's text was the first four verses of the first chapter of John:

In the beginning was the word; and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.

This last was spoken of Christ, not of His human condition, but as representing God, said Mr. Beecher. "Men of definition, he continued, can make very little out of such mystic passages. The vice of theology as it has been handed down to us from the Roman mind is an attempt to reduce things to definition; in such a sense to define God as that he shall be compressed, to our mind, within exact limits—the illimitable God, the infinite, made finite; divine government framed into chapters and sections; as if the government of the universe could be likened to the imperial system of Rome, with its provinces, counties and towns. Nowhere perhaps so much as in this book, the life of Christ by John, do we find mysticism, the abandonment of the systems of dots, angles and lines, and absolutenesses. It is perpetually

Reaching Out in Unexpected Directions,

and it puzzles us to follow, and thereby it shows itself to be a truly inspired record.

All phenomena of nature and all the framework of the world, we are to understand by this passage, have their life in the life of God. It may be said they float in an universal atmospheric life divine. The life principle of the universe is God. It is above everything; it is beneath everything; it is on every side; it is the one germinant energy. The touch of God's presence everywhere is the reason of life.

This view bears upon the question of God's personality, and it is to that which I shall speak this morning. The human mind cannot well conceive of divine personality. There is nothing like it among men. There are intimations of it, but we have not been accustomed to interpret them. Among men personality involves form, but God is formless. We cannot think of a man without thinking of his head, body, hands, feet, as something organized and separated from every other something. We think of certain combinations of physical and mental qualities acting in space and time. By finer nerves we can even feel a presence when we can neither see nor hear. Ordinarily, however, we speak of persons as they are obvious to us, having shape, motion, and definition of limitation. There is

A More Subtle Personality,

which may be called the pulsations of feeling and the method of thought. Thus we discern the personality of different great composers when we hear their music. No one would ever confound the musical personality of Wagner for that of another. No man could doubt Beethoven's music, or call it Mozart's. Johnson is never mistaken for Burke. The way of their mind is so different. No one could confound Webster, in his gigantic speeches, and Emerson, in the stringed pearls of his style. This is a recognition of interior personality which is far more individual than anything corporeal. Plato is dead, but Plato's writings exist, and Plato exhales from them, and there is a living Plato and a living Socrates. Thus we have personality as determined by matter and personality as determined by mind.

Now as to the personality of God. Almost from the very beginning God forbade any one to liken Him to anything. He had no form, nor shape, nor lineament, nor visage. He forbade them to set up anything that should attempt to represent Him on this side of matter; for He is a spirit, and not representable by matter. We have not risen high enough yet to discern the grand personality of God as a spirit, without physical attributes, without form, without any relation to time, subject to no wants of material being.

There have been two distinct methods of conceiving of God in history, which may be called the Hebrew or Greek and the Roman. The Hebrew conceived of God as everywhere present. That psalm, the 139th, which I read in your presence, is one not merely of majestic poetry, but also of spiritual description. Wherever you go, morning, noon or night, far or near, you are still in the presence of God. You float upon His being. According to the old heathen poem quoted by Paul, "In Him we live." As when a cloud descends around about on the mountain-top, and he is in the midst of it, we are in God, we are within anything that absolutely surrounds us. When the Greek mind undertook theology, after Christ, they accepted this diffusive view, the universal personality of God; that He was in creation; that all creation stood upon Him, as it were, drew life from His bosom, so that He was the covering and surrounding influence of everything in creation. When that went on and passed into the Roman theology, the Roman mind, hard but legal, attempted to reduce everything to a precise and definite order of law, institution, custom, and they accepted the teaching of the Bible that God was everywhere, but they felt that God was like an engineer, who, having made a machine, a locomotive, stood off and said:

"Let Her Go,"

and watched how it performed, and criticised or praised it, as the case might be. And the Roman mind has diffused a conception among Christian people to this day that God is in the heaven and we are on the earth; that He has created the world and wound it up, and that he sees to it that the key is not lost, and forever keeps the the great energies of nature in place, and sits in heaven and sees what the results are. He sees this man out there doing wrong, and puts it down. That one is doing right, and He gives him credit marks. He is the great magistrate, to whom come the reports of the police every day. God afar off, sitting in the temple of justice, or in that temple of love, as men conceive of it, but that He watches affairs afar off. This is the antithesis of the scriptural view of God, which is, that He created the world and everything in it, and that He is in the world; He is the great underlying energy that modern science at last has found out, and in which it believes. They say that no God is needed; that once postulating energy, the whole universe can be unfolded from that. Yes, you call it energy. I call it God. But science at last has come to that fact, revealed many thousand years ago:

All things were made by Him; there was not anything made that was not made by Him. He is in all things, and in Him all things consist, and He is everywhere in His person and being.

It is a personality that we have no type of, that we can scarcely form a conception of. Nevertheless God is in the world. He is the swaddling-clothes of the infant, the raiment of the man. "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ boldly," says the apostle, and that may be said of the whole garniture of the world itself.

We Are Floating in the Being of God

as ships float upon the immensity of the sea. With qualities, then, God is clothed, His personality, which men do not possess.

The Greek Christians accepted the Hebrew idea that God was a universal presence and that He was the light of the world, the universal energy, identified with all growth and all life and all being. So that you perceive they came very near to our scientific postulate of energy as the starting point of creation. What that energy is, science has never been able to define, or state, or even prove. But ages ago, holy men, inspired of God, declared that God was that energy; that universal atmosphere in which the world and all its forces float. The whole world sprang out of the life of God and existed as a part of His life, and was ministered to at every stage of its being by the direct presence and contact of the divine nature. The Romans gave definiteness to the idea of God, but it was a misconceiving definiteness. The effect of the Hebrew conception of divine personality is worthy of some consideration. We dismiss the other. And first, the theory, or fact rather, that God is a universal presence, formless, without lines or stature. The representations of God, as made in dramatic passages of the Bible, were not meant to be absolute. Who shall give shape and form to sunlight, or measured the seasons. God is a presence, separated by moral qualities from other beings, and in different relations from those of one being to another; but He has His own individual personal existences and is a thinker; a being of emotion, of sympathy, of will, of determination, of method, of plan; not such as men have, or

But Very Faintly Represented

by the operation of these things in the human mind. And this conception of the universality of the personality of God gives the life and mission of Jesus Christ a clearer interpretation. The whole human nature longs for a defined God; for one that shall answer somewhat to our communication with each other. Who has not felt that? Who has not said: "Oh, if I could see Him once; if He would give to me one single vision of the night and say 'I am,' and I should perceive Him. If He would lay His hand upon me and convince me, 'I am God,' it would suffice for all my life long." We long for it. That is to say, we want to bring God down to something like ourselves, to facilitate our knowledge of His being and our intercourse with him. This is what Jesus did. The glory of God shone in the face of Christ Jesus; not in a literal sense. He was the son of God; thought it was not robbery to be equal with God; but took upon Him dimensions; put himself under the limitations of space and of time; was obliged to live no longer in that clarity and freedom with which untrammelled spirit exists, but became like men; must eat, must drink, must sleep; the blood must vibrate. He became imprisoned in matter, and thus, reduced to the condition of humanity, He lived in the quality of Godhood, and men perceived in Him, exactly harmonious, what were the divine attributes and the divine disposition. He was an embodiment of love, of sympathy, of care-taking. He was one who went about doing good. He was He that said, "It is more blessed to give to than to receive."

Like the Lamp or the Candle

receiving from the atmosphere, but only that it may pay back again in effulgent light.

Every one fastens upon Jesus Christ some form, some expression of countenance, something that brings Him near to their want. These are evanescent images. There is no portraiture of Him, every man is left to create the conception of Christ. In so far as our spiritual nature wants a personality that answers to the human personality, there we have an opportunity in Jesus Christ. The influence of His glory, the pouring out of light upon the world's mind, and the lifting up of men through his example and instruction into communion with the invisible, all-healing, all-comforting, all-feeding, universal God, that was His function. Men have supposed that Christ came into the world to save a lost race. You might search from one pole to the other, and around the equator a thousand times, and you could not find the lost race; that he came to make good Adam's stumble; but Adam never existed, and he never stumbled, and there was nothing, therefore in that to bring Christ into the world. But theology, particularly the Roman, has gone on saying that He came into the world to suffer instead of men; to make a plan

By Which Men Could be Saved;

but that plan was made in the foundation of the world. From the beginning to the end, every man created by God was saved, if he lived in the life of God. "By grace are ye saved." What is grace but uncovenanted and underserved bounty? What is that but benevolence, but generosity? What is that but mother-love and father-love? We are saved through Jesus Christ, because Christ reveals to us that great vortex of divine love, and if one thrust himself into that he is borne by the power of God Himself onward and upward. But all this mechanical, machine-like basis of salvation through atonement, which has no foundation; it is time it were done away with; it is a misconception of Scripture and of the reality of Christ's errand. He came into this world to let us know that God so loved us that He gave His Son to die for us, and His dying was the greatest evidence that God's nature was love, and that He would save men, not because they deserve it, but because God desires it. That Roman system of sin and penalty, of deserving and of payment, is all pagan. God saves whosoever will be saved. "Whosoever will," is the last echo that comes from the trembling host. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." God's nature is healing, God's presence is food and life, and whosoever recognizes God in him and around him, and goes in the direction that he has made manifest, that man is saved, not because he is perfect, not because anything has been done for him in the way of atonement, in the old-fashioned notion, but he is saved simply because God saves him; saved by reason of what God is.

But while we cannot come to a clear and crystalline defined sense of personality in God, while no human experience, no symbol, can give us a clear idea of it, yet we can have a clear idea of His disposition. We can have a conception of God's purpose, of His will. We can know that

He Has Commanded and Forbidden.

Springing from the dust, creatures of clay; on the one side worldly and of matter and of the animal creation, we are absolutely, by the will and genius of God and of creation, forbidden to stop there and be only such. The principle of development of life is in us, that we are to go on and up; and the commands of God are righteousness—that is, right living, right direction, right impulses, right character. Rectitude carries men on and up; it is going with the current of the universe; and these things we can understand.

The diffused universal presence of God is drawing the world toward Him. The grain and the chaff both exist. The one shall be garnered and the other burned. All life that has in it no principle of the divine—the animal life—goes out like a taper. I know we are sorry. There is many a horse that is better fit for immortality than the man that rides it. There is many a dog that has more disinterested love than the man that owns it. And why should not they have a chance hereafter? I don't know but they will. That is to say, I don't know anything about it. But in so far as men are concerned, endowed with reason and moral sensibility, the word of the Lord is: "He that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Death; dissolution; annihilation. "He that sows to the spirit, life eternal." In this great moving current of divine life, in which you are, in which generations have moved, all that accept the life of the light of God and move onward, no matter relatively how low they are, all of them shall appear in Zion before God.

AN IMPORTANT BOOK

NOW READY.

The Life of General Grant.

Every Reader Should Own a Copy.

THE GLOBE has been seeking for some time a work upon the career of General Grant that it could place upon its premium list and fully recommend. By the courtesy of Mr. B. B. Russell of Boston, a publisher of subscription books exclusively, it has just secured the right of giving (not selling) to subscribers "THE LIFE AND DEEDS OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT, by P. C. HEADLEY and GEORGE L. AUSTIN." Headley is a popular and successful biographical writer; and his intimate acquaintance with the father and mother of General Grant, as well as the General himself, eminently qualifies him for the work. Dr. Austin has obtained renown by his brilliant and popular lives of the poet Longfellow and Wendell Phillips; he has been engaged for some years in the preparation of an elaborate and extensive work, "The Encyclopædia of the Civil War," to which General Grant and other leading generals of both the Union and Confederate armies have heartily and largely lent their assistance and co-operation. Consequently he has made the War of the Rebellion a study. The chapter pertaining to the surrender of Lee was sent in proof to General Grant, and elicited the following reply:

"NEW YORK, May 11, 1885.

DR. G. L. AUSTIN,

DEAR SIR—General Grant requests me to acknowledge the receipt of the article, and also your letter of the 6th inst. General Grant says that your article has nothing that he can contradict, and that it is the best he has seen.

Very respectfully, F. D. GRANT."

The work is a complete and intensely interesting history from the cradle to the grave, and is particularly valuable in its details of Grant's early life and education, his war record, his presidency, and of his subsequent life, as the honored guest of foreign nations, and as the hero citizen in his home. It is the best companion work to Grant's own book (the first volume of which will not be published until December) that has been written, and is in every respect of standard value. The work contains nearly 500 pages, illustrated with more than twenty full-page engravings, including a splendid likeness of the General engraved on steel expressly for it. It also has fine pictures of the father and mother of General Grant, and of the birthplace of the General, from a drawing by Jesse Grant.

OUR TERMS.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
Boston, Mass.

IN A RELIGIOUS FRENZY.

Strange Scenes at a Revival Meeting Out West.

Mrs. Woodworth Makes Men Wail and Weep and Go Into Trances.

Money Showered Upon Her by the Hatful After the Services.

INDIANAPOLIS, September 22.—Mrs. Woodworth, the revivalist, finished her most wonderful series of meetings in Madison. The tent where the meetings were held is in a ten-acre grove, thirteen miles northwest of Muncie, Ind. Fully one-half of his grove was so completely filled with wagons that walking about among them was impossible, save by climbing over them. When THE GLOBE correspondent was at the meeting Sunday afternoon 20,000 people stood as close together as they could get, chanting, "The devil is mad and I am glad; Oh! my soul; praise the Lord, glory to God." In the woods stood a tent, about 40x60 feet, in the centre of which was a platform raised about two feet. Upon this were two chairs, upon which Mrs. Woodworth stood. These chairs were held by two men. Around this were rude benches extending from the pulpit or altar. On these benches sat the converts. Mrs. Woodworth was dressed in black. Her hair was braided, dressed high on her head and confined with a conspicuous old-fashioned tortoise shell back comb.

She told her hearers that the Holy Ghost was about to knock at the heart of each one, and might never come again and if they did not heed the call they would be damned irrevocably and irredeemably. After several passionate appeals there was weeping among the converts, piteous supplications from the repentant, and joyful exclamations from the followers of the revivalist. When this spiritual manifestation had subsided she continued her talk in a slightly different strain, always suiting her words to the thoughts, doubts and fears of her hearers. By observing her listeners she seemed to read what was passing in their minds and govern her language and gestures accordingly. After she had finished her talk, which at times was singularly eloquent, she commenced to sing, the audience joining with a noise that was deafening. The tent seemed to swell and collapse as the thunderous manifestation increased in volume. As the singing died away it left oppressively near a low moaning that caused the most passive and indifferent to shudder.

Mrs. Woodworth, throwing her head back, gazed aloft, her hands supplicatingly extended in the direction of her gaze, and her whole frame quivering under intense excitement. The manifestations of the audience would increase proportionately. Then as she crouched cringingly, as if in abject fear, the deafening voice would again die away into a moan. The demonstrations decreased as the distance increased from her as though her violent agitations produced vibrations which lost intensity with distance. The most violent crowded on the stage, jumped up and down, wrestled, shook hands, hallooed and pushed off the exhausted. When they were worn out their places were filled by fresh converts. Dozens lay around rigid and stiff, as though in death; strong men shouted till they were hoarse and then fell in a swoon. Women fell over benches and were trampled under foot; children cried and wept as though their parents were dead; aged women gesticulated and hysterically sobbed.

A big wagon-load of people, forty rods away, were noticed, who, hearing the evangelist's voice, stopped their team and commenced a wild demonstration of joy among themselves. People ran up and gathered around the wagon, and so they were surrounded with a concourse of people having a meeting of their own with all its wildest characteristics. A man heard the hallelujah, jumped up and yelled, "Glory to God!" then fell down in a trance from which he did not recover for hours. One man who went into a trance during the service straightened upright and stood like a post. As he attracted much attention and there was not enough room to lay him down three men took hold of him and doubled him up so he could be put on a seat.

In the afternoon the meeting was held on a raised platform in the open air, where Mrs. Woodworth stationed herself, with a woman beside her, who held a hat for contributions. For forty minutes the people passed in front of the evangelist, two and three abreast at the rate of fifty a minute, shaking hands with her and throwing money literally by the hatful. The hat was emptied several times before the collection was finished. Mrs. Woodworth left today for Louisville, Ky., where she will hold a series of meetings.

LIQUOR DRINKING IN EUROPE.

Some Startling Figures from a British Parliamentary Paper.

[London Times.]

A parliamentary paper just published contains reports from her majesty's diplomatic and consular officers upon the consumption of intoxicating liquors abroad. Consul-General Oppenheimer estimates, with regard to Germany, that in the distilleries of the empire in 1875 and 1876 at least 200,000,000 litres of pure alcohol were produced for mere consumption—or, in round numbers, 6 litres per head of the population. Reckoning the male population over 15 years of age at 30 per cent., this would give a yearly consumption of 20 litres of pure alcohol per head, or 50 litres of ordinary schnapps. By the year 1880 the quantity had increased to 71 litres yearly per head. The consumption of spirits in North Germany is very great; and out of a yearly average of 4450 suicides in Prussia for five years, 508 have been due to dipsomania and delirium tremens. The percentage of suicides among males due to alcohol was 13.30, whereas among females it was only 2. With regard to fatal accidents also a large number of them were attributable to drunkenness. Similar statistics were furnished in connection with the lunatic asylums. Taking 3106 cases yearly treated in the general hospitals for dipsomania, 690 cases of delirium tremens in the lunatic asylums, 597 private dipsomaniacs, 508 suicides and 311 drunkards accidentally killed, there is a total of 5212 cases yearly of alcoholism in a fatal form. The Prussian States alone showed 1921 men and 95 women treated yearly for delirium tremens. It appears that seven-tenths of those suffering from alcohol were in the prime of life—that is, between 20 and 50 years of age. In the kingdom of Prussia, in 1882, the estimated expenditure on spirits alone was 261,000,000 marks, while all the direct State taxes for the same period produced but 150,000,000 marks. Taking the whole expenditure upon beer, wine and spirits, it amounted to 907,000,000 marks, or more than double the amount realized by the Prussian exchequer for its taxes and stamp duties, etc.

In Sweden and Norway the consumption of spirits has been declining for some years past; but in Denmark the evil of spirit drinking has reached a terrible pitch. The number of drunkards who have committed suicide has risen in thirty years from one-seventh to one-third; while, among the arrests, 56 per cent. were cases of drunkenness, and, adding to these 18 per cent. among prisoners for other offences, there is a grand total of 74 per cent., or three-fourths of all those taken into custody, for crimes committed under the influence of drink.

In Holland, the number of houses for the sale of drink was no less than 45,000 in 1878, so that in a population of 4,000,000 there was a drink shop for every ninety inhabitants, including women and children. But, owing to the exertions of a portion of the community, the Legislature passed a restrictive law in 1881, with the result that in the course of one year the drink shops decreased from 45,000 to 33,000.

Belgium affords incontestably the worst statistics in regard to the consumption of alcoholic liquors. In less than half a century the use of spirituous liquors has more than trebled itself in that country, while the population has only advanced from 3,500,000 to 5,500,000. The use of spirits increased 66 per cent. between 1851 and 1881, and of beer increased during the same period 15.75 per cent. The consumption of spirits, wine and beer for 1881 amounted to 475,000,000 francs. Although the country is so small it contained in 1880 no fewer than 125,000 places devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors. There was a public house on the average far every twelve or thirteen grown-up males. The suicides rose from fifty-four per 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1848 to eighty in 1880. The lunatics advanced from 720 per 1,000,000 inhabitants in 1846 to 1470 in 1881. The inspector-general of Belgian prisons reports that four-fifths of the crime and social misery during the last quarter of a century has been directly attributable to intemperance.

In France the sad effects of drunkenness once witnessed have been considerably lessened by the passing of a salutary act. In 1875 the numbers punished for open drunkenness was 98,000, but by 1880 they had fallen to 60,000.

Switzerland exhibits an unsatisfactory increase in the drink traffic. Between 1870 and 1880 the population advanced 6.5 per cent., but the public houses increased by as much as 22 per cent. Austria furnishes a similar condition of things. In 1880 there were in Vienna alone 1624 drink houses, and 6103 persons were in that year arrested for being drunk. The hospitals, lunatic asylums, and prisons of the country all testify to the advance of drinking habits. It is suggested that the clergy, medical men and school masters of every nation could do much to mitigate this evil if their sympathies could be thoroughly roused. Continental workmen generally spend a large portion of their earnings in drink without becoming or being classed as absolute drunkards.

MAKING AMERICAN CUTLERY.

Knives, Forks and Razors—The Welding of Iron and Steel.

[Scientific American.]

American cutlery is now finding its way all over the world, and knives, shears, scythes and planes of our manufacture are to be found in the warehouses of most large English cities. In 1872 the importation of cutlery into the United States amounted to $10,500,000, which was cut down in 1880 to about $900,000 a year, besides which $700,000 worth of domestic goods were exported in that year. In the manufacture of axes the United States have made the most marvellous advances, surpassing all other countries except Canada, which bears an equally good reputation for making these useful implements.

Good table knives are made of steel and iron welded together; the part which goes into the handle (called technically the tang in England) and the shoulder are of iron, and the blade of steel. The tang and shoulder are forged from bar-iron, and the blade from shear or cast steel. Knife blades, razor blades and other small articles are usually forged into their required shape while still attached to the bar, which serves for the workmen to hold them by. When the bar becomes too short it is grasped in a pair of tongs held close by a ring which clamps them by sliding up their conical handles. Two men are employed in forging such work. The principal workman, or fireman, as he is sometimes called, uses a small hammer of two to four pounds weight, while the hammerman wields the sledge-hammer, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds. The fireman, who attends to the heating as well as the anvil work, directs the hammerman, whose blows merely follow those of the small directing hammer of the fireman.

In drawing down or reducing a bar both in length and width, the flat face of the hammer is used; but when the length or breadth alone is to be extended, only the narrow edge of the hammer is used. The concavity of razor blades is made by hammering the blade on a small round-faced anvil; the notch, or nail hole, of a penknife is struck by means of a chisel of the required form. Superior work, such as razor blades, is "smithed" after forging, that is, beaten upon an anvil, to condense the metal as much as possible, and slightly ground or scorched upon a rough stone, to finish the shaping and remove the scale, or black oxidized surface, which would interfere with the color of the tempering.

Common knives are made entirely of iron, and the difference of prices arises not merely from the difference in cost of the material, but from the greater facility of working. It should also be understood that in many articles composed of steel welded to iron the saving of steel is not the only advantage, for steel, being more brittle than wrought iron, it is very desirable in all articles subject to a transverse breaking strain or to concussion that every part except the cutting or working edge should be of iron. Thus a hatchet made entirely of steel would be less durable than one of iron with a welded steel cutting edge, and so of other articles.

Table forks are forged rudely into the shape required, first as though but a single thick prong were required. The part for the prongs is then beaten out, and a stamping die is brought down upon it, which forms the prongs, with a thin film of steel between them; this is cut out by a cutting die. Then they are softened and filed up, again hardened and tempered and ground to smooth and finish. The dry grinding of forks, needles, etc., is a very deleterious trade, on account of the particles of steel which enter the nostrils of the workmen, and produce most painful irritation, followed by a peculiar disease called "grinder's asthma," which is said to shorten life so seriously that few grinders, exposed to the steel dust, reach forty years of age. Many remedies have been proposed for this. A magnetic mouthpiece was invented, but the workmen would not wear it on account of its novelty, its grotesque appearance, the trouble of cleaning it, and the belief that if their trade were more healthy greater numbers would enter it, and wages be reduced. A revolving fan, which sets in motion a current of air that is carried by a pipe to the outside of the building, has been used with greater success, and is now in general use when it can be applied, though its introduction was much opposed by the workmen.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA.

Remarkable Letter from an Eminent Physician of Paris.

CHICAGO, September 27.—A resident of this city today received from Dr. John Chapman, the eminent physician of Paris, and successor to John Stuart Mill in his connection with the Westminster Review, a letter in which he gives a new and important theory of the cholera question, and gives some details of the results of his experiments on patients.

It has always been understood that Asiatic cholera is entirely due to a germ or living organism which finds its way into the system from without, either through air, food or water, the body of the sufferer providing an almost unlimited supply of these organisms for imparting the disease to others. Dr. Chapman has devoted considerable time to the study and investigation of this theory, and claims he has succeeded in scientifically demonstrating that it is totally fallacious. The disease, he says, is in no sense a blood poison, nor is it contagious. On the contrary, it is, he declares, a purely nervous disease dependent chiefly on thermal and electric influences, and these being but "modes of motion" are allied to, if not identical with, seasickness, the causation and phenomena of which are the same. He assumes and claims that by successful treatment he has proven that cholera depends on a simultaneous hyperæmic condition of the spinal cord, and the sympathetic system of nerves, the former controlling the secreting glands and large voluntary muscles of the body, while the latter controls the voluntary muscles in the coats of the arteries, the bronchial tubes and elsewhere in the system. This ultimately leads to the symptoms most noticeable in the disease. He adds that acting on this hypothesis he aims in practice to reduce the superabundance of blood in the spinal and sympathetic nerves, accomplishing this by the application of ice to the spine. The results, he says, have been astonishing. During his practice in the south of France only five cases out of thirty-nine treated in this way proved fatal, or about twelve per cent., while the ordinary mortality of the disease is from fifty to seventy per cent.

Dr. Chapman says he will shortly give his theory to the medical world in extenso, and demonstrate its correctness by the most logical and consistent deductions known to pathology.

Getting Even with Her.

The other day a Gloucester lady had a tramp saw wood before she would feed him, and after he had manufactured a goodly pile gave him a dinner of warmed-up hash. The tramp left, and the lady went out to call on a friend. When she returned, she found a howling mob before the house, and pinned to the gate-post was the following:

NOTICE TO TRAMPS.

There is nothing here that's fit to eat,
And the missis, too, is an old dead beat;
I worked and sweat a long, long while,
I sawed her wood—a fearful pile.
The job was worth a dollar cash,
And all I got was moldy hash.
So, brother tramps, keep on the street,
And don't saw wood for this old beat.

TRAMP.

Why?

[Albany Journal.]

General Judson Kilpatrick used to tell the story that after his appointment as minister to Chili he was met by an old lady who had known him from childhood, and to whose bucolic mind the gallant general's large way of stating things had sometimes seemed like exaggeration. "Wall, Jud," she said, "I hear you have been called to the ministry. Glad to hear it. You'll make a real good preacher; but (solemnly) Jud, you must stop your lying."

Few People Would Have Thought of That.

[St. Paul Herald.]

Lady, in registry office—"I am afraid that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby." Clerk—"Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation. You should remember that when she drops a baby it doesn't have very far to fall."

What Difference Would It Make if He Was?

[Burlington Free Press.]

A South Carolina woman rode twenty-five miles through a drenching rain to marry the man she loved. Seems as though a man would be rather shy about marrying a woman with so much energy as that.

Yes, Lots of Junkshops Here.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Mr. Howell's next novel, it is announced, will treat of "a simple-souled, pure-hearted country youth who comes to Boston with a trashy poem he has written, and with no other visible means of support." The boy evidently isn't a fool—he knows where to carry a trashy poem.

GLORY OF THE GENESTA.

She Easily Wins the Cape May Challenge Cup.

Sandy Hook Reached by the English Cutter About 11 O'Clock.

Nothing Seen of the Dauntless at the Turning Point.

NEW YORK, September 28.—The Genesta arrived at the Sandy Hook lightship this morning at 10.11.55 o'clock, having beaten the Dauntless by at least thirty-five miles, and won the Cape May challenge cup. Her actual time was 42 hours 14 minutes and 40 seconds. Her time, according to the committee, which counts from the time the starting signal was given at 3.47 p. m., Monday, was 42 hours 11 minutes 55 seconds. In the first part of the race, with light southerly and southwesterly breezes, the Genesta rapidly left the Dauntless, and by daybreak of Sunday morning the schooner was out of sight. The Genesta rounded the Five-Fathom Bank lightship, off Cape May, yesterday, at 3.35.28 p. m., it having taken her 23 hours 38 minutes 08.5 seconds to get there. At 5.30 p. m. the Dauntless was passed. She was then thirteen miles from the turning mark and twenty-six miles behind the Genesta. During the night or early morning, she had carried away her foretopmast, and the jib-topsail's stay was coiled around the end of her flying jibboom. It is not yet known how the accident occurred. The wind died away as the evening wore on, and at 7 p. m. the Genesta was lying still in a flat calm. About an hour afterwards she got a slight breeze from the northwest, which increased gradually in force. Toward the end of the trip the wind increased to a fresh gale, and the cutter bowled along at the rate of twelve miles an hour and finished at the time stated above. She carried her sprit topsail all through the race. The Dauntless at 1.30 p. m. had not yet been sighted at Sandy Hook.

THE PURITAN.

What General Paine Intends to Do with the White Sloop.

General C. J. Paine, the purchaser of the yacht Puritan, which defeated the Genesta in the international series of races, is a member of the Eastern Yacht Club and owner of the schooner yacht Halcyon. He was, as has already been stated, one of the syndicate which built the Puritan, and he was on board of her while the races at New York were in progress. Upon her arrival in Boston she will probably be taken to Lawley's yard at South Boston and thoroughly overhauled. It is Mr. Paine's intention to use the yacht for pleasure trips rather than for racing, and but few changes will be made in her. Mr. Edward Burgess, the designer of the yacht, denies that it will take from $3000 to $7000 to repair the vessel. He says she is now in very good condition, and that not more than $1000 will be required to put her in A1 condition. Mr. Burgess further denies the statement that the Puritan was sprung and strained in her races with the Genesta, and that this was why she did not sail in the cup races. The Puritan, he says, is in better condition now than she was on the day she was launched. She was not entered for the cup race because the gentlemen who were on board of her were desirous of extending every courtesy to Sir Richard Sutton, and furthermore they were anxious to return home. The low price realized at the sale is explained by the fact that there is little demand for yachts of that size.

A GREAT STRIKE OVER.

Cleveland Iron Workers Decide, Amid Cheers, to Return to Work.

CLEVELAND, September 26.—At last night's meeting of the striking iron workers it was decided to resort to a ballot to determine the vexed question of returning to work at the terms conceded by the Cleveland Rolling Mill Company. The polls were opened at 9 o'clock this morning, and up to noon the voting was brisk. While the general sentiment was strongly against a continuation of the lockout, the strikers were afraid to vote as their best judgment dictated, on account of the threats and spotting system made use of by the more rabid of their companions. Hence the voting was all one way, and at noon it was plainly to be seen that the result would be unfavorable to a resumption of operations. This caused a good deal of apprehension, and a meeting of the leaders was hastily called, at which it was decided to abandon the ballot ing and settle the whole matter in open meeting this evening. Tonight's meeting was very largely attended, and a sensation was occasioned when George Cookson, one of the leading spirits among the strikers, arose and advised the men to go to work at once. Other speakers followed in a similar vein and, amid great cheering and enthusiasm, the strike was officially declared off. The mills will start up Monday with as many men as the company cares to employ. There is much rejoicing in Newburg tonight over the amicable settlement of this long-continued struggle.

GUERILLA MOSBY.

An Ex-Consul Gives His Views Upon Chinese Matters—Why He Did Not Lead the Chinese to Battle.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate chief, whose dash and bravery made his cavalry command a terror to the Union army during the civil war, arrived yesterday afternoon in the City of New York, from China. The colonel has been the consul at Hong Kong for the past seven years.

"You want me to tell you something about Chinese immigration," was his reply to a question put by a reporter. "I know very little about the matter. In fact, since the passage of the restriction act I have had nothing whatever to do with it."

"Did you not as consul issue merchants' certificates?"

"No, sir. When Secretary McCulloch issued instructions to collectors of ports to accept consuls' certificates and permit the holders to land, I wrote to the State Department about it, giving my views, and I never received instructions from the State Department to issue certificates, and so concluded that my opinions were accepted as correct, and took no further notice of the secretary's order. I never issued a merchant's certificate, and none signed by me can be found at the collector's office. The order of Secretary McCulloch was not a proper one in my opinion, as it would have opened the door for unrestricted immigration from China. I have been told that consuls' certificates have been issued from Canton."

"Is there as much emigration from China now as before the passage of the restriction act?"

"I think so. Whether they come to the United States or not I do not know. Many people who know no better of course will think that a consul of Hong Kong should be aware of everything concerning Chinese emigration, but it is not so. The matter was not in my province at all, and I concluded not to meddle with it. To do so would have been to bring down criticism upon my head."

"Do you intend going East?" asked the reporter.

"No; I will make my home on this coast. I am a native of Virginia, but I would be a stranger if I went back now. I like California and will probably practice law here. I have a good many friends here, and some of the warmest are men whom I fought against. When I came to San Francisco seven years ago, members of the California battalion, who were incorporated in a Massachusetts regiment, called upon me, and I enjoyed their visit very much. They gave me some lively fighting in front of Washington."

"Will you take any interest in politics?"

"No," said the colonel, with a peculiar smile. "I have had all the politics I want. It has left me stranded on the California shore."

"Is it true that you were offered the command of the Chinese armies to fight the French?"

"Yes, but I refused to accept. It was a matter of conscience with me. Pecuniarily the position would have been a nice one, but I never had a good opinion of a mercenary soldier. It is a man's duty to fight for a principle and for his country, but not for money. I would consider it murder to kill a man for pay, and that is what it would have been had I accepted the position."

"Do you think the Chinese would make good soldiers?"

"I do, yes. They are easily disciplined, and will fight. When they have confidence in their commander they will go wherever he tells them. The Chinese government wanted me to select 300 ex-Confederate soldiers as my officers. You see, I would have had plenty of good company."

"What would have been the result of a series of great battles with the French?"

"The overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. It would not have made a particle of difference whether the Chinese were successful or not. If the Mongol armies had beaten the French, the commander of the troops, be he white or yellow, would have been forced by circumstances to become the military ruler of the country. If defeated the Chinese soldiers would have revolted and changed the government anyhow.

TAMING THE BRONCHO.

How the Wild Steeds are Broken for the Canadian Mounted Police.

[Regina (N. W. T.) Letter in Toronto Mail.]

Mr. Charles Thibault every day is engaged in the exciting occupation of breaking bronchos for the mounted police. Mr. Thibault has a ranch on the Sun river, Montana, about 250 miles south of Calgary, which is stocked with between 500 and 600 head of horses. Last year he supplied the settlers here with 300 horses. This year he has sold the police twenty-five head. His contract with the police is that the horses shall be thoroughly broken to the saddle. "They start out on equal terms," said he, "that is, the horse and the breaker. One knows that he will be boss and the other thinks he will. Now, the sooner the battle is over the better for both, because after that they will be friends." The operation of breaking, although it would certainly be denounced by the Royal Humane Society as cruel, is very effectual. A good breaker can train 50 horses a month, and thinks nothing of it. I spent the greater part of yesterday afternoon watching the operation, and as many of your readers may be interested in it I will try to describe it. A band of about fifty bronchos was driven into a corral or inclosure connected with Mr. Gillespie's stable. "Charlie," as Mr. Thibault is familiarly called among his friends, entered a few minutes later mounted on a small snow-white broncho. He was dressed in true Western style, and so was his horse. The latter wore the heavy Mexican saddle, with high cantle and pommel or "horn," while two broad girths or "sinches" of horse hair strapped it firmly in place. On the horn hung the lariat or lasso of horse hair. The rider's limbs were incased in heavy leathern overalls or "shaps," while huge Mexican spurs, with rowels two inches in diameter, jingled at his heels. A huge sombrero shaded and at times almost hid his manly features as, dashing round the corral, he pursued the frightened animals. All being ready Charlie commenced operations. Gathering his lariat up in his left hand he adjusted the noose, and then swinging it round his head dug the spurs into his steed and made a dash into the band.

Off started the wild horses, and round and round they dashed, throwing their heads high in the air, while their eyes flashed with fright as they attempted to dodge their pursuer. His little pony seemed to enter into the sport with just as keen a relish as its rider. Guided by a pressure of the leg—for the use of the bridle rein was out of the question—it stopped or turned at the right moment. Charlie had singled out a beautiful dappled gray and chased it round and round several times. For an instant, and an instant only, its head rose above the others, but that instant was enough. With a "swish" the coils of the lariat left his hand and the noose fell over the head and neck of the gray. Suddenly the little white horse threw itself on its haunches, Charlie took a couple of turns round the "horn" with what a sailor would call the "fall of the rope, and the trapped steed, with tongue and eye protruding, came to a standstill. A noose of rope was then laid on the ground, and, turning his horse round, the breaker dragged the gray across. As soon as its fore feet entered the loop a couple of assistants pulled it taut, and the gray was soon lying panting on its side. When sufficiently exhausted its eyes were bandaged, a saddle placed on its back and a huge "punishing" bit placed in its now bleeding mouth.

The captured animal, trembling in every limb, was led outside the corral, and Charlie mounted. The bandage was removed from its eyes. For an instant it stood looking from side to side as though dazed. Then seeming to realize its position it made a dash forward and stopped as suddenly as though it had brought up against a stone wall. But the rider did not go over its head, and its amiable intention in this respect was frustrated. Then he tried another method. It began to buck, and just how bucking is performed is something I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend, although its effect on the rider will never be effaced from memory. To be brief, I may say that it is an attempt on the part of a horse to first shake the flesh from the bones of its rider and then shake the skeleton to pieces.

But to return to Charlie and his broncho. The latter, getting his feet together, arched its back and went up in the air about two feet, lighting on all fours with its limbs as rigid as iron bars. Again and again was this interesting part of the programme repeated. The rider used rawhide and spurs unsparingly. Foam and blood flew from the mouth of the broncho. At last, seeing that it could not get rid of its tormentor, it made a wild dash out on the prairie, reared and began backing again. At last, wearied with the exertion, it galloped back to the stable without any further attempt to fight its rider. The saddle and bridle were removed and it was turned into the corral.

"Three or four such rides as that," said Charlie, "will bring it to time. That beast will be worth $150 when it is thoroughly broke. Those that fight the worst at first are always the best."

THE GAME OF BLACK MARIA.

A New York Correspondent Successfully Instructs a Travelling Companion.

[Blakely Hall in San Francisco Argonaut.]

I travelled from Pittsburg to New York together once, in the same compartment, with a stranger; ate cold chicken and drank cold beer in thorough harmony and played a curious sort of a game, which was half whist and half euchre, known as "Black Maria." It is a game little known in New York, and I had never heard of it until I was taught its intricacies in Pittsburg. The man who shared the compartment with me had a pleasant and benign face, a compact and slightly corpulent figure, and he was dressed in the most advanced of fashionable attire. He had chubby hands, which were very well cared for, and he exhibited little or no jewelry. We had not been out of Pittsburg an hour before cards were introduced as a subject of conversation, and I asked him if he had ever played "Black Maria." He said he did not know the game. I taught him. For the first two hours after we began to play I used the stranger up in the highest style of the art. Then he took off his cuffs, unbuttoned his waistcoat, put on a silk travelling cap, and said heartily, "Well, I ain't been so much interested in any game since I was 10 years old as this. There's a sort of combination of skill and luck in it that catches me. I ain't doin' very well, either, am I?" he asked, artlessly.

"No," said I, exultingly; "you don't seem to handle cards very well."

What might be called an amused twinkle appeared in the eye of the large and pleasant man, and he remarked that "he'd get right down to that game and find out what it was, if I didn't mind the trouble of teaching him."

Thereupon I said, with the easy and indulgent air of the man who knows it all, that I'd remain with him to the bitter end, and we started another game. For an hour—experience goes for a great deal in Black Maria—I managed to hold him down, and then gradually he got back on me until in the end he could beat me five games out of six for a certainty with average luck. His ability in remembering cards was astonishing, and, after I had been laid out very flat in the last series of six games, I threw down my hand and suggested a smoke. We went forward and sat down opposite one another, and neither said a word. I began to feel the air of palpable restraint, but by catching the reflex in the mirror of my companion's mug, I observed that he was smiling with a degree of scope and finish that rendered my meeting his eye an impossible and silly thing. So I looked out of the window and said, casually: "So you like that game, do you?"

"Very much indeed," he responded promptly.

A long silence.

"You have toyed with cards before?"

"Yes, once or twice."

A long silence.

"Can't you smile without making the whole car feel crowded?"

Then he wiped his eyes with his cambric handkerchief and introduced himself. He has the best-known gambling place in town.

Husband Could Afford Only One Pair.

[New York Sun.]

First Young Man (reputed to be a suitor of Miss X.)—A very well dressed lot of girls, Horatio.

Second Young Man (suitor)—Admirably; and none better than Miss X.

First Young Man—Oh! Miss X. always distances them all. They say, Horatio, that she has forty gowns hanging in her closet.

Second Young Man—Forty? Gosh! No room for trousers there.

They Are All Honorable Men.

[Life.]

Ragman—Madame, shust dventy-four pounds.

Biddy—Ye old scoundrel, it weighs over forty, for oi weighed it meself.

Ragman—B'lieve me, madame, I vouldn't sheat a child. But my scales vill only vay dventy-four pounds.

The Pies Would be Just as Wholesome.

[Norristown Herald.]

"Housekeeper" wants to know how to prevent the juice of pies from soaking into the under crust. Our culinary education is extremely limited, but we should think that lining the under crust with sheet iron would nicely overcome the difficulty.

RIGOLO'S TALK ON STOCKS

And on Other Matters of Considerable Interest.

Mme. Judic's Sea Voyage and a Gay Concert on Board the Steamer.

Gilbert's "Mikado" and Prince Bismarck's Canvasback Ducks.

NEW YORK, September 27.—"Rigolo" will thus discourse in the Sun tomorrow: The performance of the illustrious St. Paul quartet, Mitchell, Wadsworth, Armour and Rockefeller, was the great event in Wall street last week, and is sure to attract abroad more attention than any railroad legerdemain ever yet perpetrated in this country. Only a few days ago London stockbrokers and bankers petitioned Sir Henry Tyler, M. P., requesting him to call a public meeting in London for discussing the ruinous competition prevailing among the American railroads, and devising means for a more honest and more remunerative management of the great corporations which have been built up by English capital, and which have inflicted such a terrible loss on the foreign holders of our securities. Sir Henry Tyler seems to have answered the petitioners by advising them to wait until the next meeting of the Trunk line officials, saying that he would then, if necessary, go to America to see what could be done. The action of the St. Paul directors must by this time have plainly demonstrated to the innocent British holders of American stocks that a combination of three or four smart railroad men in this country can beat everything and everybody, and that there is absolutely no use in trying to get redress against any operation they may indulge in for the sake of enriching themselves. All over the civilized world directors of corporate institutions who pay unearned dividends are amenable to criminal law. In this country the payment of unearned dividends is a commonplace occurrence, and the last performance of the St. Paul directors will certainly not reveal anything new to men who have been familiar with the dealings of the heads of our great railroad corporations, but it will certainly make the public both at home and abroad, more shy than ever of intrusting their savings to the managers of such corporations. A railroad company which declares a dividend on its stock, and at the same time makes an additional issue of $5,000,000 of the securities, is in no way better than the head of a dry-goods firm who pays his partner a big profit at the close of the year, while renewing his outstanding notes and issuing new ones besides. The fact is that Wall-street affairs have of late taken such a turn that the less said of them the better.

Nobody Can Make Any Money Except a few men who are handling the cash-boxes of the big corporations.

The Mark Lane Express publishes an estimate of this year's crops. The final conclusion is more favorable than the earlier reckonings were, and shows the wheat crop to be above the average in all parts of Great Britain, while the crop of oats is under the average. The estimated yield of wheat is thirty bushels to the acre. On this reckoning the wheat crop of Great Britain will amount to over 9,000,000 quarters, of which 1,000,000 will be required for seed, leaving more than 8,000,000 quarters for sale. Taking the present average the value of the wheat crop is about $70,000,000. There has been a considerable decrease in the number of acres sown, and the decrease in production has been simultaneous, with a great increase in the number of cattle, showing that much of the former wheat acreage has been used as pasture. Of course the Roumelian news of last week has been made the base of an advance in the price of wheat, but prices did not show any stability, and closed at a considerable decline.

The French steamer St. Simon, which took the place of the Amerique after she had broken her screw and was unable to sail, brought over a very lively party. Mme. Judic, although she had never made a long sea voyage before, proved herself an excellent sailor, never missed a meal, and showed herself to be a thoroughly good boy. Among the passengers was our accomplished singing master and accompanist, Maestro Bina, who has been enjoying his summer holidays as usual on his paternal acres near Milan. When Mme. Judic found that so excellent a musician was on board she readily agreed to help in a concert. She sang many of her best songs, and after the concert rushed "with effusion" to Signor Bina, to present him with her programme, on which was written in French, "To the most charming of men and the most accomplished of accompanists whom I have met." Cusacks, the Graphic artist, was also on board, and illustrated the programme with sketches of the prima donna, the pianist and others engaged in the concert, so that the fortunate possessor of these artistic productions will have pleasant reminiscences of a trip which passed through the now famous Genesta storm. Mme. Judic felt rather nervous about her reception here as her methods appeal more to persons who thoroughly understand French than did those of many of her predecessors, who made the meaning more clear by gestures and emphasis to

An American Audience.

The semi-private performance of "The Mikado" under the leadership of Sir Arthur Sullivan, last Thursday night, gave rise to a good many heartburnings. Many people had a promise of tickets but did not get them, and a great many more were running about trying to buy tickets at any price.

What clever managers this firm of Gilbert-Sullivan and D'Oyle Carte are. Gilbert uses up his old "Bab ballads" for plots; Sullivan enlarges on his "Pinafore" and "Hymn Book" for music and D'Oyle Carte sees that there is no unnecessary expenses in scenery or costumes. The costumes are of course very handsome, but they last almost forever, and are never changed during the performance. The sceny is shifted but twice, while the Japanese goods are always sure of a good market. In an ordinary comedy or opera there, are several changes of costumes and scenery, but these cunning managers get along with scarcely any change, and are applauded to the echo for their cleverness. Signor Frederici, who plays the Mikado, made a great success at the reception which was given to Sir Richard Sutton at the yacht club the other night, and the predecessor in the Gilbert-Sullivan roles. Mr. Riley was a good second. The artist who takes the part of the mikado is by no means a greenhorn, although still a young man. He was singing in London drawing rooms and oratorio concerts some fifteen years, and was a pet of the old Titiens.

It will be interesting to the lovers of canvasbacked ducks in New York to know that Prince Bismarck has already made arrangements for a constant supply of these birds during the coming winter. They are to be shipped hanging up in hampers to Bremerhaven and thence to Berlin. The prince's cook, it seems, has a natural incapacity for properly cooking American ducks, and it is the cook of Baron Bleichroeder, the well-known banker, who has contracted to serve them to the German chancellor in true Baltimorean style.

Look on This Picture, Then on This.

[Chicago Rambler.]

AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

Mr. Smallbone (to admiring crowd)—"I tell you what it is, boys, this woman's rights business is all nonsense. What does woman amount to? She has not the brains, the will, the strength of mind of man. Woman is the inferior sex; man is born to command."

Chorus of admirers—"Bravo! That's so! Bully for you!"

AT HOME.

Mrs. Smallbone—"Now, then you shiftless tramp, hustle out and get a scuttle of coal. You're a sweet lookin' worthless. Get along now."

Mr. S. (meekly)—"Yes, Mariar."

Mrs. Parnell's Claims to a Pension.

WASHINGTON, September 24.—P. C. MacCourt of New York, the well-known Irish Nationalist, had an interview with Secretary Whitney yesterday in relation to the claim of Mrs. Parnell to a pension on account of her father, the late Admiral Stewart, known as "Old Ironsides in the war of 1812." MacCourt was received with courtesy by the secretary, who promised to give the matter consideration.

A Mounted Sword Contest.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 27.—Duncan C. Ross and Sergeant Owen Davies fought a mounted sword contest before an audience of 12,000 people this afternoon. There were twenty-nine hot attacks, and in the sixteenth not a point had been scored. The result was declared a draw, amid great dissatisfaction.

One of This Kind Goes a Long Way.

[Hot Springs (Ark.) News.]

"What do they always put D. C. after Washington for?" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q. "Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was the Daddy of this Country?" said Quilp, with a snicker.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Discount rates in the local money market continue unchanged, with prime mercantile paper ruling at 3½@4 per cent., good business 4@5, and miscellaneous paper at a higher rate, while prime corporation notes and acceptances are nominally quoted at 3@3½ per cent. Call loans on good collateral range up from 2½ per cent. per annum, and short-time loans up from 3 per cent., according to the nature of the security. Other conditions of the market remain the same, with an abundance of loanable funds and a very moderate inquiry for the use of the same, the market quiet and easy, with lack of borrowers.

The clearing house rate between banks for the use of balances has remained at 2½ per cent. throughout the week.

Yesterday's gross exchanges at the clearing house were $9,540,560, and for the past week show a total of $61,500,006. The balances yesterday were $1,356,325, and for the week, $8,912,838. New York funds yesterday sold at par to 5c. discount per $1000.

Foreign exchange was quiet at the following actual rates: Sight, 4.85½; 60 days, 4.83½; commercial bills, 4.82. Francs—Sight, 5.18¾; 60 days, 5.20⅝@5.21¼. Reichsmarks—Sight, 95⅝; 60 days, 95⅛.

The New York bank statement continues encouraging, the changes showing as follows:

Reserve, decrease	$2,246,025
Loans, increase	821,600
Specie, decrease	999,500
Legal tenders, decrease	1,785,100
Deposits, decrease	2,154,300
Circulation, increase	72,200

The banks are now $44,931,900 in excess of legal requirements, as against $47,177,925 in excess last week, $27,935,725 in excess the corresponding week of 1884, and $874,825 in 1883.

Prices of Bonds and Stocks at 3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
Brookline.	—	2½
Boston Ld.	5¼	—
Bos W P..	—	4
BONDS.		
Atch 1sts..	123	—
At &Pac6s	—	70½
C,B & Q 4s, Den ex..	—	95
Eastern 6s	122	122½
KC,S&M6s	—	109
LR & FS7s	109	109½
MexCen 7s	40	40¼
do inc...	8⅜	8⅝
do deb10s	66	—
do scrip..	68	—
NY&NE7s	118	118¼
NY&NE6s	109	109¼
P&A Val7s	122	—
Sonora 7s..	—	97
Un P s f 8s	119½	120
RAILROADS.		
A, T & SF.	67⅞	68
At & Pac..	6⅝	6⅞
Bos & Alb..	181	—
B&Lowell.	117¼	118
Bos & Me..	181	183
Ch, B & Q..	128½	128¾
Eastern...	51	—
Fitchburg..	—	115

RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
F & P Mar.	12½	—
do pref..	77	77½
Ia F & S C.	63	—
KC,Clin&S	52	52½
KC, Sp & M	51	—
L R & F S.	34	—
Mar. H & O	17½	18¾
Mex Cen..	8	8¼
N Y & N E	22⅜	22½
Old Colony	163	164
Rutl'd prf.	19	—
Union Pac.	49	49⅞
Wis Cen...	13¾	14
MINING STOCKS.		
Allouez...	50c	—
Cal & Hec.	214½	215
Franklin..	7¾	8
Osceola...	12¼	—
Quincy....	38¼	39
Tamarack.	76	—
TELEPHONE STOCKS.		
AmerBell.	183	184
Erie......	27	27⅝
Mexican..	—	1
New Eng'd	28	—
Tropical..	—	1
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Pul PalCar	128	—

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, September 26, 1885.

There has been considerable improvement in the market for Flour during the week, and, under an active demand, prices have strengthened considerably. Corn and Oats continue to move off moderately at about the same prices as a week ago. The stocks of mackerel are running low and prices are very firm and trade continues quite active. The Butter trade has experienced another dull week, and, though prices have generally been maintained, large lots could not be sold except at concessions. Cheese is in good request at the close. Eggs have been in active demand and prices have advanced. Apples, Potatoes and vegetables are in good supply and cheap.

APPLES.—There has been a continued liberal supply of all seasonable fruit, and apples are easy in price.

Gravensteins, ⅌ bbl, $2 00@2 50; Pippins, choice, $1 00@1 25; Porters, $1 00@1 50 ⅌ bbl.; common varieties, 50@70c.

Evaporated and sun-dried apples are selling at the following prices:

East and North, quartered, 2@3½c ⅌ lb; East and North, sliced, 3½c ⅌ lb; Southern, quartered, 2@2½c ⅌ lb; do. sliced, 3@3½c ⅌ lb; Evaporated, fancy, 7½c ⅌ lb; do. choice, 6½@7c ⅌ lb; do. common to good, 5@6c ⅌ lb.

BUTTER.—The butter market has been light all the past week, and prices are a little lower. Northern extra creamery lots, which are well sold up, are held firmly at previous rates, but few sales can be made at these rates. The finest fresh grades of Western creamery have been quoted at 22c ⅌ lb, but 23c ⅌ lb is the extreme price for best makes. Most of the lots offering are at concessions in order to affect sales. Dairy lots remain about the same, and extra Franklin county, is slow at 21@24c, with the bulk of the receipts at 17@19c, as a full range. We quote:

Northern creamery, extra, 23@..c ⅌ lb; good to choice, 20@22c ⅌ lb.

Northern Dairy—Franklin county, Vt., 21@22c ⅌ lb; Vermont extra lots, 20@21c ⅌ lb; Vermont and New York, choice, 17@19c ⅌ lb; do fair to good, 12@16c ⅌ lb; do. common, 9@11c ⅌ lb; long dairies, 16@18c ⅌ lb.

Western—Creamery, extra, 22@23c; do. choice fresh, 20@21c; do fair to good, 17@19c; imitation, creamery, extra, 17@19c; do. choice, 14@16c; Western ladle, choice, 11@12c; common to good, 6@10c; dairy, choice, 15@16c; do, fair to good, 10@12c.

BEANS.—Receipts are well sold up and prices are firm. New York pea are selling at $1 60@1 65, and choice mediums, hand-picked, at $1 60. Improved yellow eyes are steady at $1 75@1 80. We quote:

Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, $1 70@1 75 ⅌ bush; do do New York choice hand-picked, $1 60@1 70; do do screened, $1 30@1 50; medium choice hand-picked, $....@1 60; do choice screened, $1 25@1 50; foreign pea, $..@..; do medium, $..@..; improved yellow eyes, $1 80@1 85; do choice flats, $1 65@1 75; red kidneys, $2 25.

CHEESE.—There has been a quiet and unsatisfactory tone to the cheese market during the week past, and for best New York and Vermont August factory 8@8¼c ⅌ lb is a top selling rate for round lots, but some holders are firm at 8½c ⅌ lb for best August makes. We quote:

New York extra, 8¼@..c ⅌ lb; do good to choice, 7@7½c ⅌ lb; do common to good, 4@6c ⅌ lb; Vermont, extra, 8@8¼c ⅌ lb; do choice, 7@7½c ⅌ lb; do common to good, 4@5c ⅌ lb. Western, extra, 7½@8c ⅌ lb; do choice, 6½@7c ⅌ lb; do common to good, 4@6c ⅌ lb; skims, 2@3c ⅌ lb. Worcester county, full cream, 8@8½c ⅌ lb; skim and half skim, 4@6c ⅌ lb; sage, extra, 8@8½c ⅌ lb; good to choice, 6@7½c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—In Anthracite there has been little improvement in the demand for coal. Freights have not advanced, though tonnage continues scarce. Cumberland and Clearfield—No large sales and shipments moderate. Gas coals—Gas companies well stocked up and shipments moderate on season contracts. We quote the following current rates:

Cannel, $16 ⅌ ton; American do, $10@12 ⅌ ton; Acadia, retail, $10 ⅌ ton; Sydney, retail, $10 ⅌ ton; Cumberland, $3 25@3 50 ⅌ ton; anthracite, retail, $4 50@5 25 ⅌ ton of 2000 lbs; cargo lots, $4 15@4 55 ⅌ ton.

CORN.—The market has been dull and prices are easy. We quote:

High mixed at 53@....c; Steamer yellow, 52@52½c; steamer mixed at 51@51½c; and no grade at 49@50c ⅌ bush, as to quality.

COFFEE.—There has been a fair demand for Rio stock the past week, and the market is steady on the basis of 8½c for fair old and new crop. Trade has been quiet, but buyers keep up a supply for present needs. There is a fair demand for desirable mild grades. We quote:

Mocha at 17½@18¾c ⅌ lb; Java, 10½@20c ⅌ lb; Maracaibo, 9½@12c ⅌ lb; Laguira, 8@9c ⅌ lb; Rio, ordinary to prime, 7¾@10c ⅌ lb; Jamaica, 7½@10c; St. Domingo, 7@8c.

EGGS.—The market is firm on fresh stock, with receipts well sold up. Sales of Eastern extras at 20½@21c, and best Provincial command 19½@20c. We quote:

Near by and cape, ..@21c ⅌ doz; Eastern extras, 20½@21c ⅌ doz; do firsts, 19@20c; Aroostook county, 19@20c ⅌ doz; New York, Vermont, 20c ⅌ doz; Southern, ..c ⅌ doz; Western, 19@19½c ⅌ doz; Canadian, 19@19½c ⅌ doz; New Brunswick, 19½@20c ⅌ doz; Nova Scotia, 19½@20c ⅌ doz; Prince Edward Island, 19½@20c ⅌ doz.

FISH.—The receipts of mackerel for the week foot up 6001 bbls, including 5107 bbls from the fleet and from outports, and 894 bbls from foreign ports. The amounts landed at the New England ports the past week aggregate 8598 bbls, against 38,608 bbls for the corresponding week last year. Codfish are in liberal supply and prices are easy. Following are the current rates:

Codfish—Georges, large, new, $3 50@4 00 ⅌ qtl; pickle cured Bank, new, $...@....⅌ qtl; dry Bank, large, new, $3 25@3 50 ⅌ qtl; do small, $2 25@2 37½ ⅌ qtl; Nova Scotia, dry shore, $4@4 25 ⅌ qtl; hake, $2 00@2 25 ⅌ qtl; haddock, $1 50@1 75 ⅌ qtl; pollock, $1 50@2 50 ⅌ qtl.

Mackerel American inspection—No 1 shore, $18@20 ⅌ bbl; $6 50@7 ⅌ bbl for No 2; No 3, large, $....@.... ⅌ bbl; No 3, medium, $4 00@4 50 ⅌ bbl; No 3 Nova Scotia, large, $5 50@6 00 ⅌ bbl; alewives, $3 50@4 00 ⅌ bbl; salmon, No. 1, $12@13 ⅌ bbl.

Herring—Scaled, medium, ⅌ box, 15@16; pickled round, ⅌ bbl, $2@3 00; do shore splits, $4 00@5 50.

FRESH MEATS.—There has been a fair demand for beef. Lamb and Mutton are easy. Veal is quiet. We quote:

Beef—Choice hind quarters, 12½@13c ⅌ lb; do, common, 9@11c ⅌ lb; do, fore quarters, choice, 5½@6c ⅌ lb; do, common to good, 5@5½c ⅌ lb.

Lamb, spring, choice heavy, 7@8c; do common to good, 2@6c.

Mutton—Extra, 6@7c ⅌ lb; do, common to good, 3@5c ⅌ lb.

Veal—Choice, 8@9c ⅌ lb; do, fair to good, 6@7c ⅌ lb; do, common, 3@5c ⅌ lb; do, Worcester county, choice, 8@10c ⅌ lb; do, Worcester county, common, 6@7c ⅌ lb.

FLOUR.—There has been material improvement in the market, and the demand from the trade has been quite active and prices are firmer. Holders are not disposed to sell except at an advance. The sales of spring wheat patents have been at $5 25@5 75 ⅌ bbl, and favorite brands 10@25c higher. In winter wheat Patents the sales have been at $5 25@5 75, with favorites included. We quote:

Spring Wheats—Western superfine, $3 40@3 75; common extras, $3 75@4 25; medium extras, $4 25@4 50; choice extras, $4 50@4 75; spring wheat bakers, $4 40@4 85; spring wheat patents, medium and good, $5 25@5 25; good and choice, $5 35@5 50; fancy Minnesota, $5 50@5 90.

Winter Wheats—Choice Western, patents, $5 25@5 75; do common to good, $5 00@5 25; do choice Southern, $5 90@..⅌ bbl.; roller flour—St Louis and Illinois, $4 75@5 25; Ohio and Indiana, $4 75@5 15; New York, $4 65@5 00; Michigan, $4 75@5 00; Michigan stone, $4 40@4 50; winter wheat seconds, $....@.... ⅌ bbl.

Oatmeal, Western fine, $4 25@4 50; do, Western cut, $4 75@5 25; oatmeal, cut fancy brands, $....; rye flour, $3 25@4 00 ⅌ bbl; corn meal, fresh ground and kiln dried, $2 35@2 45 ⅌ bbl.

FEED.—Bran is selling at $15 25@15 50 for spring, and $16 25@16 50 ⅌ ton for winter; fine feed and middlings at $18 00@20 00 ⅌ ton, as to quality; cotton seed meal at $27 00@27 50 ⅌ ton on spot, and at $25 50 to arrive.

FRUIT.—We quote the following current rates: Almond—Soft shell, 16@18c ⅌ lb; shelled, 30@50c ⅌ lb; citron at 28@28½c, currants at 3½@4c ⅌ lb; dates in frails, 3½@4½c ⅌ lb; dates in boxes at 5@9c ⅌ lb; Turkey prunes at 3¾@..c ⅌ lb; do French, 8½@14c; Southern peanuts, 3½@6c; Smyrna figs at 15@16c ⅌ lb; lemons $2 50@7 00 ⅌ box; oranges, $4 00@5 00 ⅌ box; do Valencia, ⅌ case, $....@..... Raisins—London layers, $3 00@3 50 ⅌ box; do loose Muscatel at $2 50@2 50 ⅌ box; do Valencia, 6@9½c ⅌ lb.

HAY AND STRAW.—The hay market continues quiet, and prices have been low on all kinds except fancy. For most of the Western hay $17 is the highest selling price. Rye straw is selling at $16@17 00 ⅌ ton. We quote:

Northern and Eastern, fancy, $21 00@21 00 ⅌ ton; choice, $19 00@20 00 ⅌ ton; fair to good, $16@18 ⅌ ton; fine, $16 00@18 00 ⅌ ton; damaged, $13@15 ⅌ ton; swale hay, $11@12 ⅌ ton; Western, choice, $16 00@17 0; do, fair to good, $14@15 00; choice rye straw, $16 00@17 00 ⅌ ton; do common to good, $11 00@12 00 ⅌ ton; oat straw, $9 00@10 00 ⅌ ton.

HOPS.—Trade continues dull, and prices are weak. We quote:

New York, choice, 1885, 11@12c ⅌ lb; Eastern, do, 8@10c ⅌ lb; fair to good, 5@7c ⅌ lb.

HIDES AND SKINS.—The demand for foreign hides has been moderate, but there is a very firm tone. We quote the current rates:

Calcutta cow—Slaughter, 12½@13; dead green, 10½; buffalo, 8½@9; Buenos Ayres, 22@23c; Rio Grande, 21@21½; Montevideo, 22@23; California, 21@21½; Buenos Ayres, wet, 10@11; Western, dry, 16@18; do, wet, 9@10; Southern, dry, 15@18; do, wet, 9@10.

Goat skins—Madras, 55@60; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cape Good Hope, 24@25.

LEATHER.—The demand for Hemlock Sole is good, and prices are well sustained. Calcutta buffalo leather is steady. We quote the following current rates:

Sole—Buenos Ayres, light, 21@21½c; do middle, ..@23c; do heavy, 22@22½c; common light, 20@21c; do middle, 21½@22c; heavy, 21@22c. Upper in rough—Hemlock, 20@26½c; oak, 23@28c. Calf skins—Rough, 45@51c; finished, 60@85c; French, $1 20@2 00.

MOLASSES.—In foreign Grocery grades there is a moderate trade at previous prices. New Orleans grades are steady and in fair demand at 25@55c ⅌ gal, as to quality. In Boiling grades the market is quoted steady at 17½c ⅌ gal for 50 test. We quote:

Cienfuegos, 17@20c ⅌ gal; Barbadoes, 24@26c ⅌ gal; Porto Rico, 22@42c ⅌ gal; boiling, 50° test, 17½@..c ⅌ gal. We quote domestic, New Orleans, at 25@55c ⅌ gal.

OATS.—The market for oats is fair, and prices are about steady. We quote:

Barley, 37@38c ⅌ bush; No 1 white, ..@..c; No 2 white at 34@34½c; No 3 white at 33@33¼c; No 1 mixed at ..@32c, and No 2 mixed at 31c ⅌ bush, as to quality.

PEAS.—There is a light demand at unchanged prices. We quote:

Choice Canada, $1 10@1 15 ⅌ bush; do common, 90@95c ⅌ bush; Northern green peas, 90c@$1 00 ⅌ bush; Western do, $1 20@1 25 ⅌ bush.

POULTRY.—Choice Spring chickens command 17@19c ⅌ lb. We quote:

Northern turkeys, fresh fowls, ..@20c ⅌ lb; good to choice, 14@18c ⅌ lb; chickens, choice, 17@19c ⅌ lb; do, fair to good, 14@16; fowls, fresh killed, choice, 14@..c ⅌ lb; do common to good, 12@13c ⅌ lb; live poultry, 9@11c ⅌ lb; live chickens, 10@13c ⅌ lb. Game—Partridges, ⅌ pair, 50@75c; grouse, ⅌ pair, 60@75c.

POTATOES, VEGETABLES, ETC.—Potatoes are now arriving liberally and the market is well supplied and prices are easy. Other vegetables are in fair supply. We quote:

Potatoes—Aroostook Co, Maine, rose, 50@53c; do Central Maine, 45@48c; do New Hampshire, 45@48c ⅌ bush; do New York, 40@45c ⅌ bush; Maine Hebrons, 50@55c ⅌ bush; do Northern, 48@50c ⅌ bush. Sweet potatoes—Virginia, $1 50@2 00 ⅌ bbl; Jersey, $2@2 25 ⅌ bbl.

Cabbages, native, ⅌ 100, $5 00@8 00; tomatoes, ⅌ box, 50@75c; squash, marrow, ⅌ ton, $9 00@10 00; Onions, N. Y., ⅌ bbl, $1 75@2; do native, $2@2 25.

RYE.—The market for rye is quiet; sales have been made at 75c ⅌ bush.

SALTPETRE.—The sales of crude have been made at 4⅞@5c ⅌ lb.

STARCH.—We quote Potato starch at 3⅝@3¾c; corn, 2¾@3¼c; do choice, 4@4½c; wheat, 6@7c.

SUGAR.—The demand for raw sugars is light, but the market continues firm. We quote:

Cut loaf and cubes, 7¼c; powdered, 7⅛c; granulated, 7c; Fanueil A, 6¾c; Pembroke A, 6¼c; Cherokee A, 6⅛c; Huron A, 6c; Mohawk, ex C, 5¾c.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Gunpowder, 20@45c ⅌ lb; Imperial, 20@45c; Hyson, 14@35c; Young Hyson, 18@35c; Twankay, 10@25c; Hyson Skin, 10@25c; Congou, 10@55; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Japans, 16@33.

WOOL.—The receipts of domestic wool for the week have been 10,599 bales, against 6872 bales for the corresponding week in 1884, 7100 bales in 1883, and 9921 bales in 1882. The imports of foreign for the same time have been 102 bales, against 392 bales in 1884, 350 bales in 1883, and 103 bales in 1882.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, September 25, 1885:

Western cattle, 1410; Eastern cattle, 227; Northern, 567. Total, 2204.

Western sheep and lambs, 2420; Eastern sheep and lambs, 400; Northern sheep and lambs, 7605. Total, 10,425.

Swine, 17,339. Veals, 648. Horses, 237.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4 50 to $8 75.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, September 26.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—In fair demand at hardening prices.

COTTON.—Futures advanced, owing to Liverpool showing more strength than was expected, closing steady at 9.57c for October, 9.59c for November, 9.67c for December, 9.71c for January, 9.87c for February, 9.99c for March, 10.10c for April, 10.21c for May, 10.31c for June, and 10.39c for July. Sales, 42,000 bales. Spots steady; middling uplands, 10 1-16c; do Gulfs, 10 3-16c for old, but new offered at ⅜c below these figures. Receipts at the ports this day, 21,777 bales.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures opened very buoyant, but most of the early advance was lost in the later dealings; sales, 5,624,000 bush, at 97¼@98¼c for October, 99@$1 for November, $1 00⅝@1 01⅝ for December, $1 02¾@1 03⅜ for January, and $1 08¾@1 09½ for May. Spot wheat was firmer and fairly active, but closed dull; sales included choice amber winter, $1 01; No 2 red, in elevator, 97¾@98c; ungraded do, 80c@$1; No 2 spring quoted 91@93c. Indian corn futures firmer, with a brisk speculation, but the close is quiet; sales, 848,000 bush No 2 mixed at 48⅝@48⅞c for October, 48¾@49⅛c for November, 48@48⅛c for December, 46⅛@46¼c for January, and 46¼c for May. Spot corn was firmer, checking the export demand; the sales included white at 49@55c, as in quality; prime yellow, in elevator, 50½c, and No 2 mixed, in elevator, 48¾c. Oats were decidedly higher, with a strong speculative feeling and a brisk trade; sales, 515,000 bush, including options No 2 at 29⅝@29¾c for September, 29¾@30c for October, 30¾@31c for November, and 31½@32c for December, and on the spot, mixed, at 27½@32c, and white at 30½@40c, as in quality. After 'Change—Wheat dull: No 2 for October, 97⅞c; November, 99⅛c; December, $1 01; January, $1 02¾; May, $1 08⅝. Corn firm: No 2 mixed, for October, 48¾c; November, 49c; December, 48c; January, 46¼c; May, 46¼c. Oats firm: No 2 for September, 29¾c; October, 30c; November, 31c; December, 32c.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures were again slightly depressed; sales 9500 tcs at 6.14@6.15c for October, 6.21@6.23c for November, 6.34@6.35c for January, 6.44c for February, and 6.52c for March. After 'Change the close was at 6.14c for October, 6.21c for November, 6.26c for December, and 6.34c for January. Spot lard steady, with a moderate demand; sales 640 tcs at 6.10c for prime city, 6.20c for prime Western, and 6.50c for refined for the Continent. Pork quiet at $9 75@10 for mess. Cut meats dull and weak. Dressed hogs easier at 5¾@6¼c. Tallow in good demand at 5 5-16c. Butter dull; creamery 15@23c. Cheese firm; State factory, 6@8½c. Fresh eggs steady at 19½@21c.

GROCERIES.—Coffee on spot firm and more active; sales 1000 bags Rio and 2000 do Maracaibo, p. t.; 2500 piculs Padang part 15c; options buoyant; sales, 12,000 bags at 6.90c@6.95c for October, 6.90c for November, 6.95@7c for December, 7.05c for January, 7.10c for February, and 7.15 for March. Raw sugars dull and weak; sales, 220 hhds. muscovado, 5 1-16c; fair to good refining, quoted 5⅜@5 9-16. Refined lower; soft white, 6⅜@6⅝c.; hards, 6⅞@7¼. Molasses quiet. Rice unsettled.

PETROLEUM.—Speculation in crude certificates was light, but prices were slightly higher at the close; opening at $1, selling at $1@1 00½ and closing at $1 00¼@1 00⅜; sales, 2,920,000 bbls; clearances, 6,004,000 bbls.

NAVAL STORES.—Quiet and unchanged.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER, September 26.—The market for the past week has been quite active, and shipments, both by rail and steamer, have been large, and are moving off daily, one sailing vessel taking a full cargo of 3000 barrels of mackerel to a Southern port, the entire lot being sent by one firm. The receipts of fish at this port during the week aggregated 1,049,000 pounds of codfish, 588,000 pounds of fletched halibut, 82,000 pounds of fresh halibut, 12,000 pounds of hake, 8000 pounds of pollock, 1800 bbls Shore herring, 186 bbls halibut fins, and 3775 bbls of mackerel. For the corresponding week of last year the catch of mackerel was 12,726 bbls. Prices remain about the same, though the light receipts indicate a scarcity at the end of the season. Last sales of Shore mackerel, out of pickle, including barrel, were at $6 50, and $15, $6 75 and $4 ⅌ bbl for inspected 1s, 2s and 3s. The fresh fish market has been well supplied, and fresh halibut, by cargo, were sold today at 10c ⅌ lb for white and 6c ⅌ lb for gray. The market for salt fish remains steady at the following quotations: Georges codfish, $3 75 ⅌ qtl. for large, $3 00 ⅌ qtl for medium and small; Western and Grand bank, new, $3 00 ⅌ qtl for large, $2 00 ⅌ qtl for medium; shore codfish, $3 25 ⅌ qtl for large, $2 50 ⅌ qtl for small; trench cured, $3 50 ⅌ qtl for large, $2 50 ⅌ qtl for small. Cusk are $2 50 ⅌ qtl.; haddock, $2 5; pollock, $1 50@1 75; hake, $2 25. Slack-salted pollock, $2 50; boneless and prepared fish, 4c ⅌ lb; Grand bank and Georges boneless, 4½@7¾c; hake, haddock and cusk, boneless, 3@4c ⅌ lb; scaled herring, 15c ⅌ box; No. 1 herring, 12c ⅌ box; smoked alewives, 80c ⅌ 100; smoked halibut, 8½@9½c ⅌ lb; new smoked mackerel, 8c ⅌ lb; salmon, $11 ⅌ bbl; eastern round herring, $3 00@4.75 ⅌ bbl.; Nova Scotia split herring, $4 50 ⅌ bbl.; Labrador split herring, $3 75 ⅌ bbl.; new shore herring, $2 50@3 00 ⅌ bbl.; trout, $11 ⅌ bbl.; pickled codfish, $3 50 ⅌ bbl.; haddock, $3 00 ⅌ bbl.; halibut heads, $3 50 ⅌ bbl.; codfish tongues and sounds, $10 50 ⅌ bbl.; tongues, $6; sounds, $12; new trimmed halibut fins, $11 ⅌ bbl; alewives, $6 50. Fish oils—Pure medicine oil, 85c ⅌ gal.; crude medicine oil, 55c ⅌ gal.; blackfish oil, 40@50c ⅌ gal.; cod oil, 35@40c.; porgie oil, 30@..c ⅌ gal.; shore, 40c ⅌ gal.; porgie scrap, $12 ⅌ ton; fish do., $9; liver do., $6.

In Doubt About the Boundary Line.

OTTAWA, September 28.—Recent discovery of gold in the vicinity of the imaginary boundary line dividing British Columbia from Alaska has led the people of that Province to once more press their claim on the Dominion government to have the boundary definitely determined. It is represented that unless this is done serious complications may arise, as it is impossible at present for those locating mining claims to ascertain whether they are in British or United States territory. Any step in this direction will have to be carried out jointly with the United States government, who will probably be asked to co-operate with the Dominion government in definitely fixing the boundary at an early date.

A Glimpse of One Woman's Character.

[Burlington Free Press.]

A New Haven sea captain, who has been forty-three years of his life at sea, can't go to sleep unless his wife dashes water against his bedroom window. Bet he doesn't get much sleep.

Too Bad About the Cartridge.

[New York Graphic.]

There is one less Digger Indian in California than there was a week ago. He bit off the end of a dynamite cartridge. There is also one less dynamite cartridge.

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HAPPY HUMORISTS

Alex. Sweet, J. S. Phillips, W. J. Henderson

And the Meek Apostle of Humor, Bill Nye,

Contribute to Globe Readers' Delectation.

Tom Finlay's Horse—A Bovine Paradox.

Monkeying with the Mazy—Ode to Eulalie.

TOM FINLAY'S HORSE.

BY ALEXANDER SWEET, EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS.

[Copyright, 1885, by S. S. McClure.]

Everybody in Galveston knows Tom Finlay and his big bay trotting horse, Sam. Finlay is a jolly sort of a man, who always makes the best of everything. He never allows himself to become discouraged under any circumstances whatever. In fact, when he meets with any reverse, it seems to have a stimulating effect upon him.

Not long since he was walking down the Strand, the business street of Galveston, when he met his friend Jim Barnes. I may mention incidentally that both Finlay and Barnes were cotton brokers and members of the Cotton Exchange.

"I say, Barnes, don't you want to buy my horse, Sam? I'll let you have him chean."

"Why do you want to sell him?"

"In the first place, I need money. I've just got to have it. In the second place, Sam is not quite fast enough to suit me."

"I do want a horse for my family carriage. Is he gentle?"

"He is the gentlest horse you ever saw. You can't make him run away. There's nothing frisky about him."

"Does he kick?"

"If he kicks I'll give you your money back. Why, you can't make that horse kick."

"How about shying?"

"If he ever shies with you, just come round and I'll give you $500."

"Don't he shy when the locomotive passes him?"

"Not an inch; I'd as soon expect to see the locomotive fly off the track."

"Will he stand without tying?"

"He don't require any tying whatever."

"I guess he's one of those horses that eat their heads off in about a month. I expect he holds as much corn as a corn crib, and it will about bankrupt a man to feed him. That's the way it is with all these high-stepping horses."

"Nothing of the kind; no horse can eat less corn than Sam."

"How much do you want for the animal?"

"I'll take $200. If I didn't have to get rid of him money couldn't buy him."

As this price was very reasonable, Barnes said:

"I'll go to the stable with you and look at him, and if he comes up to what you say about him I'll take him."

"If he doesn't come up to what I've claimed for him I'll not expect you to buy him."

Together they went to the livery stable, and the first thing they saw in the stable yard was Sam, lying on the ground, stark and stiff. He had died during the night of colic, as his owner was well aware.

"Now, Barnes," said Finlay, "here is your horse. If he does not come up to what I've claimed for him it is no sale. I think you will admit that he is about as gentle as ever a horse gets to be. A child can hold him in, and if he ever shies again I'll eat him. He does not need tying. He will not cost you much for horse feed. No horse can eat much less than this noble animal."

"Well, this is the worst sell that I have experienced during the course of my whole—I shall insist on putting up the wine, but you just keep quiet about it. I don't want to be the only real big fool in Galveston. I'll sell that horse again."

As they were walking away from the stable, whom should they meet but Colonel Wade.

"Well, gentlemen where are you going?" he asked.

"I've just been to inspect my new purchase. I've bought Finlay's fine bay horse, Sam. I bought him to accomodate Finlay here. You can have him if you want him," said Barnes.

"How much do you want for him?"

"Two hundred dollars."

Wade thought that Barnes really needed the money, otherwise he would not sell the horse so cheap, but business is business. If Barnes had been speculating in cotton futures and lost, that was no affair of his. He said: "If the horse is gentle and don't eat too much I may take him for $175, provided he will go in a wagon without kicking."

Once more the procession formed and moved toward the livery stable. When they got there four negroes were busy putting Sam into a wagon to remove him outside the city limits.

"There," said Barnes, triumphantly, "I knew he would go in a wagon without kicking. If you think he will kick tickle him with a straw."

"Gentlemen," said the last purchaser of Sam, "there is only one thing more to be done, and that is to keep quiet about this swindle, that it does not get into the papers."

QUATRAINS.

The Book Agent.

BY J. S. PHILLIPS.—COPYRIGHTED 1885.

His shirt and his cheek are both stiffened with starch;
He smiles in the face of the door that you slam;
In some ways he's like the proverbial March—
He comes in with a lie-on, goes out with a lam.

A Bovine Paradox.

To *steer* from fear's a *bully* thing;
You should not be too dareful;
Though you should not be *cow*-ardly,
At least you should be *calf*-ful.

A Very Rude Man.

"He killed his wife," said Jones to his wife.

"For mercy's sake!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed, not only that, but he sold her body to a medical college. What do you think of that?"

"Think of it? Why—why I think a man who would treat his wife that way is no gentleman."

MONKEYING WITH THE MAZY.

BY BILL NYE—COPYRIGHT 1885.

Very soon now I shall be strong enough on my cyclonic leg to resume my lessons in waltzing. It is needless to say that I look forward with great pleasure to that moment. Nature intended that I should glide in the mazy. Tall, lithe, bald-headed, genial, limber in the extreme, suave, soulful, frolicsome at times, yet dignified and reserved toward strangers, light on the foot—on my own foot, I mean—gentle as a woman at times, yet irresistible as a tornado when insulted by a smaller, I am peculiarly fitted to shine in society. Those who have observed my polished brow under a strong electric light say that they never saw a man shine so in society as I do.

I had just learned how to reel around a ball-room to a little waltz music, when I was blown across the State of Mississippi in September last by a high wind, and broke one of my legs which I use in waltzing. When this accident occurred, I had just got where I felt at liberty to choose a glorious being with starry eyes and fluffy hair and magnificently moulded form to steer me around the rink to the dreamy music of Strauss. One young lady, with whom I had waltzed a good deal, when she heard that my leg was broken, began to attend every dancing party she could hear of, although she had declined a great many previous to that. I asked her how she could be so giddy and so gay while I was suffering. She said she was doing it to drown her sorrow, but her little brother told me on the quiet that she was dancing while I was sick because she felt perfectly safe.

My wife taught me how to waltz. She would teach me on Saturdays and repair her skirts during the following week. I told her once that I thought I was too brainy to dance. She said she hadn't noticed that, but she thought I seemed to run too much to legs. My wife is not timid about telling me anything that she thinks will be for my good. When I make a mistake she is perfectly frank with me, and comes right to me and tells me about it so that I won't do so again.

A friend of mine says I have a pronounced and distinctly original manner of waltzing, and that he never saw anybody, with one exception, who waltzed as I did, and that was Jumbo. He claimed that either one of us would be a good dancer if he could have the whole ring to himself. He said that he would like to see Jumbo and me waltz together if he were not afraid that I would step on Jumbo and hurt him. You can see what a feeling of jealous hatred it arouses in some small minds when a man gets so that he can mingle in good society and enjoy himself.

I could waltz more easily if the rules did not require such a constant change of position. I am sedentary in my nature, slow to move about, so that it takes a lady of great strength of purpose to pull me around on time. I had a partner once who said I was very easy to waltz with. She moved about with wonderful ease and a poetic motion that made my legs stand out at an angle of 45° when we turned the corners. She told me to trust her implicitly and she would see that I got around on time. My feet only touched the floor three times during the dance, and one arm has been a little longer than the other ever since that time. Most of the other dancers left the floor and watched us with great interest. Finally I asked her if she didn't want to sit down and fan herself till I could get her a glass of water. She said no, she didn't feel fatigued at all, and then proceeded to whirl me around some more. It makes me shudder yet to think of it. Every time the old bass viol would "zzzt, zzzt, zzzt," she would scrunch my shoulder blades together and swing me around like a wet rag. I then asked her if she would not be kind enough to take me home to my parents. I looked her in the eye and begged her to remember her father. He, too, was a man.

"Ah," said I, "do not take advantage of your great strength. Perhaps you have a brother. How would you like to have him fall into the hands of a strong woman and be kidnapped so that you would never see his dear face again?"

She then relented and lead me to a seat. I told her that my friend who had introduced us had not pronounced her name distinctly; might I ask her once more, so that we could some day dance again? She smiled joyously and gave me a large, stiff, thick, blue card, and left the room. It read as follows:

Sec..... Row..... Seat..... Retain this check as it secures your seat.	LULU HURST. ADMIT ONE.

ODE TO A DEFUNCT BULL-TERRIER.

[BY W. J. HENDERSON—COPYRIGHT 1885.]

None knew thee but to fear thee,
Eulalie;
A cat durst not go near thee,
Eulalie.
Thine eye was ever kind—
The eye that had gone blind—
And you loved me—in your mind—
Eulalie.

None knew thee but to leave thee,
Eulalie;
No wise man e'er would grieve thee,
Eulalie.
I'll drop a tear of sorrow
On thy grave each sad tomorrow
For the meals you used to borrow
From off me,
Eulalie;

But, alas! they soon will pot thee,
For the sausage man has got thee,
Eulalie;
Yes, he's got thee
And they'll pot thee,
Eulalie.

LABOUCHERE ON HIS TRAVELS.

Entertaining Description of a Ride in a French Railway Carriage.

[London Truth.]

In my run to Trouville they so ordered things that I tumbled into a compartment in which there were a lot of alling people, who had the corners at the windows, and were so able to keep them open or shut as they pleased. They did the latter, and the heat was stifling. My olfactory nerves were as much tortured as if I were a prisoner in a chemist's shop. A bourgeois next me was holding ether to his nose, and dashing it up his nostrils. He was in the door corner to my right, with his back to the engine. The minute care which he took about his small comforts made me long to be among the Kalmucks, or red Indians. He first, after he had sniffed his ether for about ten minutes, rummaged in his dressing-case for a flannel cap, which he drew on his head and down to his eyebrows; then he laid on a newspaper spread on his knees some phials and lumps of sugar, after which he removed his boots and slipped his feet into list shoes. The lumps of sugar were to be saturated with pharmaceutical drops from phials and swallowed.

A lady on my other side, who was neither young nor old, had a migraine or nervous headache. She doffed her bonnet, and, folding a handkerchief, bound it tightly round her forehead. Then, with a spray-producing apparatus, she damped her head frequently with camphorated and alcoholized water. A second lady, who was elderly and the mother of the one beside me, had a swollen cheek to which she applied wadding saturated with a liquid containing chloroform. Her husband sucked peppermint lozenges to comfort his stomach, and asked over and over again whether Trouessan's chlorine drops were not forgotten. He and his relations to defend their ears against courants d'air, plugged them with oil wool. A femme de chambre had in charge a whining lapdog, which, after we started, she took out of a basket, into which it was stuffed again as we drew near a halting place. The brute was out of health. As I am not Zola, I shall not attempt to describe its symptoms.

Opposed to the Typewriter.

[New York Telegram.]

A Cincinnati girl shook her best young man because in his correspondence with her he used a typewriter. The girl was right. Typewriters are often manipulated by young ladies, and how did this girl know but that her letters were dictated to a rival who had much amusement in jotting them down. When a man has a girl he owes it to her to take enough time to write to her in his own hand. There is not a girl alive who would tie up a bundle of letters written by a type machine with a blue ribbon and put it away in her bureau drawer. The typewriter is not romantic. It is all business.

Fashionable Kissing.

[Ell Perkins in Whitehall Times.]

I have been investigating the fashionable woman's kiss lately and find it to be an empty delusion. It is a flimsy fraud. I find women do not kiss at all. When our party left Saratoga to come to Lake George I watched fifteen fashionable young ladies as they "kissed their lady friends good-by," but there was not one genuine kiss in the whole crowd. The young ladies walked up to each other, held noses on ears, and cheeks on cheeks for two seconds, then gently separate like two billiard balls. There was no osculation and no smack. They were all cold, billiard-ball kisses. Such kisses may suit women, but they are not the kisses to suit a man. A man would not be a party to any such deception. Think of a young man going ten miles to see his sweetheart, and, when he kissed her good-by, was foolish enough to simply touch her cheek and hold his nose for two seconds against her ear!

CHASED BY A CYCLONE.

The Terrible Black Cloud Crashing Through a Ravine in the Far Wilds of Colorado.

[Colorado Letter in New York Post.]

Within a few rods of the opening of the gulch I heard a roar as of oncoming wind. Nan cried out again to her horse, the animal lurched forward yet faster, and in a moment we were all entering the ravine. It was extremely uneven ground, and covered by broken, sharp stones. My sister and I were watching Nan; she slipped off the saddle and hurriedly motioned to us to do the same. The instant we were dismounted the horses scrambled rapidly forward further into the gulch, and we did the same, Nan now in the rear, and driving us along. That night I found my shoes cut, and a gash in my foot, but I did not feel the wound when I received it. While we were thus hurrying to get to the deepest shelter of the gully, the roar above us was awful, and was increasing every moment. It reverberated strangely through the ravine. We could not have heard a word had we spoken. We all stopped simultaneously and looked at each other. They were two very white faces that I saw, with strained, frightened eyes. Nan made a movement with her head that we were not to go on, and we crouched down against the rocky sides of the earth. The next instant Emma leaned heavily upon me and silently pointed upward toward the chasm's opening, where we had entered. The black cloud was just going past our point of vision, it had dilated to twice its former size, but still retained its cylinder shape. It it could be possible, it was more dense than ever, and boiling in its blackness. Balls of fire sped back and forth in the air; or my sight was under a hallucination to that effect. All the phenomena seemed to have their centre in that cone of black cloud. The strangest, the most awful thing of all that fearful experience was what I saw now. Behind that black cloud, whether following or driving it I know not, came a tall column, intense, most dazzling white—a pillar of glory, growing every instant more like a pillar of fire, and soon appearing to control the inky shape. The raving noise was now at its height. In a moment the two mysterious shapes had passed from our contracted line of vision; they marched on, destroying as they went. The crash of timber along a stream not far off, the cannonading of the thunder, which had now opened its forces, and above all the overwhelming roar of the wind, made us shrink and cower closer together. A fiercer blast caused us to throw ourselves flat on the stony ground, grasping at each other's hands. So ignorant was I that I believed at the time that we were in the full power of the tornado, instead of being comparatively sheltered by the walls of the gulch. Afterward I knew that we could hardly have saved our lives had we not been able to reach this ravine. Once I felt a touch on my head, from which my hat had long since gone. I found that it was one of the horses. They had all come back from their first run up the gulch to be near us; the three stood huddled close by, when we had a chance to look.

THE NERVE-STARTER.

This Man Ought to be Sent to Chicago or St. Louis.

[Waif.]

A certain wretch in this city takes pleasure in practises a little short of fiendish. His field of operations is generally in street cars, and his tactics are apparently very innocent, inasmuch as they consist in merely casting his eyes upon the ground. His delight is to enter a street car, one side of which at least is well filled with ladies. He will seat himself on the opposite side of the car and commence his persecution, which is all the more cruel because there is nothing tangible to resent. With his hands innocently folded in his lap he will begin to look intently on the floor at the end of the seat opposite. Of course, the woman in that corner, be she young or old, buxom or scrawny, bold or modest, will at once become conscious of her feet. Not daring to look down, she will feel certain there is something wrong, and first one foot will twitch, shift uneasily its position, draw back as far as the seat will let it, seek the companionship of its mate, both of them will squirm in the vain endeavor of each to hide behind the other, and finally, in agonized desperation the unhappy woman will drape her skirts in a manner known only to the sex, so that neither foot is visible. Then the tormentor will shift his eyes and begin on a new pair of feet. When his destination is at a great enough distance he has been known to work this little game until every woman in the car has the appearance of being minus her pedal extremities, and is in a state bordering on desperation. Tar and feathers are too good for such a fiend.

A NOVEL JAIL.

How the Prisoners are Kept Secure in an Iron Cylinder.

[Omaha Bee.]

Omaha has just finished a new jail, built on an entirely original new plan, which is a novelty well worth visiting. The peculiar feature of the jail, which marks it as different from any other, is that the cells are arranged in the form of a great iron cylinder, which revolves about so that only one cell is at the opening at any one time. This cylinder is three stories high, there being ten cells on each floor. Its weight is forty-five tons, and this ponderous weight is hung from above, instead of turning on a track below. The strangest part of the arrangement is that the great cylinder can be turned by a simple crank with very little force, a man with his left hand moving it readily. When all is complete it is the intention to have a little water motor in the basement, and then by simply moving a lever the cylinder will be set rotating. It is suggested that when there are prisoners who it is feared may be trying to cut out the cylinder can by a motor be easily kept moving slowly all night, so that the prisoners do not remain long enough in one place to do any mischief, or even to crawl out if they had made a partial break.

It seems that prisoners have little chance for escape from this new jail. A cage of iron bars completely surrounds the cylinder in which the cells are. The entrance on each floor is guarded by two doors. The officer standing outside does not have to unlock even the first door, but can swing the cylinder around until the cell appears in which is the desired prisoner, and then by a simple movement the inner door is opened and the prisoner can step out of his cell. Then the officer can open the other door and let the man out, but the other prisoners are way beyond any possible reach of the officer, and it is impossible for them to make any break on him while he is taking a man out or putting one in. He can handle any number of men in the same way, and they cannot get within reach of him until he chooses to let them.

To the Point.

[Life.]

Enthusiastic Young Lady—Is that boat the Gracie, Mr. Smith? And that the Fanny? And that lovely, long, white, thin yacht the Ileen? What pretty names! Do they name them after their sisters—or—or their friends, Mr. Smith?

Mr. S.—Yes; generally after their friends. Sisters very seldom have pretty names.

Y. L.—Have you a yacht, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith—No, but I am building one now.

Y. L.—And what is her name?

Mr. S.—She hasn't any. I thought of calling her after you, if you would not be ashamed of her.

Y. L.—Oh, how lovely! My name is Elizabeth, you know. What will you call her? Lizzie, or Bessie, or just Bess?

Mr. S.—I didn't think of any of those names. I think I would rather call her the Mrs. Elisha Smith.

She Was Safe.

[Chicago News.]

Boston girl—Gawge, I see the papers say that small-pox was brought to Boston by a kiss.

"Yaas, I nawticed that."

Long vacuum of silence.

"Gawge, have you been exposed to small-pox?"

"Naw. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only I thought I'd tell you I've been vaccinated."

The Burglar's Presence of Mind.

[London Tid-Bits.]

Hearing a noise at night Jones descends with a lighted candle and discovers a burglar escaping with a full sack. "Hello!" he cries, "come back, you!" "Eh, what?" returns the burglar; "ah, yes, the silver candlestick! Permit me." He takes it from the hand of the astonished Jones and puts it into his bag. "Ten thousand thanks. Have I forgotten anything else?"

DEAD ON HIS POST.

A Rebel Spy's Life Saved by a Vidette's Death.

Thrilling Adventure of a Southern Scout Within the Union Lines.

Recognized by an Old Acquaintance and Hunted Down.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There are few men and women in the country who don't remember that cold New Year's day which ushered in 1863. Horses chilled and died in the camps in Virginia, and men as far South as Charleston had their feet frost-bitten.

I was then scouting the Rappahannock along Burnside's front. In the last days of December I crossed the stream about six miles above Fredericksburg, evaded the Yankee picket, and spent two days in the Union camps. I was handy with the shears and razor, and I went from tent to tent as a soldier barber. As I had on a Federal uniform I was a spy instead of a scout, and arrest meant death meted out in the promptest manner. While I was not insensible to this fact, I nevertheless took matters in such an outwardly cool manner that I was never once questioned, and no suspicions were aroused until just before I intended to leave camp of my own accord.

I shaved only officers, and in the two days I picked up considerable money and quite a little information—enough, anyhow, to prove that the great Federal army was preparing for permanent winter quarters, and that no cavalry raids were planning for a dash at the south shore.

About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the second day I was called upon to shave a lieutenant of artillery,

Whom I at Once Recognized

as a former cizizen of Atlanta. He was of Northern birth, and as soon as the war broke out he left Georgia for the North. I had lived in Atlanta for a year previous to the war, being engaged in blacksmithing, and I remembered that this man—a Mr. Tayler—was a patron of our shop. I was a journeyman, and I could not remember whether we had ever spoken. Three years must have changed me somewhat, and I felt that my chances of being identified by him were very slim.

Nevertheless I had not finished the operation of lathering when the lieutenant quietly remarked:

"When did you leave Atlanta?"

"Atlanta?"

"Yes."

"Why, sir, Atlanta is in Georgia, and still in the hands of the rebels."

"I know it!"

"But I was never there."

"Oh!"

Did he recognize me? If he thought he did my only way was to bluff him. He kept

Searching My Face With His Black Eyes,

and as I got ready to shave him he continued:

"Old Peters, your boss, was a pretty good fellow. He came near buying my house on Peachtree street."

"Sir!" I said, as I stood back and looked him in the face, "I may resemble some one you saw in Atlanta, but I am a resident of Lancaster, N. Y., and belong to the Twelfth Infantry."

"Umph!" he grunted.

There was no further conversation between us. Had I bluffed him off? While I hoped so, I had my doubts. As I left the tent he looked after me in a manner full of danger, and I at once determined to leave the locality. I started at once, and dodging around tents and huts, and turning up this street and down that I was soon half a mile away.

If the lieutenant suspected me, what would he do? Men might be sent out to dog me. As I passed an empty tent, the owners of which were on guard or detail, the idea came to me to disguise myself. In a brief ten minutes I had my whiskers off, and with a bit of coal had blackened my eyebrows and produced a decided change in my appearance. I was only well out of the tent when a corporal and two men halted me, looked into my face, and the corporal said:

"We don't want you—go on."

Did They Want the Rebel Spy?

I was in hot water, and the best way out was to leave the camp. I threw my barber's outfit into a ditch, and, assuming to be jolly drunk, made my way towards the river. It was easy enough to pass the camp guards, but the outer pickets and videttes were a different set of men. I found, too, that the pickets were on the alert, probably having received orders from headquarters, and as night shut down the weather changed to a cold rain with a north wind.

My attempt to pass out where I had come in was a failure. The pickets had been doubled, and twice I was shot at as I almost ran upon the men. I kept working up the stream, hoping all the time to find an opening, and the weather kept growing colder. The rain changed to hail and sleet, and by 10 o'clock my clothes were so stiff with ice that I could scarcely bend a limb. It was useless to attempt anything in this condition, and after a weary search in the darkness I found shelter in a thicket and determined to wait for an abatement of the storm.

Within an hour I was little better than a chunk of ice, but I hung on until midnight, my teeth chattering,

My Blood Turning to Ice,

and the bitter cold biting away at my ears until they had no more feeling than blocks of wood. I must get out of that or freeze to death, but when I attempted to leave the thicket I fell down, rolled over, and had the hardest kind of task to get upon my feet and start my legs in motion. My pace was a sort of hobble, and my sufferings were such that I headed direct for the river, determined to surrender to the first picket I encountered.

How I passed the infantry pickets I know not, but when within a few rods of the stream I came upon a horse standing under a tree. He was saddled and bridled, but had his head down, and was shaking and groaning with the cold. Not two rods away was his rider—the vidette. The man had dismounted to thrash his arms about, and, overcome by the drowsiness which I had fought off with desperation for the last two hours, had sat down and fallen asleep and had probably frozen to death. His knees were drawn up, his head down, and the hood of his overcoat was drawn over his face. I laid my hand on his shoulder, but he did not move. I gave him a push and he rolled over like a stone.

I went back to the horse and led him up and down until we had thrown off the lethargy and produced a circulation, and then I climbed into the saddle and urged him into the river. It was the coldest passage man or horse ever made, but I got safe into Secessia with the steed and his outfit, and had obtained all the information I was sent to collect.

The Colonel's Idea of a Duel.

[Argonaut.]

Old Colonel Smith was an odd genius and a great joker. One evening at a party a young gentleman, upon whom the colonel had told some cutting joke, feeling himself insulted, challenged the colonel to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted. Having the choice of weapons and the appointment of the place of meeting, the colonel told the young man to repair the following morning at 6 o'clock to a certain spot, and added "that he would see that the weapons were there." The following morning, at the appointed time, the young man repaired to the identical spot; said spot, being among the lead mines, was naturally furrowed with mineral holes. "Well, sir," said the colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets, "are you ready?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "Here's where we are to fight," indicating a mineral shaft near by, which was at least sixty feet deep, "and here's our weapons," pointing to a pile of rocks. "You are to go down that hole and throw rock up; I'm to stay up here and throw rocks down." It is needless to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

Washerwomen of Etretat.

[Normandy letter in Memphis Avalanche.]

One of the curious features of Etretat is the washerwomen. There is a subterranean stream here, which, at high tide, fills all the cisterns with a sweet fresh water, and leaves them dry at low tide. This river empties into the sea at the base of a high cliff to the south of the place. When it is low tide the washerwomen go down to this place with their clothes. With a wooden shovel they scoop out a hole by pushing aside the stones, and behold a well of fresh water, a natural wash-tub, always full of pure, fresh water. Nature has provided them a model wash-house. They may seen by the dozen washing away among the stones, for at a distance no water can be seen. In fact, one may walk directly over the bed of "La Fountain," as the stream is called, and not know it, but push away the stones and there you have the water, fresh and pure. After the linen is washed, it is spread out on the beach to dry, the corner being held down with stones to keep them from flying away. Here is a very pretty subject for some poet's pen.

CAR "NO. 99."

A Street Railway "Flying Dutchman" that Puzzled the Quaker City Railroad Men—The Mystery Explained.

[Philadelphia Call.]

During the past year conductors, drivers and officials connected with nearly every street railway line in the city have been frequently puzzled to account for the appearance of a mysterious car upon their tracks. It was generally about the time the theatres were over and in the early morning and evening when people were going to and retiring from work, and was always well filled. When it first made its appearance the drivers and conductors thought that it was an extra car put on to accommodate the rush, and for a long time no notice was taken of it. Finally conductors who made late time would report at the office that "car No. 99," just ahead of them, "loafed and kept us standing for half an hour," or "one of car 99's horses fell down," or a similar excuse, in each case laying the blame on "car No. 99." An investigation would discover that in the majority of cases No. 99 had not been out of the depot that night, or if out at all had reported on regular schedule time. The officials concluded that "car No. 99" was nothing but a myth," and dubbed it the "Flying Dutchman." It was regarded as an invention of the drivers and conductors, who wished to account in some reasonable way for their laziness.

The latter class, however, swear that the mysterious corporation on wheels was no myth. They had seen it too often, and it was always described as a plain yellow car, with the figures "99" painted on its sides, together with "Fairmount Park," "Germantown," etc. It has been known to disappear in the most surprising manner, and could turn off the tracks of one company on to those of another without regard to switches. Thus it would be seen on three or four lines in one night. Conductors would be frequently accosted by the remark: "I see you have a five-cent fare car on at nights and in the mornings now," by some passengers. On the conductor's expressed ignorance, the passenger would astonish him by telling him that he "rode in a car on this line the other night that only charged five cents fare." In many cases the passengers could not remember the number of the car, but others would answer that it was "99." Efforts were made to fathom the mystery of "99," but they failed in every case, as the vehicle seemed a veritable ignis fatuus, and could never be cornered. During the past month or two it has disappeared entirely from the tracks, much to the relief of the drivers, who began to regard it with superstitious awe.

It now transpires that an enterprising genius, who formerly lived in comparative poverty with his wife in the lower section of the city, was the proprietor of the supposed "Flying Dutchman." He conceived the idea about two years ago, but was a year building the car and getting everything in operation. The car was stored in his side yard, which immediately adjoins a large lot, and it would be run in here and carefully covered over after the trips were finished each night. The neighborhood is rather lonely, though tracks run in the vicinity. It was only on condition that no names or residences would be published that the story was furnished to a Call reporter. The genius acted as a driver, while his wife, dressed in man's clothes, and labelled with a "dummy" behind him, so as not to excite suspicion, officiated as conductor and collected the fares, which were invariably but five cents for one person. In consequence of this popular rate the car would at all times when running be well crowded, and the couple fairly coined money. Though many people who rode on it could not account for the five-cent fare, yet their suspicions were not aroused, and they never dreamed the truth or noticed that the vehicle contained no license. Others knew all about it, but said nothing. For over a year this was kept up, and the car was run on any track which best suited the couple, though care was taken to avoid the railway depots of the various lines. Then the couple, having made $30,000 out of the venture, withdrew the car from the tracks and destroyed it. They are now living in affluence downtown, and only a few of the neighbors are aware of the means whereby they gained their competency. Their success is only another argument in favor of the five-cent fare, and shows the enormous profits which will accrue from a laudable desire to serve the public, coupled with enterprise and ingenuity.

TWO GIRLY-GIRLIES.

The Romance of a Hammock Rudely Dispelled by a Practical Man.

[Philadelphia News.]

Humbug permeates life, even in its politest circumstances. A hammock hung in the rear verandah of a suburban residence. One end was considerably higher than the other. The occupant of the graceful couch at the beginning of my visit was the eldest daughter of the family, a round and roseate creature, whom I had previously deemed rather too material for unqualified admiration, but now she looked positively beautiful, as she lay picturesquely disposed, with her head lying on one bent arm at the higher end of the hammock, and her feet dangling barely visible over the side at the lower portion. Pretty soon her half-sister took possession of the hammock, but in a reverse position, her head being below the level of her heels. Strange to say, she also appeared to better advantage than usual. The yellow, bilious pallor commonly hurting her complexion was somewhat abated by faint tinge of pink, and I marvelled much. Then I asked wherein lay the magic of that hammock.

"I don't wish to enchant you," was the reply, "and so will tell you all about it. You notice that the hammock is hung with one end up and the other down. That's not done for comfort, except such as arises in a girl from the consciousness that she is prettier than usual. My sister is fat and full-blooded. She lies here with her face elevated, so that the blood runs out of her cheeks, and for the time her complexion is just about the right thing. I'm too bloodless in the visage, you know, and so I pose in the hammock t'other end to, making the blood settle into my face instead of draining out of it, inducing mild vertigo, you understand, and thus produce a rosiness that I can't hope for when standing or sitting."

Texas Literature.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Texas papers only want encouragement to induce them to supply the home demand for the romantic literature. Observe this specimen from the Gatesville Sun:

'Tis night;
In Gatesville.
The moon is overcast—
Bully for the moon.
Lycurgus and Opedeldoc.
Two cats—
Thomas cats—
A man upon the woodshed roof.
Lycurgus, with tail unfurled and tail uplifted high in the air, comes on with back upent and yawls portentous.
Ditto as to Opedeldoc.
Now, immortal gods, look on!
They buckle to!
Spit! Spit!! Spit!!!
Biff!!!!
Hark!—
A window is lifted, and a wild-eyed man appears with a musket in hand—
Bang!!
Scamper Lycurgus and Opedeldoc from the woodshed roof, crying:
"Saved!"
"Saved!!"
But the man—On, where was he?—
Kicked clear across the hall into the next room.
Musket hadn't been fired since the war.
Finis.

Bad on the Dear Girls.

[New York Sun.]

"That ring," said the jeweller, as the reporter picked up a seven-stone cluster diamond, "will cost you $12. If you return it within six months you will receive a rebate of $5." "What! Only $12 for a cluster diamond ring!" exclaimed the astonished scribe. "I said $12," was the calm reply. "Here (lifting out another tray) is the mate to it—price $180." "Enlighten me," pleaded the reporter. "I will; although it is odd that you haven't caught on to this little game. The American is a hustler in all things. If he falls in love he goes with the same rush that would characterize a business transaction. He wants to be engaged and have the day set, but in perhaps three cases out of ten his ardor cools before the fatal day arrives, and he 'throws' the match." "I see." "He has given the girl an engagement ring. He can scarcely muster up the cheek to ask for its return, and the chances are that he wouldn't get it if he did. This cluster diamond ring at $12 fills a want long felt. The gold-plating will wear for six months, and the paste diamonds will sparkle and glisten for about the same length of time. If at the end of six months he discovers that his feelings have changed he breaks off the match, and is little or nothing out of pocket. If time has only welded his love the firmer, so to speak, he gets the spurious ring from her to have their initials engraved on the inside, and comes here and exchanges it for the simon-pure. See? It is a little trick of our own; but the jewellers of Boston, Philadelphia and other cities are catching on and stealing our customers."

THE SPIRIT LIFE.

Death and Entrance Into the Other World.

Graphic Story of a Man Who Died But Afterward Was Restored.

Desperately Clinging to Life—A Queer Experience.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"Do I believe that there is an existence after death? Most assuredly, for I was dead myself once, and know that I retained my identity after the spark of life had left the body. Don't look alarmed, I am not crazy, and will tell you my story if you care to listen."

The person who had so calmly uttered the foregoing remarkable words had not the appearance of an escaped lunatic. He was a tall, spare man, past the meridian of life, gray-haired and unmistakably a gentleman. His deep-set gray eyes met the startled gaze of a reporter, to whom he had addressed himself, calmly and without wavering.

"It is a strange tale," he continued, "and I sometimes think it all a dream, a mere fantasy, but the testimony of others assures me that it is a reality. In the spring of 187— I was thrown from the back of a horse and dragged some distance over the frozen earth. Picked up unconcious, I was taken home and medical aid at once summoned. The physicians could discover no outward indications of serious injury, and applied various restoratives to bring me back to consciousness, but in vain. I remained in a comatose condition bordering on catalepsy for several days. I have no recollection of anything that occurred during this period. The first sensation I experienced after being hurled violently to the ground on the day of the accident was that peculiar feeting one sometimes has in the transition between sleeping and waking. I tried to rouse myself, but could not shake off the delicious lethargy which bound me hand and foot. Through half-closed eyelids I saw my wife and a stranger—who, I have since learned, was the nurse—by the bedside. I spoke, but from the expression on the faces of the watchers I knew that my words were inaudible. Then a look of alarm spread over the face of my wife.

'He is Dying,' I Heard Her Say,

and she flew swiftly from the room. There was a sound of many footsteps and much confusion in an adjoining chamber. A physician, with whom I had long been on intimate terms, entered and came quickly to my bedside. In as emphatic a manner as possible I informed him that I was not only not dying, but was feeling quite well. To my disgust and astonishment, he paid not the slightest attention to what I said, and I asked, rather petulantly, if he and the family had entered into a conspiracy against me, and were trying to make it appear that I was dangerously ill. Still no reply. I was astonished. My wife and two daughters, my sister, the nurse and Dr. —— were all gathered about my bedside, and not one of them gave any evidence that my voice had been heard. Indeed, in all their faces I saw the most acute anguish. My wife knelt by the side of the bed, and, taking my hand in hers, wept aloud. My two daughters were on either side of her, both in tears. The physician, with his fingers on my pulse, regarded me sorrowfully.

"What did it all mean? A sudden thought flashed upon me—'I am dying, and this is death!' No, that was impossible, for I was free from pain, and was not conscious of any bodily discomfort. Still that peculiar lethargic sensation puzzled me. It was entirely different from anything I had experienced before. And it was growing on me. My whole body seemed to be lifted up and away from material objects. I could speak, but evidently my voice could not be heard. What cared I if this was death? Dying was a pleasure! Then all the events of my life flitted through my mind. The good, the bad, the indifferent stalked by in solemn procession, and I remember now that I was rather pleased to observe that the good deeds were more numerous than I would have believed. 'I can't be such a very bad fellow, after all,' I murmured. But, oh! what an army of iniquities hailed me as their author! I was a tremendous sinner, after all, I thought. Strange that

I Never Thought of Praying.

The idea of God, or heaven, or eternal happiness or everlasting damnation never came to me once. Now I began to realize that it was difficult for me to breathe. There seemed to be a heavy weight on my chest, and a buzzing in my ears. I struggled against this mightily. Then I thought myself falling—down, down, down. I cleft the air like an arrow. If you have ever had the sensation of falling from a great height in your dreams, you can realize how horrible it is. At last my descent was arrested; I hovered in air as though I had the gift of wings. A shock as from a galvanic battery brought me to my senses. I was standing by an open window in my bedroom. There, in one corner, grouped about the bed, were the members of my family, the physicians and the nurse. Dr. —— rose.

"'It is all over; I think he is dead,' he said, and the physician drew the sheet over a still form stretched on the couch.

"Was I really dead? I could not believe it, and yet I felt that I was in some way very much changed. I walked across the room and putting my hand on my wife's head whispered words of love and consolation in her ear. She heard them not. I looked down on the face of the dead, which, though it was covered by the sheet, was perfectly visible to me. The features were composed, and only a deathly pallor told that life was extinct. Yes, I was dead; there could be no doubt about that. But I had expected a different reception upon my entry into the spirit world. Here were no Elysian fields, no heavenly choirs, no golden cities with pearly gates. There was no one in sight even who wore wings. I was in my own room in the very worldly city of ——; nothing appeared to be altered save myself, and yet I had departed this life. I laughed to think of the utter absurdities that had been written in all ages about man's existence after death. This was different from anything I had ever read.

"I walked down stairs and into the street. Now the scene changed. The houses, the streets, all the familiar surroundings faded away, and instead there was unfolded to my sight a beautiful landscape. Under my feet was close velvet turf, dotted with bright flowers.

Blue Hills Stretched Far Away,

fair and vast, seemingly without end, for there was no horison. The air was laden with the soft perfume of flowers, and birds of gay plumage carolled songs of heavenly sweetness among the nodding branches of richly foliaged trees. This was heaven indeed, I thought, but apparently a private heaven, for, as far as I could see, I was its only tenant. Far off in the distance I now saw what pleased me greatly, the forms of many persons. They drew nearer and nearer, and soon I was among them. They regarded me strangely, and as I addressed them, answered me not, but looked puzzled, and with averted faces passed hurridly on. I was ostracized! There were familiar faces in the throng, friends whom I had known on earth, but they did not recognize me now. Surely there was something amiss here. What to do I knew not; I could only wait and trust I felt that I was not such as these were, but knew not what the difference might be. But now, as I looked with curious eyes on this heavenly gathering, I became conscious that some potent influence was drawing me away, whither I knew not. Slowly the blue hills faded in the distance, the mysterious multitude vanished, the song-birds ceased their melody, the grass under my feet grew hard and stony, a strange chill seized me—and I was standing in my own yard once more. A powerful impulse drew me into the house and into my own room. It was as I had left it. On the bed reposed a still form that I knew to be my mortal body, and by its side a neighbor sat watching. I tried to keep away from that couch of death, but an iron hand had me in its grip

A Voyage to the Gold Coast;

OR,

Jack Bond's Quest.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Harry Hale's Log Book," "Blown Out to Sea," "Strange Fortunes of Max Penhurst," "Darcy," Etc.

[By Permission of Copyrighters.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

Suddenly M. Bannot, who was looking through a powerful glass, uttered an exclamation.

"Do you see the little distant sail which rises and falls on the tops of the tremendous waves?" he said, addressing his wife, and handing her the glass at the same time.

"Yes," was the answer; "but what of this particular sail, my friend?"

"It is the curious-shaped, small American vessel, by whose direction we were enabled to steer into the harbor of Barmouth to land poor Mlle. Adrian," returned her husband, again taking the glass. "The name, I think, was the Sea Witch."

"The Sea Witch!" cried Marie, breathlessly. "Ah, madame—ah, monsieur—this is the vessel which has on board the son of the good woman who gave me a home—the brave young man who saved my life!"

"Can we not speak her?" asked madame, with interest.

M. Bannot shook his head.

"There is too much wind and sea," he replied; "but if Mlle. Marie wishes to write a short billet of farewell to her friend, I think the sailing master can have the Psyche steered so it may be thrown on board."

Marie ran below and hurriedly wrote a few lines on a half sheet of note paper, with which she returned to the deck, to find that the Psyche's course had been slightly altered, and that she was rapidly nearing the Sea Witch.

Those on board the latter vessel were watching the approach of the Psyche, which they had soon recognized, with considerable surprise.

"What under the canopy does she want with us now?" growled Skipper Lombard.

"Mebbe! theyv'e got Docther Garner aboard, a-coming afther Misther Dick here," suggested Dan Collins, with a grin; and as unlikely as was such an event the very intimation lengthened Dick's face considerably.

Nearer and nearer drew the Psyche. The forms of those on deck were plainly discernible.

"Why, Jack!" suddenly exclaimed Dick Earle, who, with his friend, was hanging on to the main rigging in order to keep his feet; "one of those two ladies on deck is waving her hand to us!"

"Yes," returned his friend, with wild amazement visible in every feature; "and what's more, unless I'm dreaming, it is Marie Lafleur; but how—"

Before he could finish speaking a tall man, wearing a gold-laced cap, advanced to the rail, and, calling out something in the French language, which they, of course, did not understand, drew back his arm and threw something toward the Sea Witch with all his force.

Jack involuntarily extended his hands, as a small, white, oval object came whizzing across the waters from the space between the some steamer and the clumsy-looking little vessel, catching it as neatly as though it had been a base ball.

The Psyche, then changing her course, with increasing speed drew on ahead, while Jack, half stupefied with astonishment, mechanically examined the article he held in his hands.

It was wrapped about with a piece of canvas, sewed with twine, which, being cut, revealed an oval box of Japanese or Chinese workmanship.

"Why don't you open it?" exclaimed Dick, impatiently, as his friend stood holding the package. As Jack recalled to a sense of his duty, Jack obeyed. The cover removed, disclosed a folded half sheet of note paper, on which was hastily written in brief the circumstances leading to Marie's hasty and unexpected departure. "Farewell, Mr. Jack," it said, in concluding, "we may never again meet; but always shall I bear my brave friend in mind and remember him in my prayers."

"Well?" said Dick, interrogatively, as Jack, with a long whistle, expressive of profound amazement, after carefully refolding the note, placed it inside the bosom of his rough shirt.

In as few words as possible Jack gave the other an account of what had transpired at Barmouth after the sailing of the Sea Witch, as he had briefly learned them from Marie's communication.

"Why, the whole affair is one of the strangest things that I ever heard or read of," Dick remarked, gazing at his friend in open-eyed amazement, to which unmistakable fact Jack gravely assented.

Gradually the sea abated, the gale changed to a steady southwest breeze, and, sail being duly made, the Sea Witch was once more speeding on her southerly course.

Day after day passed with the usual varying routine of sea life and its monotonous sameness.

Oh, how tired Dick Earle had grown of boiled salt beef and pork, of stewed beans, and an occasional batch of saleratus biscuit, of hash and hard bread. But despite his simple though nutritious diet, he grew stout and rugged. His face lost its dissatisfied, uneasy look, for in this new life, with all its hardships and exposure, there was something to occupy his mind continually.

Besides, was there not the exciting and adventurous pastime of gold-hunting to look forward to, and the possibility—aye, probability—of securing a fortune, which prospect in itself was enough to add a new lustre to his eye, fresh firmness to his tread.

Better than all, the influence of Jack Bond's manly character was beginning to be felt by his friend; "who though he never "preached," as Dick said, seldom lost a chance of quietly dropping the right word in the right place. Mrs. Bond was a God-fearing woman, who had brought her boy up to a proper reverence for sacred things. Seldom did a night pass in which, before retiring to their several berths, a few verses from Jack's well-worn testament were not read aloud by him, and thus Dick Earle became insensibly impressed by the simple and beautiful truths which he may be said to have heard for almost the first time in his life.

The days lengthened into weeks, and now Skipper Lombard began to scan the eastern horizon with his glass.

"Forty-five days tomorrer sence we left Barmouth," said the ancient mariner, shutting his glass with a smart snap, and thrusting it under his arm, as he began to nervously pace the deck; "we've been in the Guinea coast current for now nigh three days; we orter see——"

Land—land, oh!

This was the joyful cry from Joe Basset, who, having been sent to the mast-head to "mouse" the hook of a halyard block, had detected, in the far distance, a hazy, cloud-like appearance against the horizon, which his practised eye recognized as the coast line of Africa.

CHAPTER XIX.

Picture to yourself a long reach of dazzlingly white sand beach, on which the surf breaks and booms with incessant and deafening monotone.

Against the hazy background of the far-distant Long mountains are outlined great clusters of palm trees, while dense thickets of tropical verdure extend upward from the shore.

"Why, there isn't a sign of a harbor; have we got to lie out here in an open roadstead?" exclaimed Jack, who, with his companions, was drinking in the beauty of the landscape with an eagerness which only those can appreciate whose eyes have rested on naught else but sea and sky for weary weeks.

The prospect, certainly, did not look inviting. Two large barks, a brig, and a three-masted schooner, were lying at anchor outside the surf line, pitching and rolling ingenuously, as if their cargo of palm oil was being hoisted on board from the clumsy lighters alongside, manned by nearly naked blacks.

Thus, these larger vessels are obliged to slip their cables and put to sea whenever a gale from the westward arises, as the holding ground is not good, and, with both anchors down, more than one vessel has been driven ashore in a gale.

At Jack's remark, Skipper Lombard, at the helm, gave utterance to a dry chuckle.

"If the Sea Witch drawed as much water as them chaps"—with a nod of his head in the direction of the other vessels—"we'd hev to lay outside here, but seein's she don't, I guess I can find sometihin' like a channe for her," he answered, expectorating violently over the stern, as he took the helm from Dan Collins.

The little vessel under his guidance stood boldly in toward a well-wooded headland, which seemed to extend a short distance into the sea.

From behind the headland a native canoe, not much larger than a bread-tray, suddenly appeared. Its occupant was a Krooman, who, kneeling in the bottom, paddled his frail craft with both hands, and occasionally, by an ingenious scooping movement of one of his large, flat feet, contrived to bale the water from the boat's interior.

He rounded to alongside the pinkey in a twinkling, caught a rope thrown him by Collins, and, having made his boat fast, scrambled over the side with the agility of a monkey.

"Hi, Cap'n Lom'; d'is long year we no see you down Gol' Coast," he exclaimed, with a prodigious grin, as he saluted Skipper Lombard.

"So they haven't killed you yet, old Gunflint," grimly returned the skipper, changing his helm a little. "Well, what do you want?" he added, shortly.

"S'pose you want pilot, Cap'n Lom?"

"No," was the curt reply. "I've been in the Logos river too many times not to know the way. Jack, go for'ard with Dick, and see the anchor all clear for letting go. Dan, you and Joe stand by the jib down-haul."

Jack could see nothing that looked like a river or a river's mouth. In fact, to all excepting the skipper and the Krooman, who was lightly and inexpensively attired in a coating of cocoanut oil and a waist cloth, the Sea Witch seemed to be running directly into the line of thunderous breakers directly ahead.

But as the little vessel neared the surf line a narrow passage or entrance was visible, while, as she shot past the headland, the mouth of a wide, clear river revealed itself to the astonished eyes of the on-lookers.

"Plenty of water on the bar, Gunflint?" asked Skipper Lombard as the little vessel glided through the natural channel between great lines of booming surf.

The Krooman nodded sulkily.

"Mad 'cause I wouldn't give him a job," muttered Skipper Lombard; but he had no time to pay further attention to the matter.

"Take off the fore and main sheet—so—that's well."

With sails trimmed perfectly flat, the Sea Witch rounded to, and stood boldly up the calm waters of a beautiful river, whose banks were a tangled growth of tropical foliage. The sea was shut completely out from view in an instant, only the continuous boom of the surf being a reminder of its presence, as they sailed farther and farther from the river's mouth.

"Down jib!"

The iron hanks of the headsail rattled merrily along the wire stay. With shaking sails, the Sea Witch shot into the wind's eye, deadening her headway.

The skipper ran forward with his hand to Jack, who, handspike in hand, stood for'ard by the anchor, whose fluke was but caught over the iron-bound rail.

One upward push with the handspike, and the plash of the heavy mass of rusty iron was followed by the rattle of chain through the hawse-pipe.

Down came foresail and mainsail, as the pinkey swung at her mooring, and in a few moments the sails were neatly stowed, and an awning, improvised from an old staysail, was spread over the after house.

"But oh, how hot it is!" groaned Dick, throwing open his shirt at the neck and wiping the perspiration from his face, while Billings, the cook, proceeded to drop a fishing-line, baited with salt pork, over the stern.

"This ain't anything," was Skipper Lombard's significant reply; "it isn't much over 95° down here nigh the sea; but you jest wait till you go a-piecing inland. Why, my back in '45, or thereabouts, I continued, proceeding leisurely to fill his pipe, as the others gazed delightedly at the picturesque scenery about them, "I was cox'n of a boat that helped cut out a slaver a piece farther up river, an' four of the crew was sunstruck all at once—three died before we could get to shore, and one jumped overboard, stark, staring crazy."

"Did you save him?" eagerly asked Dick.

Skipper Lombard paused in the act of striking a match, shrugged his shoulders, and silently pointed over the side with the stem of his pipe.

Within range of their vision half a dozen triangular, leatherly-looking dorsal fins were cleaving the oily smoothness of the river's surface.

"Sharks!" exclaimed Jack and Dick, with an involuntarily shudder.

"Exac'ly," was the unmoved reply; "the river's chock full of 'em down here by the bar, so see you don't go in swimmin'—sharks has an uncommon likin' for white folks."

Meanwhile another canoe had put off from shore and come alongside. Its occupant might have been Gunflint's brother, only for the fact that he was a trifle uglier, greasier and more morose looking. The canoe was partly loaded with fruit, the sight which made Dick's mouth water. There was also a pile of yams and some sweet potatoes.

A bargain was quickly struck, and, in exchange for a few pounds of coarse tobacco, the canoe's contents were transferred to the Sea Witch's deck. Billings' fishing had proved eminently successful, and he at once proceeded to make extensive preparations for a sumptuous supper of baked fish and boiled yam. The two Kroomen were sly listeners and silent observers of everything that went on, their small eyes roaming restlessly about the vessel's deck with evident curiosity.

"S'pose you come buy corn, wood an' palm oil, cap'n?" inquired Gunflint, who was squatted on deck like an enormous ape.

"Can't say," sententiously replied Skipper Lombard.

"What for you do come, den?" persisted the Krooman, wonderingly, for, since the abolishment of the slave traffic, only trading vessels came to this part of the coast, which is remarkably unhealthy.

"For the fun of it," growled the skipper, who was tired of being catechised, and, with their curiosity unsatisfied, the two Kroomen shortly afterward took their leave.

CHAPTER XX.

"There's one thing about these coast Kroomen," remarked Skipper Lombard, blowing a long wreath of smoke in the air, "they're the worst liars, thieves, drunkards and gormandizers under the sun; but they ain't cannibals, like them inland niggers."

"You don't mean to say that there are such things as cannibals in this part of the country, I hope," cried Dick, in a horrified voice. For, knowing little or nothing of the manners and customs of the coast natives, he had a vague idea that cannibalism was a horror of other days, and confined to certain islands in the South Pacific.

Skipper Lombard smiled grimly. "You jest get into any kind of a scrape, and be took prisoner anywheres in the King of Dahomey's territory, an' see whether there's any such thing or not," was the unpleasantly suggestive reply.

"A charming country, I must say," muttered Dick, with a sort of cold chill creeping down his back-bone.

And then it was that he began to wonder whether he had not been something more than simply hasty in leaving the land of his birth for a region where sharks and cannibals and similar terrors abounded. But it was too late to turn back, and not for the world would he have shown the white feather. So, obedient to a signal from his friend, he followed him into the cabin, and leaving the others on deck, impatiently awaited the thought of "all night in."

Jack laid the rough chart drawn by his father on the table before him, and after comparing it with the regular coast chart, made some measurements with his compasses.

"It's about twenty-two miles from here," said Jack, proceeding to read the brief instructions on the back of the paper, which were as follows:

"The river forks or Divides about twenty miles up. The left hand Branch is Smalest, and where it joins the other the Trees and Bushes grow So thick as to Almost hide it. Follow it up a mile from the Fork to where there is a Big Bolder right in the middle of the Streme. On the left Bank opposit the bolder is the gold-bering Sand."

"We'll get away by daylight tomorrow morning," said Dick, decisively, as, folding the paper again, he put it carefully away. Dick, with certain feelings of foreboding for which he could not account, nodded briefly, and the two went for'ard in answer to Billings, who had bawlingly announced that supper was ready. After supper, it being understood that each was to stand a watch of two hours to prevent any possible thieving on the part of Kroomen, all hands brought their mattresses on deck, exultant at the thought of "all night in," to use the sailor's phrase for an unbroken night's sleep.

Well—it was all night in—"in purgathory," as Dan Collins rather strongly put it on the following morning. Such bloodthirsty mosquitoes are never seen and felt, even in the wilds of New Jersey, as are found on the African coast. Jack, who finally wrapped himself in an old sail at the risk of suffocation, declared that they bit through three thicknesses of it. It was a night long to be remembered.

By early dawn all were astir. The boat was put over the side, and in it were placed the long duck-gun and an army musket, with a supply of ammunition for each, a couple of blankets, some cold provisions, a jug of water, a spade and pick, and a small bag in which to bring back a supply of the precious gold-bearing sand, intending to wash it out at their leisure—if they found any to wash.

Skipper Lombard surveyed these preparations—particularly the latter ones—in grim silence. He himself was very sceptical as to the whole matter.

"Of course, it's none of my business," he said, as they were about to push off, Joe Bassett and Dan Collins waving them a cordial farewell; "but I tell you two young chaps that it's my pinion you're goin' on a wild-goose chase, an' that's what's more, an' dang'rous one, too—runnin' a big risk for small profits."

Jack laughed uneasily—Dick light-heartedly. In the excitement of actual starting on a gold hunt in a strange country he forgot his former fears and apprehensions.

"Nothing venture—nothing have," he cried, gayly, and, as the first rays of the morning sun began to gild the tops of the palm trees on the river banks, the little boat left the Sea Witch's side.

"We shall be back some time tomorrow," called Jack, and Skipper Lombard nodded acquiescence, following up the nod by a shrill shout ahead as they rounded

"If I had my way Jack Bond never should a' started on no sech errand," grumbled the skipper, watching the receding boat, "but Jack's jest as his father was before him—the sottest man ever I see."

"Where's the resk, anyway?" asked Joe Basset, who, while Dan, was smoking an after-breakfast pipe under the awning.

"Wall," deliberately returned Skipper Lombard, "in the first place the underbrush is chock-full o' wild animiles; there's danger of ketchin' coast fever or bein' bit by pison snakes, an', finally, if the niggers gets wind of what they're after, them two boys lives isn't wuth that"—and the speaker snapped his thumb and finger by way of illustration.

"But thin, mebbe they'll git through all right, an' bring back a bushil or so in gould dust," observed Collins, who had a great admiration for Jack Bond's courage and strength.

The skipper vouchsafed no answer, but smoked his pipe in silence, with his eyes fixed upon the boat till it disappeared around a bend in the river.

Meanwhile Jack and his companion disguised whatever apprehension Skipper Lombard's words might have aroused, and pulled steadily onward, keeping the boat as near the northern shore as possible, that they might take advantage of the eddy current, and keep somewhere in the shade as well.

It grew hotter and hotter as the sun climbed higher in the heavens. Not a breath of air rippled the smooth surface, which reflected the overhanging palms and mimosas. Whole flocks of great painted butterflies of every color, from the purest white to the most intense blue, fluttered high in the air. No sound broke the stillness of morning save the plash of their own oars, or occasionally the distant call of a tiger cat.

So dense was the vegetation on the river banks, that no song birds sent forth their matin praises from its depths. As Dick said in a half-whisper, one could almost feel the silence.

As their boat rounded an abrupt turn in the river, the scene was changed. Silk cotton and wild cedar trees grew more sparsely on the river bank, while close to the edge the margrove trees sprang in bewildering confusion from the black mud.

Here were signs of life. Long-legged snipe and waterfowl paddled among the mangrove roots, without appearing alarmed in the least at the sight of the boat and its occupants. The ugly form of crocodile lay basking in the sun. Parrots and tiny parrakeets whistled and chattered among the tree-tops. From time to time troops of monkeys—gray and grotesque fawn-colored, black and white, swung themselves deftly from limb to limb, above the passing boat, into which they occasionally dropped palm-nuts, indulging the while in grimaces which convulsed our two friends with laughter.

"Say, Jack," exclaimed Dick Earle, resting on his oar and looking round into his friend's face in a half-bewildered sort of way, "can you realize that all this is real—that we aren't dreaming, but are really way down here on the African coast—genuine gold-hunters at that?"

"Well, it is rather hard work to do so," Jack admitted, silently calling his friend's attention to a flock of cranes whose plumage was of the most brilliant rose-colored hue imaginable. They stood knee-deep in the shallows by the river bank, hardly changing their position, though the boat passed within ten feet of them.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well," positively observed Dick Earle, resuming his oar, with a sigh, "I can't get rid of the idea that it is all a sort of fanciful dream, and every moment I'm expecting Mrs. Moriarty's breakfast-bell to wake me."

Jack was about answering, when a voice ahead hailed them in very unmistakable English:

"Hallo, the boat!"

Both turned. They had rounded another bend in the river. Before them, anchored midway in the stream, was the hull of a vessel whose wedge-like bow and still graceful lines were strongly suggestive of the "long, low, dark schooner" of slaving days. Her masts had been taken out, and over the deck was stretched an awning of mats twisted from cocoanut fibres, reaching the entire length.

Around the black and sun-blistered hull were a large number of native canoes, whose occupants were peering over the vessel's bulwarks. Among the jet-black faces were the faces of two white men.

"Come alongside!" called one of these last, in a somewhat unpleasant voice.

A refusal to obey would perhaps have seemed suspicious under all the circumstances, and, very reluctantly, Dick and Jack brought their boat to the vessel's side.

"You belong to a trader anchored lower down, I suppose?"

The speaker was a man of fifty or thereabouts, with attenuated frame, and thin, sallow visage, which spoke plainly of the malarial disorders peculiar to the climate. He wore the conventional warm country attire—dingy cotton shirt and soiled duck trousers, a broad-brimmed straw hat surmounting his bullet head with its retreating forehead.

Jack hesitated.

"Our vessel lies a mile or two below here—yes," he replied, evasively.

"But she no trade, Masser Smith; no can tell what for she hab come."

The voice was the unmelodious voice of Gunflint, who, as the two friends saw for the first time, was among the crowd of chattering blacks, and Jack bit his lip with vexation.

"Look here, young fellows," said the second of the two whites, who was a heavier built man than his companion, with a thickly-bearded, bloated face, "my name is Brady, and I'm the English collector in this district. Instead of having a 'factory' (i. e., a sort of trading post) ashore, we use this hulk, that is my property, as a factory and many a cargo of niggers to Cuba, because it's healthier here than over there on the marsh land. Now, by virtue of my authority, I would just like to know what two overgrown boys like you are doing on your way up the Logos river, where white men never come unless they are trading—with a spade and pick in your boat?"

Jack and his companion exchanged a look of dismay. Brady had been peering over the bulwarks into the boat, and his sharp, ferrety eyes had discovered the digging implements referred to, which they had not thought to throw their blanket over when they came alongside.

"Well," said Jack, boldly, after a momentary hesitation, not unmarked by the two factors, "since you are so very anxious to know, I don't mind telling you. My name is Bond—Jack Bond, and my friend here is Richard Earle. When my father died he left me a small vessel. I've put all the money I had into this venture, which is to see if I can't find gold dust somewhere along the river."

"Humph!" ejaculated Smith, "and how happens it that you found your way into the Logos river, where Yankee vessels don't come once a year—why did you pick this particular river out, eh?"

His tone was sneering; his manner insolent in the extreme.

Now, Dick's choler had been rising throughout the interview. He objected, on principle, to be catechised, and, in this particular instance, the questioning was decidedly disagreeable—impertinently so he considered it.

"I don't know as that is any of your business," he remarked, with intemperate heat, before Jack had finally concluded what reply to make.

Smith's sallow face flushed angrily, and, with an oath, he took a step forward, with clenched fist, but Brady restrained him.

"Stop a little," he said; then, turning to Jack, he asked: "See here, are you the son of one Captain Bond who made two or three voyages down here in a bark some years ago—the captain who took a runaway nigger on board, and had to change ports by reason of it?"

"Yes," was the short reply, for Jack himself was losing his patience; "and now, if you've no more questions to ask, we'll be getting off again."

"Not quite yet," replied Brady, with an unpleasant smile. "As the port collector, it's my duty to detain all suspicious characters till I'm satisfied what their business is."

Thus saying, he addressed a few words in their own language to the Kroomen, who, with some wild-looking Ashantees, had remained silently squatted on the deck, listening eagerly to the colloquy.

With a feeling of nervous apprehension Jim and Dick saw half a dozen of these unpleasant-looking men, odorous with rank cocoanut-oil—one or two of whom had their front teeth filed to a sharp point in an uncomfortably suggestive manner—rise, and, with seeming carelessness, walk to the rail, taking a position between them and their boat.

"See here, Bill," said his partner, drawing Smith a little to one side, "my belief is that these two Yankee chaps have got a sure thing on some place where there's dust, and it can't be very far off, either, for their boat isn't fitted out for much of a cruise, anyway. Young fellows like them don't come all the way from the States down to this part of the country on the chance of finding gold dust anywhere they choose to look for it, you may be sure of that."

"Well, s'pose they do make a find, how'll it help you and I?" growled the other in an undertone, with a furtive glance at Dick and Jack, who hardly knew what course to take.

"Wait and see," was the significant answer. "Now, look you," Brady continued, rapidly, "smooth down your face and bring out the blarney. I've got a plan for keeping these two chaps on board for a while, and trying to get at their errand, for the more I think of it the surer I am that they haven't told a straight story; so, if we can find out—"

A significant nod of the head told better than so many words that Mr. Brady would not hesitate in the least to make use of any secret to which he might get a clew to his own and his partner's advantage.

It is needless to say that Jim Brady was a thoroughly unscrupulous wretch. He came from a good family in Munster, grew up with dissolute habits, stabbed a man in a tavern brawl, and, in disguise, shipped before the mast as a common sailor. He was active and daring, and rose to an officer's berth. At the age of 27 he commanded a slaver, owned jointly in Cuba, and lay on the Calabar coast, in which he made several successful voyages, but the partial suppression of the slave trade and the loss of his own vessel near the mouth of the Logos river forced him to turn his attention to something else. Thoroughly acclimated to the coast climate, he finally, after squandering his money in debauchery, succeeded, through the influence of the men for whom he had sailed, in getting appointed as collector of this obscure district, where not half a dozen vessels a year traded. The position was merely nominal, but the same parties who had obtained it for him made him their agent for traffic with the natives from the interior.

Smith was of American parentage, his real name was known to no one but himself. He was the ringleader of a mutiny on board the brig Mary Celeste, in which the officers were killed, and, escaping the clutches of the law, Smith had drifted down to the gold coast. Falling in with Brady, the two became partners; and, having succeeded in towing the slaver's hull into the Logos river, made that the headquarters of their trading operations.

Thus, having briefly detailed some of the peculiarities of these two men, let me return to the former, who, having counselled his partner in the manner I have described, turned to Jack, calling up as benevolent an expression as he could at such short notice.

"I am sorry," he said, with affectation of rough frankness, "but I shall have to detain you both for a while, until I can send a note to the captain of the vessel which you belong on board of inquiring as to the truth of your story. You see," Brady continued, as a brilliant idea occurred to him, "the truth is, that even from the few vessels that anchor off the mouth of this river, more or less sailors are sure to steal a boat and run away, so that lately the authorities at Benin have sent me word that, unless I want to lose my place, I must keep a sharper look out."

This last clause put a new face on the matter, and when Smith affably proffered the hospitality of his cabin while Mr. Brady despatched a brief note to Skipper Lombard, per Gunflint, who seemed to be a sort of general factotum (giving him certain directions in an undertone), Jack and his friend, though impatient of the delay, had no reason to think but that everything was all right.

And so, while awaiting the return of the messenger, they began to look about them with illy-concealed curiosity and interest—and it is no wonder that they did so.

CHAPTER XXII.

A sort of misty vapor covered the surface of the Logos river, through which the sun, now nearly overhead, shone with an intense heat, like a great ball of fire. The heat was intense—almost unendurable.

Amusement, brooding silence seemed to possess river and shore alike.

Smith glanced out from beneath the awning, as Gunflint's canoe disappeared in the mist wreaths.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had a tornado, before it's through," he said, carelessly; but neither Jack nor Dick paid much attention to his words, they were too much absorbed in the novel scene which was taking place on deck.

Brady had resumed the trafficking with the natives, which had apparently been intercepted by the appearance of the two strangers.

Piled up on the after-house was a marvelous variety of what New Englanders sometimes term "notions." There were red woollen nightcaps, bright-colored prints of the coarsest texture, boxes of tobacco, pipes, packages of many-hued beads, rolls of brass wire, looking-glasses in fancy frames, crimson umbrellas and yellow silk handkerchiefs, shaky-looking flintlock muskets, and cans of coarse gunpowder—dear me, I can't begin to enumerate the curious conglomeration of articles for this practical exposition of the "Exchange and Barter" system.

And for them, half-naked Kroos, men from Ashantee and Dahomey, Mandingoes, and a few of the strange Fan tribe, were bartering bunches of palm nuts, elephants' tusks, sticks of ebony and cam-wood, lumps of beeswax, antelope horns, leopard skins and fruit.

Others had gray parrots, monkeys, a mongoose, or a ground-pig, while one enterprising gentleman had two large snakes in a long, covered wicker-basket. And all of them showed the unmistakable result of contact with civilization, in that they invariably began by asking just about double the value of the article offered for sale, coming down to a price which would net the factors about 100 per cent. profit, by gradual stages, punctuated by pathos.

The scene was indeed a strange one; and for a time Jack, and his friend found sufficient occupation in watching the strange gestures and listening to the barbarous dialect, which Brady and Smith both understood and spoke fluently.

Highly amused were they with the antics of a big, blue-faced baboon which, chained to the rail, was making strenuous efforts to grasp the tail of a melancholy-looking monkey, whose fur was of a golden-reddish hue, which species, Smith told them, was a remarkably rare one, as they are said to live and die in the tree-tops, never descending to the ground on any pretext whatever.

Poor monkeys! As a race, they certainly must come to look upon men as their natural enemies. They are mutilated in monkey-traps, mangled by dogs trained to hunt them while they are mut hunting on the ground, shot with poisonous arrows and death-dealing bullets, and captured alive, to be carried far away from their native home. I really don't see how they can be so light-hearted.

But while our friends had been thus employed, it seemed to be growing gradually darker, and Brady, glancing up, suddenly gave some quick, sharp orders to the two or three powerful Kroomen.

In a twinkling, the hatches were off, and the merchandise hurried below, while at a peremptory command from Smith, the natives threw their undisposed articles into their several dug-outs and paddled toward the shore.

The awning was hurriedly unlashed and placed in a place of safety, tarred tarpaulins spread over the hatches, and everything "made snug," as though for a gale at sea.

Dick and his companion gazed with awe at the strange aspect of the sky. Against the western horizon was a dense cloud-bank, arching in shape, and rising with terrible rapidity, while with it came a chilling blast of wind, strangely contrasting with the stifling sultriness of a few moments previous.

The surface of the river seemed to grow as black as ink, from the reflection of the over-arching sky of gloom. The muttering thunder, which at first seemed great louder and nearer. Flashes of lightning, of strange lividity—rose-colored, blue, and, I had almost said, crimson—shot from cloud to cloud, growing more and more intense.

Dick jumped into the boat and hurriedly passed up the guns, blankets and provisions, which were hastily stowed into the cabin, while Dick himself, half stunned by the crashing thunder, quickly followed.

But the scene had a strange fascination for Jack. He lingered a moment, with his hand on the open companionway slide, when, with a roar, to which the thunder peals were as nothing, the tornado was upon them!

The air was filled with driving branches, leaves, dry grass, bits of bark, and, it is an actual fact, that for four or five minutes, the crashing of thunder, directly overhead, was utterly drowned by the rush and roar of this mighty wind!

The lightning itself streamed in every direction. It hustled sideways through the air, or in terrible zigzags across the black, arching dome; and, not unfrequently, seemed to rise from the earth itself, with crackling detonations!

And then the rain drove Jack below. And such rain. The down-pour on deck was deafening. Dick attempted to make his friend hear, but it was impossible.

And so the four sat dumbly in the close cabin, their pale faces looking ghastly enough by the continual flashes of electricity which lit up the dark interior with a continuous glare.

The slaver lugged and groaned at her anchors, but they had too long been bedded in the soft mud of the river to yield. The strange noises produced by the grinding and working of the chain in the iron hawse-pipes might have been the cries and groans of the tortured souls and bodies which formerly had known the agonizing torments of the slaver's hold.

But after some half hour of this new experience, there began a marked cessation of the thunder and wind, while a few minutes later, it was evident that the rain was growing less violent, finally ceasing altogether.

"Thank goodness that's over, till the next time," ejaculated Smith, drawing his sleeve across his face, which was covered with perspiration, as he followed Brady on deck, Jack and Dick coming up directly afterward.

"Why, you don't have such things very often, I hope," exclaimed Dick, looking about him at the changed face of the landscape with wonder, not unmixed with awe. Great broken masses of cloud were driving across the sky, admitting the broken streams of golden light from the setting sun to penetrate here and there, tinging the edges with crimson and gold. The face of the river was strewn with the floating limbs of trees and similar debris from the shore. In the river banks masses of palm trees were uprooted, torn up by the roots or twisted round like immense corkscrews.

"Often?" replied Smith, in answer to his questioner, "well, it's about this way—the rainy season begins toward the last of July, and ends in October, and in that time we generally have two or three little blows of this kind, sometimes more."

Which gave both his hearers the impression that there might be safer and pleasanter places in the world to live in than on the Guinea coast.

CHAPTER XXIII.

While the awning was being re-spread over the deck by the Kroomen, who had remained sheltered in the forecastle during the tempest, Dick proceeded to bail out their boat, which was nearly full of rain-water.

"No matter how soon Gunflint comes back from the Sea Witch now," said Jack, regretfully; "we shall have to stop on board here all night, but we will arrange to get off the first thing in the morning."

"Well, boys," Brady said, in a tone of affected heartiness; "now, we'll go below and get some supper—what do you say?"

Both being very hungry, there was but one answer to make, and they unhesitatingly followed their entertainers into the forward cabin, where a table, covered by a not overclean cloth, was spread for four. The dishes were all of the cheap, heavy china-ware peculiar to a ship's pantry; but neither Jack or his companion were disposed to be fastidious. Particularly, as when they had seated themselves, a slender Krooboy entered, bringing from the galley a large, covered tureen, from which issued a most appetizing odor.

"I never tasted anything so good in all my life," enthusiastically exclaimed Dick, as, after a brief silence, only broken by the clatter of spoons and dishes, he passed his plate for another instalment of the rich stew which was composed of some deliciously flavored game, slightly seasoned with garlics and red peppers.

Mr. Smith helped Dick bountifully. But what caused the youth, as he prepared to plunge his spoon into the stew, to give vent to a sudden exclamation of horror, and with a terror-striken face, to spring from his seat?

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mr. Brady, with his mouth full; "what's up—stung by white ants, eh?"

But Dick's trembling lips could frame no answer. With a face of marble pallor, he pointed his shaking finger toward his untasted food.

Well, it was a startling sight. If it were not the denuded skull of a very small child which lay in the rich gravy, it bore so close a resemblance as to cause Jack himself to echo his friend's exclamation, and drop his spoon into his plate very suddenly.

"Cannibals!" exclaimed poor Dick, with a hollow graan, pressing his hand on the pit of his stomach, as he semembered Skipper Lombard's reference to some of the peculiar characteristics of the people inhabiting this part of the world.

Smith and his partner stared for a moment at the horror-stricken youth, glanced at his plate, and then simultaneously indulged in such an outburst of laughter, that Bung-starter, the Krooboy cook, who was preparing the coffee in the galley, clapped his hands to his ears.

"Don't be berry early," muttered Bung-starter, whose melodious name—as in the case of all Kroomen or Krooboys employed by whites—had been substituted for his native cognomen—that being hard to pronounce. Thus, in a crew connected with the lighter which brought our cargo alongside a bark in which I made a voyage to Cape Verde Islands, I recall the names of Messrs. Stovepipe, Beeswax, Victoria, State House, Mutagawney Soup, and Toothbrush—eccentricity rather than appropriateness being used in the bestowal of these sweet-sounding appellations.

"You—you—never ate any monkey-stew before, young man, did you?" faintly gasped Brady, whose face, between uproarious laughter and the fact of a spoonful of soup having gone down the wrong way, was of a lively purple.

And Dick, whose pallor now changed to the hue of a boiled lobster, dropped into his seat muttering something inaudible, while Jack resolutely choked down his mirth and a very slight shudder, and then passed his plate for more stew, for, in reality, there is no more delicious game stew (particularly when one is very hungry) than that prepared from a young and tender monkey.

Pending the bringing in of coffee (grown within twenty miles of the river) Mr. Smith and his partner plied both Jack and Dick with artfully-put questions, hoping to draw from them the information which they sought.

I need hardly say that they met with no success, though the evasive replies which were given satisfied the inquisitive questioners that their two guests had a secret of some kind regarding their errand to the Logos river.

"Confound that boy—why don't he bring in coffee!" exclaimed Brady, starting up from the table and making his way to the galley.

He was gone some time, and during his absence, Mr. Smith urged both Jack and Dick to refresh themselves with a glass or two of palm wine from a bottle which stood on the table.

Jack steadfastly refused. "I never touch liquor in any form, Mr. Smith," he answered firmly.

Simply from motives of curiosity, Dick put his lips to his glass. The taste, as he afterward described it, was something like raw turnips steeped in sweet oil and strained through a chair-bottom. But as he has a somewhat vivid imagination, this must be taken with a grain of allowance, though to the foreigner it has by no means an agreeable taste. Its preparation is very simple. A naked Krooman swarms up the smooth palm trunk by means of a circular bark withe and his own monkey-like hands and feet. At the proper height he taps the tree, upon a gourd in position to receive the fluid, leaves it, and calls again next morning to find a gourd full. It is allowed to ferment, and is ready for use.

In a short time Brady returned to the cabin with a tray, on which was a coffee-pot and some cups.

"That confounded Krooboy has laid down for'ard and gone to sleep, and left me to get the coffee ready," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. Which Jack and Dick thought was really very kind in Mr. Brady, who had by no means the appearance of geniality or good nature.

Mr. Brady excused himself from coffee. Palm wine, he said, was good enough for him; and he proceeded to drink what he emptied and filled his glass, led his two guests to secretly doubt whether it was good for him or not. Smith, after receiving a sly touch from his partner's boot, remarked that coffee always made him nervous, and he himself would try a little cape brandy, which he was obliged to sometimes use, medicinally, to ward off the coast and intermittent fevers, which were so prevalent in those parts.

The coffee was delicious, slightly bitter, it is true, but that, as Mr. Brady elaborately explained, was due to the absence of milk.

"Of course, Gunfl'nt will be back before long, with our 'credentials,'" remarked Jack lightly, as he arose from the table; "and I suppose we gan get away as early as we like in the morning." And Mr. Brady apologetically assured them that there would be no trouble on that score—he was only sorry that his duty, etc., etc.

"Well," said Dick, with a prodigious yawn; "I move that we turn in, for I'm getting tremendously sleepy."

Jack was of the same opinion, being also similarly somnolent. Likewise acquiesced Messrs. Brady and Smith, and preparations were made accordingly.

The air, though cooled by the rain, was far too sultry to think of sleeping in the close cabin, and drowsy-looking Krooman was summoned, who proceeded to sling four hammocks, each with its appropriate mosquito netting, under the awning aft, in which the four severally stowed themselves.

Hardly had Dick and Jack touched their own hammocks before both were fast asleep. For the thoughtful Mr. Brady, fearing perhaps that the strangeness of their surroundings might keep them awake, had mingled with the coffee a few drops of a liquid expressed from the fayar root, which has the effect of producing a sleep almost as profound as the sleep of death, for an hour or two, without any ill effects arising from its use.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As soon as the heavy breathing of Jack and his companion betokened the soundness of their sleep, Brady slipped from his hammock, while Smith sat upright in his own.

"That Bond chap has some papers in a pocket on the inside of his shirt; I saw the ends of them when he unfastened his shirt collar in the cabin, because it was so warm," said Brady in a low tone, as he thrust his naked feet into a pair of well-worn slippers which he had kicked off on retiring.

"Well?"

"Well," impatiently repeated the other; "don't it stand to reason that they wouldn't be starting out this way without some written directions or instructions, or description of the place where they're going to hunt for dust; and isn't it likely that these instructions or whatever they are would be in the papers I saw?"

Mr. Smith feebly scratched his head, and admitted the possibility of this. But what—"

An angry gesture silenced him. Stealing to the side of Jack's hammock, Brady lifted the mosquito bar, and stood motionless by his

BILL NYE

Quotes a Few Thrilling Extracts

From the Private Diary of John Adams.

His Sad and Painful Experience

With the Coy Miss Tootie Tooterson,

Imported Pie Soloist and Famine Virtuoso.

[BILL NYE.]

DECEMBER 3, 1764.

I am determined to keep a diary if possible the rest of my life. I fully realize how difficult it will be to do so. Many others of my acquaintance have endeavored to maintain a diary, but have only advanced so far as the second week in January. It is my purpose to write down each evening the events of the day as they occur to my mind, in order that in a few years they may be read and enjoyed by my family. I shall try to deal truthfully with all matters that I may refer to in these pages, whether they be of national or personal interest, and I shall seek to avoid anything bitter or vituperative, trying rather to cool my temper before I shall submit my thoughts to paper.

WHERE'S THE PIE?

DECEMBER 4.

This morning we have had trouble with the hired girl. It occurred in this wise: We had fully two-thirds of a pumpkin pie that had been baked in a square tin. This major portion of the pie was left over from our

TOOTIE TOOTERSON.

dinner yesterday, and last night, before retiring to rest, I desired my wife to suggest something in the cold pie line, which she did. I lit a candle and explored the pantry in vain. The pie was no longer visible. I told Mrs. Adams that I had not been successful, whereupon we sought out the hired

TOOTIE IN A NIGHT-SHIRT.

girl, whose name is Tootie Tooterson, a foreign damsel, who landed in this country in November 7, this present year. She does not understand our language apparently, especially when we refer to pie.

The only thing she does without a strong foreign accent is to eat pumpkin pie and draw her salary. She landed on our coast six weeks ago, after a tedious voyage across the heaving billows. It was a close fight between Tootie and the ocean, but when they quit the heaving billows were one heave ahead by the log.

Miss Tooterson landed in Massachusetts in a woollen dress and hollow clear down into the ground. A strong desire to acquire knowledge and cold, hand-made American pie seems to pervade her entire being.

She has only allowed Mrs. Adams and myself to eat what she did not want herself.

Miss Tooterson has also introduced into my household various European eccentricities and strokes of economy which deserve a brief notice here. Among other things she has made pie crust with castor oil in it, and lubricated the pancake griddle with a pork rind that I had used on my lame neck. She is thrifty and saving in this way, but rashly extravagant in the use of doughnuts, pie and Medford rum, which we keep in the house for visitors who are so unfortunate as to be addicted to the doughnut, pie or rum habit.

It is discouraging indeed for two young people like Mrs. Adams and myself, who have just begun to keep house, to inherit a famine, and such a robust famine, too. It is true that I should not have set my heart upon a transitory and evanescent terrestrial object like a pumpkin pie so near to T. Tooterson, imported pie soloist, doughnut maestro and famine virtuoso, but I did, and and so I returned from the pantry desolate.

I told Abigail that unless we poisoned a few pies for Tootie the Adams family would be a short-lived race. I could see with my prophetic eye that unless the Tootersons yielded the Adamses would be wiped out. Abigail would not consent to this, but decided to relieve Miss Tooterson from duty in this department, so this morning she went away.

Not being at all familiar with the English language, she took four of Abigail's sheets and quite a number of towels, handkerchiefs and collars. She also erroneously took a pair of my night-shirts in her poor, broken way. Being entirely ignorant of American customs, I presume that she will put a belt around them and wear them externally to church. I trust that she will not do this, however, without mature deliberation.

FOR WEAK LUNGS.

I also had a bottle of lung medicine of a very powerful nature which the doctor had prepared for me. By some oversight, Miss Tooterson drank this the first day that she was in our service. This was entirely wrong, as I did not intend to use it for the foreign trade, but mostly for home consumption.

This is a little piece of drollery that I thought of myself. I do not think that a joke impairs the usefulness of a diary, as some do. A diary with a joke in it is just as good to fork over to posterity as one that is not thus disfigured. In fact, what has posterity ever done for me that I should hesitate about socking a little humor into a diary? When has posterity ever gone out of its way to do me a favor? Never! I defy the historian to show a single instance where posterity has ever been the first to recognize and remunerate ability.

A MELON THAT GREW RAPIDLY.

A Farmer's Trap to Catch Thieves Informs Him When His Fruit is Ripe.

A farmer of Mount Carmel, Conn., who raises luscious watermelons and has suffered much from thieves, soon became tired of sitting up all night in a rudely-constructed hut in one corner of the lot, a shotgun charged with white beans his only companion, and at length hit upon a scheme which certainly is unsurpassed for mechanical ingenuity. His long winter evenings he had spent in the study of electricity, and the knowledge he had gained convinced him that he might capture at least one of a party who might perchance happen near his pet melon, the one which was to take first premium at the county fair this fall. "Darn 'em. I'll fix 'em," he said, while his wife, wondering what it all meant, tied his cravat and started the crack melon raiser on his mission to New Haven. On his arrival he at once secured a battery, wire, etc., of a well-known electrician and was soon trotting along out Whitney avenue toward the sleeping giant. He divulged his little plan to his wife and studiously went to work in carrying it out. This is what he did: From his bedroom he stretched the wire, already attached to an alarm, over stone walls and rail fences, fastening it in a slovenly devised way to the largest melon in the patch. The slightest touch to the big fruit would ring the alarm in his bedroom. All was completed when the farmer tested his invention. It worked to a charm, and he was happy. For two or three nights he slept soundly, dreaming of his pet melon. Early yesterday morning the alarm went off with a buzz. With a rush he jumped out of bed, slipped on his clothes, and stole noiselessly out of the house. He reached his melon patch in a hurry. The moon shone brightly, but he could see no one. He approached the big melon. It was undisturbed. The truth suddenly flashed upon him. He had forgotten that melons grow rapidly. It was nature's work in setting off the alarm. "I think that melon will be ripe enough to pick in the morning," he told his wife as he jumped shivering into bed.

THE SMALL BOY'S REVENGE.

A Nervous Newburyport Storekeeper Serenaded by Fifty Boys, Each Playing on a "Devil's Buzz."

[Newburyport Herald.]

Saturday evening a small boy purchased a "devil's buzz," an instrument fashioned after the old "watchman's rattle," and while passing a certain State street store tried the "buzz" to see how it would work. The person in charge of the store, regarding the noise as made to annoy him, grabbed the boy and kicked him. This aroused the ire of several persons who witnessed the act, and in a few moments the storekeeper was surrounded by a party of men who gave him the benefit of some plain talk. As a matter of course, the loud talk soon attracted a crowd, the boy element predominating. Then some one suggested that it would be sweet revenge for the boys to each get a buzz and give the storekeeper a serenade. No sooner said than done, and almost instantly nearly half a hundred boys, each armed with a buzz, stood in front of the store making a racket that could be heard all over State street. The crowd kept increasing all the time, and each new comer, when the cause of the noise was explained, had to purchase a buzz and add his mite to the general hubbub. The storekeeper finally made up his mind to ask protection from the police, and was informed that as long as the crowd kept moving nothing could be done. The crowd in some mysterious manner got wind of this, and kept parading up and down in front of the store, playing a marching salute each time. Finally the crowd grew so dense that passing was rendered well nigh impossible, and a posse of police drove them away, amid a chorus of cheers and sounding of innumerable buzzes.

Woman Can Do Anything She Will.

[Kentucky State Journal.]

When a woman goes horseback riding she wears a silk plug hat. She does that so the horse will believe she's a man, and won't become frightened at her. She couldn't fool a Kentucky mule that way.

SCALPED BY SQUAWS.

Horrible Fate of a Young Bostonian,

Who Went Out on the Western Plains to Exterminate the Indians,

And Returned With no Hair on the Crown of His Head.

Young Mr. Wentworth has long been a sport about Boston, and is known at all the resorts as a happy-go-lucky fellow, with a spice of "dash" in his composition that makes the hum-drum life of a modern city very irksome to him. From some unknown reason he conceived the idea that every young man in New England, even himself, was a born coward, and started out on a series of social adventures, under the impression that he was getting up a revival of chivalry. At all the slugging, wrestling, and other muscular performances he always occupied a front seat, and sat back with his upper lip curled with disdain at the feeble efforts of modern athletes. In reply to several invitations to come up on the stage and join the sports, he said he was waiting to complete a new set of sparring rules, and when they were done and adopted by the sporting fraternity he would be the first to go on and illustrate how a real gladiator could act when his blood was up.

In the meanwhile he spent much time around the gymnasiums, billiard halls and theatres, "catching on" to all the latest tricks of conduct or talk, and mastering several intricate slang phrases that would astound the most learned professor at Harvard. He also learned how to play base ball, lawn tennis and lacrosse, and in addition to "picking out" "sweet violets" on one string of his banjo he could play "See Saw" on a mouth organ almost as well as a full theatre orchestra. At the horse trots he bought pools, on State street he sold oil, and at the yacht races he betted against time. In short, he was a universally accomplished fellow, who could get a "slate" account at a bar-room or "hang up" a new tailor with ease, and do them both without any apparent effort.

MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

His father was one of the most respectable men in Boston, and his uncle who lived here too was a good old soul, who would as soon think of the clouds raining blood as he would that any of his family should act in an ungentlemanly way. They, with his married sister and her little girl, completed the household, which was one of the happiest at the South End. One Sunday morning before the young man was up they were seated at the breakfast table reading an account of the Indian outrages in New Mexico from THE SUNDAY GLOBE, and commenting on the best way to bring peace to the country. While they were talking the young hopeful came in and offered his ideas on the subject.

"It's all nonsense," said he; "this idea about Indians troubling anybody is too funny for anything. If a man with any spunk should go out there and show fight they'd all run to the mountains like wild goats."

"Do you think you've spunk enough, William?" asked his father.

"I do, sir," replied he, "and I'd like no better job than to go out there for a few weeks and put them all to rout."

"William," answered the old man, "I shall miss you some at home, particularly when it is time for you to come and get money from me; but for the sake of peace, for the welfare of your distracted country, I am willing to make the sacrifice. Go, William, go, and may the Indians spare your curly head."

GOING TO FIGHT THE INDIANS.

Half in anger and half in defiance, he jumped up, grabbed his hat and cane and went out of the door, putting on his overcoat.

"Good-by, governor," said he; "when you hear from me again I'll either be dead or famous. My time has come."

Providing himself with revolvers, guns, knives and a full warlike outfit, he took the train and rode day and night until he came to wide plains, where dwell the jack rabbits, the coyotes and the Indians. Passing over the two first as unworthy of his powder, he pushed on into the desert, seeking whom he might slay.

He was nearly tired to death when he found a camp hidden away among the sage brush at the foot of a tall mountain. Around the camp-fire were three old squaws and two little naked papooses. They were drying grasshoppers for winter use, and the savory odors that exhaled from the dishes of insect mummies almost took away his senses.

"Women," said he, "I came here to conquer and destroy your race—to blot it from the face of the earth, and you must prepare for death: but before I begin the slaughter I should like something to eat. I will broil me a piece of yonder rabbit while you can have a chance to say your prayers."

While he was busily engaged in eating, one of the squaws crept up behind him and scalped him with a carving-knive that she had stolen from the Indian agent. Then the other two took away his firearms, stripped off all his clothing but his shirt and drawers, carried him to the railroad track and pointed to the east.

He went.

For the next six months he had a hard time of it. After he was able to sit up he had to write a letter to his father and get some money to take him back to Boston.

AFTER THE MEETING.

On arriving home he found that his respected sire had just invented a new hair restorer that was making his fortune. The old man and a wonderful doctor with a French name, who was none other than his

MIXING THE HAIR RESTORER.

late uncle, stood in the front porch stewing up some of the wonderful mixture, getting ready to apply it to the prodigal. He came in, received a pailful on top of his head and was totally bald forever after.

FISH THAT TAKE BALLAST.

How the Cod Saves Himself from Death and Serves as a Weather Guide for Mariners.

[New Haven News.]

That a fish should ever do anything so unfishlike as to take in ballast would strike many people as paradoxical. Yet those who have gone down to sea in ships and are learned in fin-bearers' lore testify to the reality of this phenomenon. The cod is the fish which lays himself open to this cruel charge, and is known to actually gulp down stones almost as large as a foot ball and more than one of them, too. Why it does so a reporter learned from a veteran codfisherman yesterday.

"Why, yes," said he, "of course codfish take in ballast. Why, I've found eight or ten stones inside the fish's maw after we've caught him. The cod takes in stone in order to keep himself at the bottom during a gale. When you are cod-fishing you can always tell if there is to be a gale, or whether a gale has just passed that way. Then you get in a regular quarry. A good gale of course carries the cod up to the surface, where he has a hard time of it. You see there is a sort of bladder which forms in his jaw and runs out sometimes as far as a foot or so. This bladder fills with air and floats the fish, and keeps him from going down. So in order to prevent that he picks out sound stones on the sea bottoms and swallows them. Sea elephants do the same thing, and often huge stones are found in their stomachs."

"How is the cod caught?" the reporter asked.

"They are caught on 'trollers.' There n a long line, a 'runner,' fishermen call it, and at every fourteen or eighteen feet a short line five or six feet long is fastened. I used to have on my runners as many as 300 hooks baited. The line would be baited on board ship, and the whole 'snood' would be coiled up into a tup tapering toward the bottom so as to give the line play. The coiling is very important, and you must take great care with it so as not to snarl the lines. For bait, dogfish, whitefish and such like in chunks bigger than your hand are hooked on. The boats put off with the tub in the bow, and when we'd get to a good spot the man in the bow passes the line all baited to the stern man, who throws it overboard as fast as it is payed out. It used to go out pretty fast sometimes when the tide was running strong, and many a fellow has got his fingers ripped open on the hooks. The whole line would then be anchored, and we'd wait until slack water came, which would be in five or six hours, and then haul in.

"That used to be hard work. The fish would run small and large, and we would hook on skates and dogfish and whitefish and others besides the cod. Once when we were pulling up anchor we hauled in a big stone which weighed 300 pounds, and was full of scallops and mussles and long and round clams.

"When we got the catch back to the smack we'd dress the fish and stow them away in fine ice. We used to work day and night sometimes, and once, off Cape Sable, I slept only nine hours in five days and nights. A shipload which averaged 60 pounds to the fish used to be considered a good one. Sometimes the average would run as high as 100 pounds. The cod runs all the way from 15 to 200 and 300 pounds in weight. I once caught one which weighed over 300 pounds."

Sadly in Need of a Bouncer.

[New York Sun.]

The bouncer is an adjunct of civilization, although sometimes he is not very civil. While his vocation is described in neither Webster's nor Worcester's dictionary, it is as well known in metropolitan life as that of the teacher or the preacher. Wherever there are large assemblages periodically gathered, the bouncer is as necessary as the proprietor. The name of the bouncer is derived from his peculiar method of performing the functions of his office. He bounces people; that is to say, he accelerates their egress in a very lively and springy way. Whomsoever he ejects goes out largely in the air, and touches the ground only at intervals of short duration.

The bouncer is a peculiarly American institution of recent development. The great need of the day, in American politics, is a robust and trusty bouncer to operate under the direction of the Democratic administration. Lead out by the ears the Republican free-lunch fiends! Fire the Republican corruptionists and plunderers! Bounce the Republican partisans! Turn the rascals out!

Some Men Cannot Stand Prosperity.

[Chicago Ledger.]

"What are you crying about, bub?" said a traveller in Kansas to a barefooted boy who was sitting on the top of a hog-pen near a farm-house, crying as though the family had chicken for dinner and he had to wait.

"Coz I couldn't go."

"Where did you want to go?"

"To town with pap."

"Wouldn't he take you?"

"No, he wouldn't."

"What's the reason he wouldn't?"

"Why, jis becoz he's got a new wagon with red wheels he thinks he's thunder!"

Quite a Small Garden.

[San Francisco Call.]

Virginia City boasts of a cabbage that was raised in one of its gardens that measures 4 feet and 11 inches in diameter, or about 15 feet in circumference.

GEMS OF OLD BERKSHIRE.

Home and Surroundings of the Goodale Sisters.

Influences of a Refined Home and Cultured Parents on the Gifted Sisters.

Uncle William's Estimate of the Poetry Business.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., September 25.—Mount Washington is the southwestern township of Berkshire county, and until quite recently was almost unknown. It is, as its name would indicate, a mountainous town, with never more than twenty voters. It is, of course, represented in the Massachusetts Legislature, and there is a tradition that the hardy mountaineers used to hold impromptu caucuses on the rail fences, and as they whittled shingles down to a sharp point would decide on who had better be a representative without regard to politics. That is to say, they would take turns. One would say, "Spurr went last winter to Bosting; Whitbeck orto go this winter, and Turner or p'raps Lindsay or Lamson next winter." And it is said that these agreements were faithfully kept, and that the one who had the honor of going and picking the fat plum of the Legislature was under an implied obligation to make a present of a barrel of apples or something else to those neighbors who stayed at home and did not prefer their claims.

But within the past decade matters have changed, and the little unpretentious town away up in the mountains has been found by the tired dweller in the dusty and crowded city as an admirable place to spend his vacation. And not only does this serve to bring the town into favorable notice, but it has a notoriety in the fact that it was the home of the talented young Goodale sisters, whose poems, written in childhood's days, challenged the admiration and criticism of the English speaking and reading people all over the country. And only within two or three weeks has there been presented in the Independent the unparalleled occurrence of poems by Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, the mother, and also by Elaine and Dora Goodale, the daughters. And the poems of the latter are fully up to, if not superior, to those the children wrote and published in a charming little volume, bound in blue and gold, and called

"Apple Blossoms."

The surroundings in which these girls grew may be of interest. These children passed their earlier days in a beautiful country home, made so by the cultured taste of their parents. Their father, Henry S. Goodale was what was at first termed, by way of criticism by his old-fashioned neighbors, a "book farmer." His father, Chester Goodale, was the wealthiest man in Egremont, an adjoining township. Chester Goodale came from England when very young, and established himself as a shoemaker. Towards paying the rent of the shop he made the first pair of boots which the father of the writer ever wore. This was about 70 years ago. In the case of the elder Goodale he found that there was nothing like leather, and it was not long before he began to be a tanner and currier, and becoming prosperous in this he managed by the exercise of rare business traits to obtain possession of valuable marble quarries in Sheffield. He obtained contracts to furnish marble for the Girard College in Philadelphia, and also for the capitol at Washington. Finally by advantageous transactions in Egremont real estate the poor shoemaker became a capitalist and the first man of his adopted town. He died a few years ago at an advanced age and left behind him an estate of nearly $200,000.

His son Henry, the father of the gifted young poetesses, did not possess the business traits that characterized the rest of the family. He was an omnivorous reader and his father gave him an excellent education. When he married the talented lady from whom the girls derive their poetic gifts he wished to buy for a home a mountain farm known as the "Old Coe place" in the eastern part of Mount Washington.

When Harry Goodale obtained possession of the place he and his wife

Indulged Their Æsthetic Tastes.

The improvements made caused their neighbors to open their eyes in astonishment. His utter ruin was predicted by his hard-fisted and closely calculating neighbors. And when he gave his new home the fanciful name of "Sky Farm," and gave out in the weekly papers that he had about sixty different varieties of potatoes that he could sell for seed, the neighbors could not find words to express their disapproval of the arrangement. The house was repaired and modernized and began to resemble a Swiss cottage. It was covered with vines and flowers and was a bower of beauty. The barn was removed to a greater distance from the house, fences were built and made neat and hundreds of loads of stone were picked up and carted away. He made it a model farm, but it did not pay. Here the little girls Elaine and Dora were brought up. They rambled all over the farm and adjoining places. They saw beauty in every flower and tree and rock. Every beauty of the landscape was eagerly sought by their little eyes. They made friends with the sparrows, robins, chipmunks, red and gray squirrels, and then would hurry in childish glee to their parents and tell what they saw. They were raised in a scholarly atmosphere, and enjoyed early mental training that helped them from "born poets" to "brought up poets."

But the Mount Washington people did not approve of the little girls walking about. The good farmers' wives and the charcoal burners and their families were sure that "the little young 'uns would get bit by the rattlers."

The little girls did not attend the district school. They studied at home under the direction and supervision of their parents.

But Mr. and Mrs. Goodale kept along in the even tenor of their way. Mr. Goodale's model farm did not pay. He was not successful. His father and brother were not in sympathy with him. The hard-fisted shook their heads knowingly, and said, "I told you just how it would come out." But Mr. Goodale went through his troubles cheerfully and uncomplainingly. He even taught school one winter in the district hard by. A better school was never taught, but many of his

Neighbors Enjoyed His Hard Luck.

His noble-hearted and devoted wife encouraged the poetic tastes of the girls, and ere long "Apple Blossoms" came out and the critics were kind. Shortly the little ones ranked with the Davidsons, the Carys, and were even compared with the marvellous Chatterton. And when their poetic works brought the children the snug little neighbors, to whom a dollar looked as sum of nearly $5000 the astonishment of the large as a cart wheel, was very great. They could not understand how it was that mere little girls could write poetry and become authoresses and earn almost the price of a good farm. Many envied them and thought that they had received more of the good things of this life than they deserved. Yet others who lived on the mountain and who had often been pained by the comparison of that locality with Nazareth, in that it had been supposed that no good thing could come from it, were proud that Mount Washington had through its gifted little daughters suddenly become famous.

Another peculiarity of human nature was evinced on the part of their relatives, who discovered that they no longer had "poor relations," but relatives on whom the world bestowed unstinted praise. They are now proud of them, and it is said that quite often "our little nieces who wrote 'Apple Blossoms' you know," are quoted.

Not long after the first volume of the poems was published an amusing dialogue was overheard in the little country store in which the post office at Copake Iron Works is kept, and where Mr. Goodale sent and received his mail. He, in company with Misses Elaine and Dora, drove up in an open buggy, and Dora held the lines while her father went into the post office to get his letters and papers.

Around the store were half a dozen loungers who having nothing to do in April generally put in two or three hours each day in exchanging gossip and listening to the news floating through the neighborhood.

Before Mr. Goodale drove up, the crowd of loungers had been talking up the affairs of state, and the circumstance of Goodale's driving up naturally started the conversation on the subject of the good fortune of the girls. The village oracle and "Uncle William," his crony, monopolized the conversation much to

The Edification of the Listeners.

The oracle opened with the remark: "A person wouldn't suppose that those girls were great poets, would they?"

Uncle William, who had not heard of the success of the book, replied: "Great poets, pooh! what does their poetry amount to?"

"Well, Uncle William, it amounts to nearly $5000 in their case."

"Five thousand devils!" said Uncle William; "what do you mean to have us believe?"

The others reiterated the good news, and Uncle William took out his buck-horn handled knife, and cutting off a generous chunk of plug tobacco, thus discoursed:

"Well, that beats all. Why, at that rate they will be richer than old Vanderbilt in a few years. Less see; they hain't been more'n three months writin' that stuff, and in a year they could make $20,000. Well, the world is deuced foolish if it takes that stock in verses. What good is poetry anyway?"

"Yes, Uncle William," said the oracle, "the poems are published in a nice little book that sells for $1 50, and thousands of volumes have been sold all over the country."

"Them little gals writin' all that poetry," said Uncle William. "I don't see through it. I don't know why I couldn't write poetry myself. I have got a gal that works over to Decker's that can write poetry. All she gets, though, is a dollar and a half a week."

"Did she ever show any aptitude for writing poetry?"

"No, but I've often heard her repeating verses and humming tunes about 'an old city chap a swingin' in the lane.' Where under the sun she picked it up I don't know. But I am sure she is jest as smart as them Goodale gals, and she has been brought up to work besides, and they hain't."

"But," said the oracle: "The young girls are always plainly, though neatly dressed, and are always polite, and are not stuck up. Everybody speaks well of them."

"Ef I wuz them gals, and could make $5000 so easy as they have, you bet I wouldn't confine myself to caliker dresses, but I would have as nice clothes as you could get in America," said Uncle William.

"That isn't their taste, Uncle William," quoth the oracle.

"Well, perhaps it ain't," said the old man, "and that shows that they don't have good horse sense. Take my case. I work hard swinging the axe and burning coal pits out in all weathers, and what do I get for it. A dollar'n quarter to a dollar'n half a day, and a good share of that has to go for pork and flour. Them little gals was born with a silver spoon in their mouths, as you may say; they go gadding about the country and looking up posies, and they go home and string a lot of verses together and get $5000 for it. 'Taint right. I doubt if you can take any of the pieces and sing it in prayer meetin's or revivals. Has anybody ever seen any 'get up and git' in the gals' poetry? I'll bet that I can make just as good poetry as they can. If I only had a little better eddication, blamed if I wouldn't go into the poetry business. It is the easiest way in the world that I ever heard of to make a livin', and beats Miles' orched all to bits."

Miss Elaine is now a member of the faculty of Hampton College for the Education of the Freedmen, and the world will yet hear more from the young ladies, who will never forget their child-life up in rugged Mount Washington.

THE WHIST TABLE.

Different Ways of Counting in Whist—English and American Games.

A few weeks ago a correspondent asked: "How many correct ways are there of counting in whist?" The answer is: "Two." There is the English game and the American game. In the former, called short whist, five points constitute the game and honors are counted; in the latter, which people in this country are endeavoring to call "standard" whist, seven points make the game and honors are not reckoned. The rules for the former game do not all apply to the latter, but in general Cavendish's law are adapted to each. For both games Cavendish is the authority on "the order of leads," but many of his detailed rules are of no use to us, who neither count honors nor gamble. Most of the clubs in this country, especially in the East, have adopted the American game, probably because in the English game there is lively betting, and as a consequence incessant conversation. To the best players among us these traits are highly disagreeable. We play the game on its merits; Englishmen play for the excitement of betting. According to Cavendish, when a change was made in England from the ten-point game to that of five points, "the new game was found to be so lively, and money changed hands with such increased rapidity, that these gentlemen and their friends, all of them members of the leading clubs of the day, continued to play it." Dr. Pole, although admitting "good players generally like to play for stakes high enough to define well the interest taken in the game," yet is quick to add that "the idea of gain, which is the essential feature of gambling, enters as little into the mind of a whist as of a chess player." This latter statement, however, is too vapid. The first and second quotations are plainly contradictory.

We do not care to define the interest of the game with money stakes. We play the game for the game itself. Like chess, it is confined to the interest which our minds take in it. In doing away with honors it takes away the opportunity of winning by quick chance. Then, too, by making the game to consist of seven points instead of five, every trick has to be taken by one side if a whole game is played in one hand. With these changes we require less than a quarter of the rules that our brethren across the water use, and we get along, from the nature of our game, with far less disputes than they have to settle. In fact more than a third of their rules have been enacted to punish and prevent fraud.

There are two or three other ways of counting, practised to a limited extent both in this country and in England. One is the ten-point game, in which honors are counted. This is used very little, especially with us. Another is the five-point game, without honors, which resembles greatly the English game. It is played in America some, but is a poor game. A third game is that in which a party plays for a certain length of time or a definite number of hands. These last three mentioned are not strictly correct, being in use in none of the first-class clubs. Single and double dummy whist are played with cards exposed, and is used little except in problems.

Next week the problem of last week will be solved and a new problem given. Meanwhile anybody who has a solution to that problem or has any new problems is requested to send them in.

A Grammar Lesson for Yachtsmen.

[New York Sun.]

An amusing side show of the present contest may be found in the attempted change in phraseology among American yachting men. Here we say the Puritan, the Priscilla, the Genesta; but an Englishman always says Puritan, Priscilla, Genesta, and the English newspaper reports never use the particle. Certainly the English seem to have logic on their side, for there is no more sense in saying the Priscilla or the Puritan than there would be in speaking of the Freeland or the Miss Woodford. The members of the New York Yacht Club are doing their little best to speak in the orthodox English fashion, but so far their efforts have been anything but successful.

Obdurate Genevieve.

[New York Sun.]

Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, who recently completed a season in New Zealand, was greatly annoyed by the attentions of the Maori King. She writes to a friend that he seemed to be fascinated with her, and attended every performance in which she took part. He finally secured an interview, and asked her to marry him. As he is already the possesser of several wives Miss Ward declined the honor. The King thought this was her reason for refusing him, and he at once offered to kill all his other wives, so that she should have no occasion for jealousy. Strange to say she still refused.

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